THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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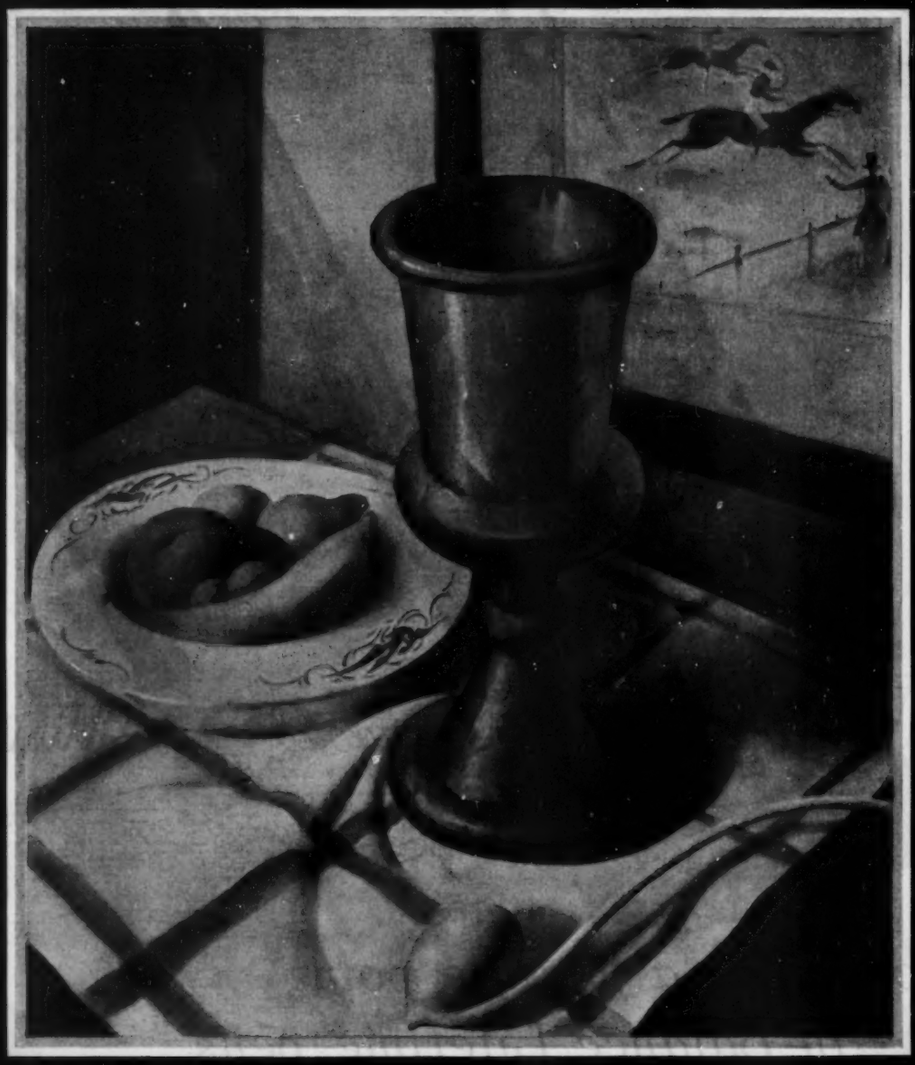

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And a Pewter grey Gordian Worsted suit; a fabric scientifically created for extra wear and style

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George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

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THE FIRST HOOVER YEAR

Without Ventriloquism

By GARET GARRETT

CARTOONS BY HERBERT JOHNSON

YOU may know a good deal about a President from his private graveyard. President Hoover started his with the White House spokesman. The execution was by his own hand, in the presence of dazed witnesses, and it was a clean deed. For many reasons, not the least being the atrocity of the name word "spokesman," the victim ought never to have lived. The story of his origin, career and end is necessary.

Theodore Roosevelt was the first President who really enjoyed free contact with reporters. His news hunger was as keen as theirs, and he made shrewd use of the exchange. The understanding was that the news he gave them was only to inform their writing. He himself was never to be quoted. They were to write "it is said," or "it is believed," or, sometimes, "a person very close to the President says," and then give the news, which turned out very often to be wrong, because Mr. Roosevelt had a way of suddenly changing his mind. This he was sure to do if the public's reaction to the informed news was unfavorable. The reporters, in that case, were let down. They could not say the President had told them. All they could do was to change the news and explain it privately to the managing editor.

Before Roosevelt, no President had this gift. Contact between the Administration and the press was through members of the cabinet. They met the reporters. It would have been thought most undignified for the President himself to meet them, and never under any circumstances, not even indirectly through a cabinet member, was it permissible to quote the President.

During the Spanish-American War you could tell when the cabinet was meeting by a gathering of reporters on the White House steps. If, by luck, the members of the cabinet emerged one at a time, each, as he appeared, was detained and questioned; but if they emerged suddenly, all at once, the reporters assigned themselves by twos and threes to walk with them severally to the end of the White House grounds. Afterward they met

again on the White House steps to pool their news. If the President, going for a drive, should follow his cabinet out, as he sometimes did, he was immune. No reporter would dare to break the convention. The President bowed, saying, "Gentlemen," and the reporters bowed, saying, "Mr. President," and that was all.

It was the all and end of the old manner too. After McKinley came Roosevelt. And after Roosevelt there was a precedent on which the press could insist, and did insist; and although no succeeding President ever had quite the Roosevelt flair for it, still none would wish to seem less democratic than he had been, and so to the other anxieties of the President was permanently added the business of seeing the press.

Each President has had his own way about it. There was the Taft way—high and courteous—there was the Wilson way—cold and uncertain. Then came President Harding, who could do it better than anyone since Roosevelt. He liked to think of himself as one of the craft, owning a newspaper in Ohio; certainly he knew the language of reporters and the value to them and to himself of headlines. Standing in front of his desk, he often faced as many as fifty reporters who had come for the free interview, and when he had answered their written questions, all previously handed up on slips of paper, he would change his voice and say: "That's that; and now, just between us sisters, I'll tell you." He told them many things in strict confidence, and as to these there was never any breaking of the faith. He told them other things they were free to print; only, of course, they were not to quote him.

No Middle Ground Open

THAT was the same old difficulty. But now a solution was thought of. Between them—the publisher President on one side and the reporters on the other—they invented the official ventriloquist. After that, it was quite simple.

Suddenly, in the news dispatches from Washington, there is the White House spokesman, saying his mind on current events, on foreign affairs, even on controversial matters touching the Administration. It is the President talking, and yet, at the same time, it is not the President. If something the White House spokesman says turns out badly—that is, if public opinion reacts adversely—he may unsay it the next day, or he may say nothing more about it. The news changes, or there is a vacuum where news is expected, and no explanation. Simply, the President has trimmed his mind to the wind. The reporters cannot say this, nor can they say the White House spokesman was wrong. For if they say that, it will diminish his future importance.

The idea was alien and very old. It belonged to the practice among European governments of using the newspapers to send up what they call trial balloons, or to touch public opinion in the oblique manner. President Coolidge found the White House spokesman working, and went on with him. He is said secretly to have loathed him; nevertheless, there he stood in the form of precedent, with the press behind him. And he had his uses. There was no doubt of that.

Those who knew Mr. Hoover's temperament wondered what he would do, and it was a very serious question. Some expected him not only to do away with the spokesman but to abolish also the free-for-all White House interview; and this for the reason that the struggle to impart the exact shape of facts through the minds of reporters thinking in headlines had many times brought him to the verge of despair. The engineer, you see, with no art of indirection and a pure horror of impressionistic statement.

Well, what he did at his first interview with the press in the executive office was to kill the official ventriloquist and then to say that in place of him was a new rule—namely, that under certain conditions the President was to be directly quoted. That was going much farther than any President had ever gone. "I am anxious," he said, "to clear up the twilight zone as far as we can between authoritative and quotable material, on one hand, and such material as I am able to give you from time to time for purely background purposes, on the other."

What happened at these interviews, therefore, they were to treat in three categories, as: (1) Matter of general information, called background, to keep their news values straight; (2) authoritative matter to be used as news or not, as they pleased, but, in any case, without reference to the source; and (3) matter from time to time as to which they should be free to quote him directly, in the form, "The President says," and so forth.

And this has worked.

On being asked afterward why he went so far, he said, "I could see no middle ground. I had either to go to that extreme or take refuge in a cave of utter silence and so give up the tremendous power of pulpit that belongs to this office."

Having made it all very clear, he left it to the reporters themselves to enforce the rules in practice. He has talked very freely to reporters, and freely, through them, to the public, but under the rules it comes straight. No indirection, no subtlety, no repudiation, no silly ventriloquism.

A Philosophy of Government

THE meaning of this episode is the meaning of Hoover, running wide and deep. The right approach to the solution of anything is through the facts. Is it a problem of public opinion? Give the public the facts and trust it for the opinion. Is it a policy to be determined? First of all, find the facts. Not that the truth we are after is self-evident in the facts. That is not so. Facts are the coal out of which the dyes of truth must be distilled. It is possible, of course, to guess the truth, possible to arrive at it by intuition, but that way lie confusion, controversy and the great waste of trial and error.

There is more here than method. It turns out to be a philosophy of government. A complete statement of it occurs in one fine paragraph of a personal letter written by the President to an academic friend when he had been in office nearly a year. This is it: "You aptly penetrate the vital question of public action—the discovery and promulgation of truth. No real believer in

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Here's Willie Himself—Now We Can Stop Guessing

SUGAR IN CORN BREAD!

There is Not Room in This Country for Two Kinds of Strawberry Shortcake

By Nunnally Johnson

CARTOON BY HERBERT JOHNSON

SOME months ago there was held in Connecticut a convention of state governors for the discussion of problems of common interest, such as water-power rights, prohibition enforcement, state parks, motor highways and other deadly subjects. Throughout the long program of speeches, extending over several days, the chief executive of a Southern state sat straining excitedly on the front edge of his chair, most impatiently awaiting his turn, and it was obvious to all that some matter of dreadful moment was gnawing at his vitals.

Finally, on the third day, his name was announced, and he leaped forward like a frightened gazelle, and for something like an hour gave one of the most dazzling exhibitions of eloquence ever heard of. At first it was not quite coherent; a couple of cylinders seemed to be missing. Then it developed that what had been churning his emotions was the discovery, made on this trip, that the corn bread in his hotel had sugar in it.

It was a discovery that, even then, he could scarcely credit. The first time he had encountered such bread, he explained, he had laid it to accident. "Or perhaps," he inferred, "an optical illusion." Sugar simply could not be in corn bread. "It was like finding a sausage in your ice cream."

Further investigation, however, left no doubt about it; the thing was deliberate. Hotels, in the North at any rate, quite clearly thought that this was the way to make corn bread. It was a situation that unquestionably needed to be brought out into the open, and having done this, and very handsomely, indeed, he sat down and wiped his forehead with a large handkerchief.

The other governors did not seem to know exactly what to make of this rather surprising oration, since it was not on the original agenda, but the journalistic observers and editorial commentators, none of whom had any proper concern for corn bread, were unanimous in implied rebukes, just as though the matter of the preparation of food in restaurants were not important.

These few sullen remarks here are intended to second the governor, for he and I are one on corn bread; they are intended to go even a little further and to suggest that the fate of various other items in our national menu, since they have got into the hands of the business men who feed us in hotel dining rooms and other restaurants of the first class, is not what it should be. I have reference here, not to the more pretentious culinary efforts, the importations and creations of high-powered chefs, but to the simple, homely dishes on which our republic has been builded.

The corn bread served in public eating houses is just one instance, but it happens to be a very notable one. Since its first baking, long before any of these high-powered chefs' grandfathers were born, corn bread has known but one step forward from its primitive composition of corn meal and water. That composition, entitled corn pone, remains today only in Southern jails. Quality does not serve it. Quality serves egg bread—the corn bread of today—which is golden brown, light, fairly firm, salty, and, with butter melted and soaked through, the queen of hot breads.

The introduction of sugar into it was a rank form of barbarism, the kind that makes a man of the old corn bread school tremble with rage, and yet sugared corn bread is served in nearly every restaurant in the country. Furthermore—to touch on an aspect of the situation that the good brother from Dixie overlooked—it is next to impossible to find, in a restaurant, a piece of corn bread that does not instantaneously disintegrate at the slightest touch.

I must keep my temper about this, but corn bread properly made does not do that. It is a stout bread, a hardy pioneer; it can take care of itself. Yet in a hotel dining room, when I pick up my muffin to break and butter, it falls into forty-odd giblets. I pick up one of the giblets and forthwith it is reduced to atoms and molecules. Presently nothing is there but crumbs—and there I sit, a baffled man, wondering what held the thing together as far as the table—faith, air or magic.

It is impossible to persuade me now that this cannot be helped, that a nation that could throw railroads from coast to coast, lift skyscrapers a thousand feet high, and produce an excellent automobile for less than five hundred dollars, first-hand, cannot make corn bread with a little *esprit de corps* about it.

The governor and I speak not as finely drawn epicures or gourmets, prepared to slice the chef's heart right out of his chest if the sauce is not precisely correct, but simply as run-of-the-mine citizens who must patronize public dining rooms on occasion and who feel that at least a moderate amount of respect for the cooking of food is not too much to ask of professional caterers to appetite.

For my own part—and I feel that the governor would agree with me—I do not expect that every food foundry in the country—and there must be almost as many restaurants in the United States as there are golf clubs—shall rival La Perouse, or La Rue, or Frederic's. On the other hand, I am not speaking of armchair lunch rooms, owl carts or dollar-table-d'hôte basements. I mean the larger and, to judge by prices and appointment, better restaurants—the restaurants attached to hotels, and their peers.

You take fried chicken. I will, anyway. Johnson takes fried chicken, candied sweet potatoes, rice, and a little of that tomato salad, please. Fried chicken has practically every restaurant in the United States on the ropes. It's got them groggy and beginning to clinch. They simply can't seem to get it through their heads that fried chicken is not prepared like rubber erasers.

Carelessness does this. A chicken, to be fried, must weigh somewhat less than an ostrich, and should be completely dismembered before being put in the pan. The drumstick should be separated from the thigh, and the thigh from the breast. The wings should be separate, and the neck as well. It is completely counter to the laws of god and man

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Europe is Due for a Surprise

By WILLIAM HAZLETT UPSON

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

EARTHWORM TRACTOR COMPANY
EARTHWORM CITY, ILLINOIS
January 19, 1928.

MR. ALEXANDER BOTTS,
DEANE SUPPLY COMPANY,
MERCEDILLO, CALIFORNIA.

DEAR BOTTS: At a meeting of the officers of the company this morning, it was decided to ask you to go to Europe for several months as our sales representative.

Since the merger last spring of the Farmers' Friend Tractor Company and the Steel Elephant Tractor Company into the new Earthworm Tractor Company, we have, as you know, greatly increased our business. And, as ample capital is available, we are planning an even greater expansion.

Up to this time our European business has been practically nothing. Economic conditions since the war have made it almost impossible for us to sell any tractors, either in England or on the Continent. But conditions have recently improved so much that we are seriously thinking of going into the European market.

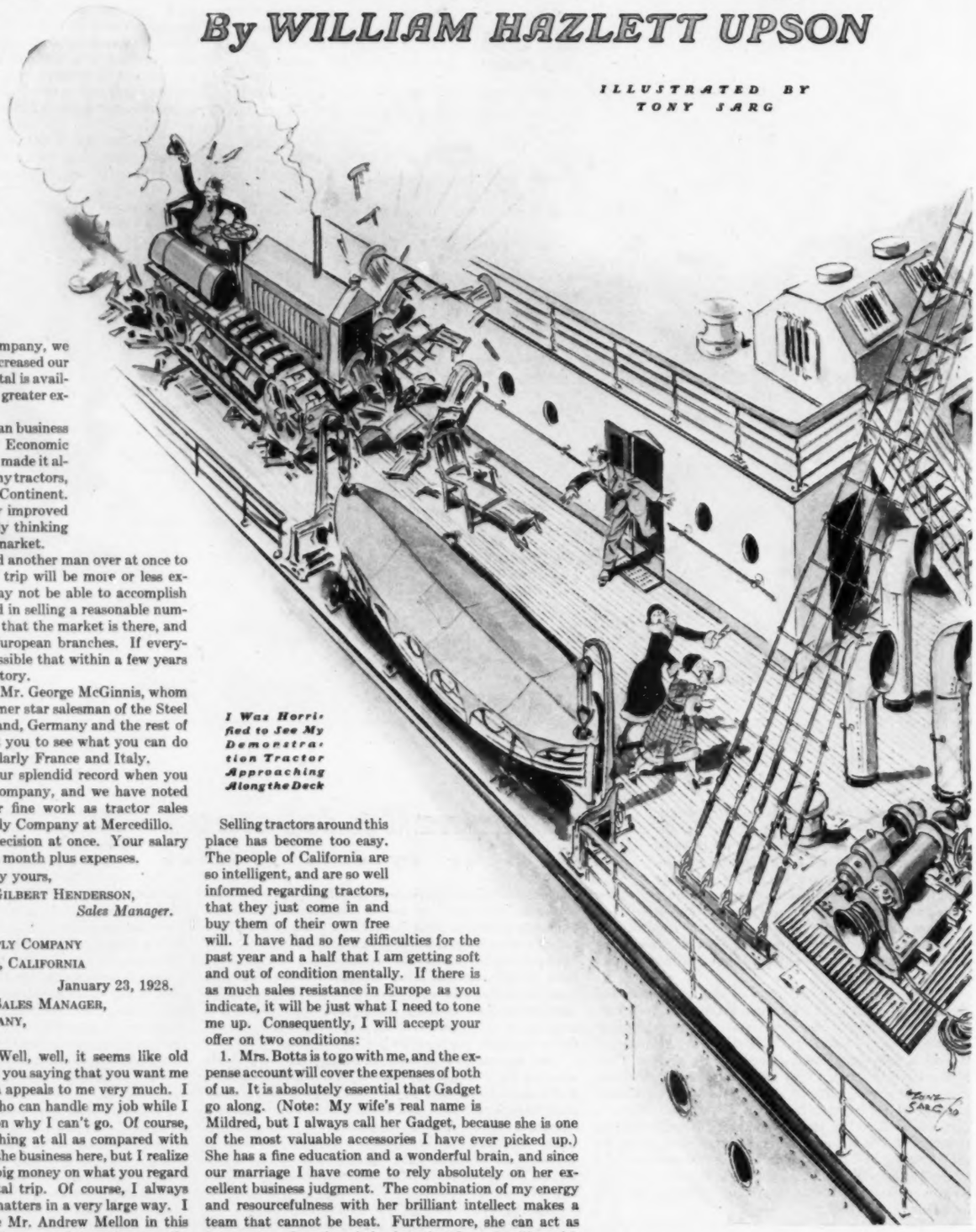
Our plan is to send you and another man over at once to see what you can do. Your trip will be more or less experimental; possibly you may not be able to accomplish anything. But if you succeed in selling a reasonable number of tractors, we will know that the market is there, and we will open a number of European branches. If everything goes well, it is even possible that within a few years we may start a European factory.

We have arranged to send Mr. George McGinnis, whom you will remember as the former star salesman of the Steel Elephant Company, to England, Germany and the rest of Northern Europe. We want you to see what you can do in Southern Europe, particularly France and Italy.

We have not forgotten your splendid record when you were a salesman with this company, and we have noted with great satisfaction your fine work as tractor sales manager for the Deane Supply Company at Mercedillo.

Please let us know your decision at once. Your salary will be five hundred dollars a month plus expenses.

Cordially yours,
GILBERT HENDERSON,
Sales Manager.



I Was Horrified to See My Demonstration Tractor Approaching Along the Deck

DEANE SUPPLY COMPANY
MERCEDILLO, CALIFORNIA
January 23, 1928.

MR. GILBERT HENDERSON, SALES MANAGER,
EARTHWORM TRACTOR COMPANY,
EARTHWORM CITY, ILLINOIS.

DEAR HENDERSON: Well, well, it seems like old times to get a letter from you saying that you want me to go out on a trip. The idea appeals to me very much. I have a good assistant here who can handle my job while I am gone, so there is no reason why I can't go. Of course, five hundred a month is nothing at all as compared with what I get from my share in the business here, but I realize that you can't afford to pay big money on what you regard as a speculative, experimental trip. Of course, I always look at these vulgar money matters in a very large way. I suppose I am something like Mr. Andrew Mellon in this respect—always ready to take on an interesting, worthwhile job, either as a cabinet member or as a tractor sales ambassador, regardless of the financial sacrifice involved. However, as soon as I start making sales in a big way over in Europe, I will expect you to pay me adequately.

I was rather amused at your statement that I might possibly make no sales at all. Of course, it is perfectly possible—in fact, probable—that this man McGinnis may make no sales in England and Germany. But you don't have to worry about me. There must be people in Europe who can either beg, borrow or steal the price of a tractor; if so, I will sell them. And it is with a feeling of the greatest pleasure that I look forward to this experience.

Selling tractors around this place has become too easy. The people of California are so intelligent, and are so well informed regarding tractors, that they just come in and buy them of their own free will. I have had so few difficulties for the past year and a half that I am getting soft and out of condition mentally. If there is as much sales resistance in Europe as you indicate, it will be just what I need to tone me up. Consequently, I will accept your offer on two conditions:

1. Mrs. Botts is to go with me, and the expense account will cover the expenses of both of us. It is absolutely essential that Gadget go along. (Note: My wife's real name is Mildred, but I always call her Gadget, because she is one of the most valuable accessories I have ever picked up.) She has a fine education and a wonderful brain, and since our marriage I have come to rely absolutely on her excellent business judgment. The combination of my energy and resourcefulness with her brilliant intellect makes a team that cannot be beat. Furthermore, she can act as interpreter. In spite of the fact that I am familiar with France, having spent more than a year over there in the A. E. F., I am forced to admit that my knowledge of the French language is a trifle weak. Gadget has never been to Europe, but she has studied at a splendid summer school in Vermont and she can talk it better than most of the French people themselves. She also knows Italian and German. Consequently, she must go along.

2. There must be no hollering, yawping, or nagging about small sums on my expense account. I am very insistent about this. The greatest annoyance connected with my otherwise pleasant association of former years with your tractor company was the continual bickering about my expense account. If I am to be at my best on this foreign trip, I must not be hampered and constricted in my style by petty money considerations. I am willing to be broad-minded. It is perfectly reasonable that you should check up closely on expense items running to a hundred dollars or more, but all trifling amounts, such as ten, twenty or fifty dollars, must be passed without question, and in a gentlemanly way.

If you agree to these two conditions, I will accept your offer with the greatest joy. When do we start?

Sincerely,
ALEXANDER BOTTS.

EARTHWORM TRACTOR COMPANY,
EARTHWORM CITY,
ILLINOIS

January 27, 1928.

MR. ALEXANDER BOTTS,
DEANE SUPPLY COMPANY,
MERCEDILLO,
CALIFORNIA

DEAR BOTTS: Your letter has come, and we are very glad to welcome you back as an Earthworm tractor salesman. We accept your two conditions. We have engaged passage for you and Mrs. Botts on the steamship Beaucaire, sailing from New York on February eighteenth, and due in Marseilles on March third. We are shipping on this same boat eight demonstration tractors—four of them billed to Marseilles to be used for your work in France, and four of them billed to Genoa—at which port the Beaucaire also touches—for your work in Italy. We are also including a combined harvester and an assortment of plows, blade graders, wheel scrapers, dump wagons and other machinery.

We are mailing foreign advertising matter to chambers of commerce and agricultural associations all over France and Italy. We will supply you with additional advertising matter, and with a number of reels of talking motion pictures showing tractors in action, with running sales talks in French and in Italian.

We are giving you the greatest latitude on this trip. We expect you to make inquiries and find out about conditions when you get there. We want you to sell tractors at any place, or in any way that you can, with a view to opening up the South European market for future sales. You will keep in touch with me at all times, and I shall expect full reports of your progress.

Very sincerely,
GILBERT HENDERSON,
Sales Manager.

"I Want to Drive the Tractor," Said Mr. Tilton. "I Want to Drive it Right Away"

ALEXANDER BOTTS
EUROPEAN REPRESENTATIVE
FOR THE
EARTHWORM TRACTOR
ON BOARD S. S. BEAUCAIRE,
February 20, 1928.

MR. GILBERT HENDERSON,
EARTHWORM TRACTOR COMPANY,
EARTHWORM CITY, ILLINOIS

DEAR HENDERSON: We are now two days out from New York. So far it has been pretty rough, but Gadget and I are feeling fine, and already I have much to report. You don't know how glad I am that I am taking this trip. Already I am all steamed up and working hard. An ordinary salesman, on going to Europe, would probably wait until he got there before he tried to do any business. But I started in as soon as I got to New York—two days before the boat sailed. First of all, I had this letter paper made up. If you run your finger over the printing you will see that the letters stand out in a very expensive way. Furthermore, the paper is the highest-grade bond, in every way worthy of the European representative of such a high-grade machine as the Earthworm tractor. I have also had some high-grade business cards printed.

All this, of course, is of no great importance. I merely mentioned it so that you could see that I am right up on my toes, and attending to all details—even the most trifling—with my old-time vigor and efficiency.

While attending to the smaller matters, I have not neglected the larger, and you will be delighted to learn that I have evolved and commenced to put into action an idea that is as large and splendid as anything I ever put across in the good old days.

This idea came to me when I first reached New York. At the steamship office I learned that on this boat, the Beaucaire, there would be a delegation of forty or fifty French grape growers, who were returning to France after a visit to the United States. The steamship officials did not know the exact purpose of their visit to America, but it at once occurred to me that they had probably come to investigate modern American methods of vineyard culture. And if they had visited the splendid vineyards in California they would, of course, have seen hundreds of our small Earthworm tractors at work plowing and cultivating. They would have seen how far superior these machines are to any other method of culture. And if they had talked to the California vineyard owners, they would have learned that Earthworm tractors are the world's cheapest, easiest, and best method of taking care of grapevines. I saw at once that these French grape growers were my meat. I had a feeling that when I approached them I would find them already about half sold on the idea of Earthworm tractors.

An ordinary salesman, when he feels that a prospect is already half sold, usually slackens his efforts, hoping that he can swing the sale without much more work.

With me, however, it is just the opposite. When things begin to look favorable I always work twice as hard and exert every possible effort to make sure that nothing shall prevent matters from coming to a triumphant and favorable conclusion.

In this case I decided to catch these Frenchmen off their guard on the boat, while I had them where they couldn't get away, and put on a terrific high-powered selling campaign.

At once I rushed down to the pier, where the good ship Beaucaire was being loaded. I was delighted to find that the eight tractors which we are shipping had not yet been put on board. They were all standing on the pier, neatly boxed for export. I told the man in charge of the loading that only seven of these machines were to go in the hold; the eighth one—a small ten-horse-power model—I told him was to be placed on the promenade deck where it could be used for demonstration purposes.

The man seemed very much surprised and puzzled at this request. He said he had never heard of such a thing. So I started in and explained everything to him as patiently and politely as I could. I impressed it on his mind that this was a very reasonable request, that I would not hurt the ship in any way, that I would bring along a set of rubber pads to bolt onto the tracks so that the deck would not become scratched, that I would be very careful not to run over any of the passengers, and that most of these passengers were French vineyard men who would be deeply interested in the tractor and would want to see it working.

After I had elucidated this matter for more than half an hour, the man said he had no authority to load the tractors anywhere but in the hold, and that I would have to see one of the officials of the company.

Accordingly, I got him to promise to leave the small tractor on the pier for the time being, and went back to the company office. Here I found a Mr. Brown, who seemed to be in charge of the company's freight business. I had to talk to him about an hour, explaining everything in great detail. Then he said I would have to see another guy—whose name I have now forgotten. I talked and argued with this other guy for almost two hours, and then he told me that it was a matter which would have to be decided by the captain of the ship.

As the captain was French, I took Gadget along to act as interpreter—which was unnecessary, as it turned out that he spoke very good English. However, it was lucky that we both went, because the captain was very stupid and stubborn, and it took the best efforts of the two of us—talking alternately for about three hours—to convince him that we were right.

(Continued on Page 115)

When I Finally Woke Up, I Was in My Stateroom and Good Old Gadget Was Taking Care of Me

BROADWAY BEAUTY BETRAYS BIG BUSINESS

By Everett Rhodes Castle

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM F. SOARE

T. TATTERSAL BYRD, president of the Atlas Advertising Agency, affixed his glasses, with their wide silk ribbon, to his bold Roman rose and scanned a telegram his secretary had just placed upon his desk. The wire was from Hubert J. K. Sparks, head of the new-business department:

UNDERSTAND ARCO PEOPLE ABOUT TO MAKE CHANGE IN AGENCY STOP SHOULD I PROCEED OR WILL YOU HANDLE DIRECT STOP STRONGLY ADVISE LATTER COURSE AS SHORTBRIDGE JELLICOE PRESIDENT GREAT ADMIRER OF YOUR WRITING STOP ADVISE STOP SPARKS

Picking up a silver pencil, T. Tattersal Byrd scrawled his answer in one word and rang for his secretary:

PROCEED BYRD

A protest to this curt command, filed at 2:30, was received at 2:53:

STRONGLY URGE PERSONAL VISIT TO JELLICOE STOP CALVERT OF CARSON HINDS ALREADY IN DETROIT WORKING ON JELLICOE STOP YOU CAN PUT THIS BUSINESS OVER STOP WIRE ME HERE IF YOU CAN CATCH DETROITER AND MEET ME DETROIT TOMORROW STOP SPARKS

A few moments later Mr. Byrd's reply was typed and ready for the messenger:

PLEASE PROCEED AS INSTRUCTED STOP LETTER FOLLOWS STOP BYRD

And the following day the letter arrived at Mr. Sparks' hotel. It read as follows:

"*Dear Sparks:* Any organization which pretends to give counsel in selling and advertising must, of necessity, be able, first, to sell itself and advertise itself. Please remember that.

"If Mr. Jellicoe feels that my writings have merit, my appearance in the rôle of a solicitor would destroy both. My presence, as you can readily see, would prevent a frank discussion of the many things this agency has to offer Mr. Jellicoe. All these things you can make clear to Mr. Jellicoe, whereas, coming from me, they might smack of the swelled head.

"I therefore suggest to you that, instead of spending your time trying to sell our services to Argo, you concentrate upon an effort to have him come to New York before he selects an agency. Here, instead of mere words, we can show him performance. We can fill him with the spirit of Atlas. We can introduce him to our outstanding personalities. We can expose him to several of our bigger clients. In short, we can do a real job of selling without appearing to do so.

"It will be easy for you to explain to Mr. Jellicoe that it is only the tremendous pressure of work which keeps me from coming to him. Please make it plain that, unlike many men who have climbed to the top of the ladder, I am plain and unassuming, and will meet him on a man-to-man basis. I think, also, it would be sound selling psychology to make Mr. Jellicoe's engagement with me well in advance. This, besides placing a proper value on our time in Mr. Jellicoe's mind, will give us an opportunity to study the Argo proposition, so that we talk intelligently about his problems. "Very truly yours, "T. Tattersal Byrd.

"P. S.: If he is the sort—and most people are—who would enjoy meeting people here in New York whom he can talk about at home, I will be glad to have a dinner or luncheon or two to provide the necessary atmosphere.

"T. T. B."

"What is Progress But a Fluttering in the Dark?" Demanded Young Mr. Jellicoe. "What is Modernism But a Gesture That Ends in Infinity?"

To which Hubert J. K. Sparks replied by telegram:

YOUR LETTER AS USUAL A REAL INSPIRATION STOP SEEING JELLICOE TWO OCLOCK TODAY

At 3:59 came another wire from Detroit:

CAN YOU SEE JELLICOE NEXT TUESDAY TEN OCLOCK STOP SPARKS

"Please answer that wire as follows," T. Tattersal Byrd directed the prim lady who placed it upon his desk: "Impossible to see Mr. Jellicoe Tuesday, but will be delighted to see him Wednesday, same hour."

The prim lady coughed. "Your calendar for Tuesday is quite clear ——" she began.

"I asked you to send the telegram, not to tell me about my engagements," snapped Mr. Byrd.

"I was only ——"

"Exactly, Miss Palmer. Thank you."

Mr. Sparks wired that Wednesday would be entirely acceptable to Mr. Jellicoe, and added that the usual letter, giving such facts as were available about the client and the client's business, was following by air mail. This letter the head of the Atlas Advertising Agency read most carefully. Often these letters contained valuable hints about the client's little weaknesses, inhibitions, prejudices, and so forth. It also formed a basis for a study of the prospective client's business from an advertising and merchandising point of view. Mr. Byrd, stroking his well-rounded pink cheek with a contemplative forefinger, read the letter for a second time:

"*Dear Chief:* You were right, as usual. Jellicoe was greatly impressed by the facts and will be with us next Wednesday. Now, as customary, let me give you the story.

"The Argo Corset has been on the market since 1883, when Elsap Jellicoe, grandfather of Shortbridge Jellicoe, started the company in a little room over a draper's shop in Archboard, Pennsylvania. The name Argo was derived from the first two letters of Archboard and the word 'go.' The latter was selected because of the fact that Mrs. Jellicoe told her husband that his little company would certainly 'go' if he followed her advice and added color and beauty to what had been a strictly utilitarian aid to obtaining feminine form. This Elsap did, and the company prospered almost from the start. In 1901, the company was moved to Detroit by Urban Jellicoe, father of Shortbridge Jellicoe, who succeeded to the business, following his father's death in 1889.

"Here the company entered into an unprecedented era of prosperity. Two of the company's models took the country by storm. They were built over a new chassis developed by Urban, which he called the hourglass frame. In 1904 Urban married a Miss Elsasser of Fort Wayne, the charming but buxom daughter of a judge and a woman of the sternest, old-fashioned type. Almost from the start, Mrs. Jellicoe did not approve of the methods used by the progressive Urban to advertise and merchandise his product. The association of Argo with ladies in tights seemed to her a step in the direction of feminine loss of modesty.

"You can imagine the outraged feelings of this mother—Shortbridge Jellicoe having been born in the meantime—when Urban, as the livest manufacturer in his line, came out, in the latter part of 1905, with pictures of living models in advertisements featuring the new Argo line! Lucky for her that the child demanded all her time and attention. Lucky for her that during the succeeding decade of her husband's development of Argo she was able to whisper into the growing ear of young Shortbridge all the things

that were happening to morals in this decadent age. Because the child was shy and nervous, the bustling Urban paid little attention to the boy's development. He did, however, attempt to have Shortbridge, the young man, enter college instead of staying under the direction of private tutors, which the swelling Jellicoe fortune permitted. Mrs. Jellicoe, however, placed her two hundred and sixty-eight pounds squarely between her husband and her son.

"'Urban,' she said, 'you can undermine the morals of a nation, but you cannot touch our boy.'

"This lady of the old régime died at the moment of her husband's great business triumph. Some say that it killed her. At any rate, Urban, looking ahead, as ever, turned his back on the old-fashioned type of corset shortly after 1925 and gave the world the famous Argo Dance Sets, which might be said to lack a chassis completely.

"The present crisis has resulted from the death of Urban and the consequent election of his son to the presidency of the Argo Company. As Jellicoe, Senior, owned 90 per cent of the stock of the company, Shortbridge is in complete control, and he wants all Argo models in the future to reflect the good old-fashioned principles that made a corset chassis something that amounted to something. He wants an advertising agency that can instill in the minds of modern women the ideals of our mothers. Naturally, you appeal to him in this connection. "Sincerely

"Hubert J. K. Sparks.

"P.S.: Of course he is cockeyed, but you will understand when you see him. He is one of these earnest, rather near-sighted types that sticks a couple of 'ums' and 'ahs' and 'ers' into every sentence. He is also a bit on the literary side. He has just had his poem, Just an Old-Fashioned Girl, run on the cover of Form, the Argo house organ.

"S.

"P.P.S.: The rest of the organization are praying that he will get a jolt that will knock this Fort Wayne in 1901 out of his head before it is too late. Just before he died, Jellicoe, Senior, had an idea for a new mode in this sort of thing. He figured the life of Argo Dance Sets at three years and was planning the Argo Foundation Garment at the time of his death.

"S."

T. Tattersal Byrd lit his pipe slowly—that tried and true friend known as the Problem Solver. He puffed at it slowly. When the air was filled with billowing clouds of blue-gray smoke, he suddenly rang for Maxton Fuller Ellison, head of the Atlas Research Department.

"Ellison," he demanded, when that young man stepped briskly through the door, "what do you know about corsets?"

Mr. Ellison was a modern. "Just an old Spanish custom," he said airily. "Haven't heard of them in years. Why?"

"Mr. Jellicoe, president of the Argo Company, is coming here next Wednesday. We may get the account."

"Good!" Mr. Ellison nodded rapidly. "But they don't make corsets; haven't made them for years. They make mostly Sub-Deb Dance Sets and girdles and that sort of thing. Haven't you noticed the sort of advertising MacLaken has been doing for them? Sweet young things jumping about in scanties. 'Styled to the designs of famous Parisian *couturiers*. Interpreting smart sophistication.' That sort of thing."

"Mr. Jellicoe does not believe in scanties," said T. Tattersal Byrd dryly. "He doesn't believe in advertising 'sweet young things jumping about,' as you put it. He believes in the good old-fashioned days when modesty in dress and demeanor was interpreted in a way that would offend not even the most fastidious."

"Lord help him," muttered Mr. Ellison. "You don't mean to say that he actually thinks we ought to go back to those blushful days when little feet stole in and out like little mice—that sort of thing?" Mr. Ellison grinned cheerfully. "The old boy'll go broke within a year."

"That is what MacLaken told him, and promptly lost the business."

Mr. Ellison whistled. "In his dotage, eh? Came on quick."

"Mr. Shortbridge Jellicoe is around twenty-five and he came into the business a short time ago, on the death of his father. He believes that most women will acclaim his idea."

"He believes in fairies," said Mr. Ellison solemnly. "And only twenty-five, eh, chief? Probably goes in for Movements."

T. Tattersal Byrd relit his pipe.

"Young Mr. Jellicoe has led a very sheltered existence," he explained.

"Buried," suggested young Mr. Ellison hopefully. "Sealed up."

"Nevertheless, we want that business. I've looked the account up, and it has averaged well over four hundred thousand dollars a year for the past six years. That's over sixty thousand dollars a year for m—— this business." T. Tattersal Byrd coughed—coughed rather meaningly, his research head thought. "We must devise some means of bringing the young man to his—ahem—senses, as far as his business is concerned. As a first step I suggest that you obtain all the data relative to this—er—business as soon as possible. Mr. Jellicoe will be here on Wednesday. I will have McAndrew prepare a study from the marketing angle."

"But suppose—I mean if we can't show him —— We can't possibly lend our names ——" Mr. Ellison let it go at that.

T. Tattersal Byrd looked down his nose coldly. "Suppose you leave Mr. Jellicoe and his Fort-Wayne-in-1901 complex to me. And tell McAndrew I want to see him."

When the expert in marketing arrived, he was invited to be seated.

"Mac, what do you know about corsets?"

Mr. McAndrew was short and stout and freckled. He shifted one soft leg across the other and grinned. "Only this: They took the steelwork out of them a few years ago and cut them in half. Then they gave each half a different name. Something like that. Why?"

Silently the chief of Atlas pushed the Sparks letter across the table: "That's why."

Mr. McAndrew read it slowly. Then he whistled several high, quavering bars. "I don't believe it," he said finally. "Not twenty-five, rich, white and in his right mind."

(Continued on Page 62)

The Gal Knew Who He Was. We Sat Through Two Shows, and Then U. V. Asked Permission to Escort Her Home

WHAT MORE COULD HE DO?

By James Sayre Pickering

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBIN HENNING

I WAS orderly that day, so I stood right behind the captain and heard what the brigadier had to say. He was up on inspection, and was a very snappy officer for a general. He was a gray man, very straight and lively in spite of about sixty years, and he was dressed to the nines. His little monkey cap was tipped at just the right angle over his eye and his collar showed maybe a quarter of an inch over the collar of his blouse. Imagine! A white collar! His uniform had been welded on him, and his boots were a couple of brown mirrors. He'd just finished our outfit—gone over us with a fine-tooth comb, from our finger nails out, and then we'd done our stuff for him.

We'd had a regular inspection of equipment, and so on, and then we'd manned the tanks and given him a maneuver. Regularly, I'd have been working my machine gun in the second tank of the first platoon, but, as I said, I'd drawn orderly that morning and had to stick around with the C. O. The boys had gone through the drill without a hitch. It was the first one I'd seen from the outside, and I got quite a kick out of it. The battalion came up from the sheds in travel formation—the lead tank ahead and the rest in a column to the left and the rear of it. It was a sight! They kept a perfect line and went by in a thunder, every tread clanking in unison and every motor firing almost by the numbers. They roared up and past, dipping and rocking, with the shavetails riding on the little chutes in the rear of each tank. Then they turned, about a mile down the field, and took battle formation. The lead tanks stood fast and the rest deployed by companies into a line, the lieutenants stepped out and they came! Just as the last one reached the line, the whole outfit started, full tilt, a hundred feet between 'em, a line a mile long! They came on halfway and took an echelon. The first battalion kept on going and the other two half-righted and fell in behind. The formation clicked like clockwork and the boys whooped by in three lines, with headquarters flanking. It was a neat bit of work, and the brigadier nodded his head.

They fell out, then, and drove back to the sheds. The whole business had taken them about an hour and a half, and when they were through, the C. O. was sweating and I was warm myself, although it was a raw day—one of the regular French issue. We'd been trotting around with our fingers crossed, hoping that the gas would hold out and that no gears would be stripped. There wasn't a hitch! It was one of the neatest drills I've ever seen. The brigadier, his eyes very quiet, called up the officers, and they all parked right in front of where I was standing. He spoke up:

"Gentlemen, you are to be congratulated! Your personnel are good, and seem to keep themselves at about the average in appearance. Your material shows signs of having had care and attention. Your maneuvers were interesting and were carried out in a smart manner. As a whole, you have had a very creditable inspection."

I could see the colonel, as rigid, by gum, as ever I was when the C. O. was laying me out. He was waggling his ears with pleasure. It was a trick he had.

"My Material is Scattered All the Way From Here to Hell and Gone, But Your Infantry, General, is Through!"

The brigadier went on. "But," he said, "I doubt the efficiency of your arm. You have worked here under ideal conditions without a sign of opposition. From my own observation, it would seem that a terrain under fire, with its attendant irregularities, its wounded who must be avoided, its mines and its craters, would make success highly problematical. Then again, the casualties which you must expect under actual conditions might tremendously disrupt your organization. It is my opinion that you are a highly specialized branch, not valuable for heavy, steady work. I prefer, myself, the old, tried combination of infantry with artillery support. I doubt very much whether tanks will ever supplant either of these two branches or, save in certain highly isolated cases, serve as much of an aid or protection to the infantry. I shall report on your organization, stating these final views as my opinion."

He wheeled and walked to his car after taking the salute, and the poor colonel walked with him. He didn't waggle his ears now! The general had just said, "Your outfit is pretty, but no good!" The skipper swung around while I was digesting the brigadier's views, and nearly knocked me over.

"Move in your feet, you dim-wit!" he said. He was a forceful man. I followed him back to the orderly room and he took the company there, as it came in from the sheds, and dismissed it. Inside, the top kick buttonholed me.

"How did it go, Dusty?"

"Very creditable performance," I said. "The men show signs of having had a wash or two, and they've all, apparently, shined their shoes since arriving in la belle France. The drill was amusing without being vulgar. The outfit, however, is not considered to be much good in warfare, because the Germans have a nasty habit of shooting at those who oppose them, and of making holes in the ground with shells which might discommode the tanks. The general will recommend that the corps remain in the rear and do the heavy hauling while the infantry and artillery demolish the foe!"

"You're a very funny slob!" said the top kick, who had very little sense of humor or anything else.

"All right, sergeant, but his words were to that effect, just the same!"

"Did he really say that?" asked the top kick.

"I wouldn't lie to you, sergeant!"

Then the brigadier's ears probably began to burn, for our top sergeant was of the old school and he could miscall a man, regardless of rank, for twenty minutes by my stopped wrist watch, without repeating himself.

He had just finished the litany of the brigadier when the C. O. came in and confirmed my report and mentioned a couple of things about the general that had slipped the sergeant's mind.

I went outside and sat on the orderly bench.

We heard from that inspection in a day or two. The army was moving up all along the line and we expected to get in, too, but I saw the order. It was very casual:

> The 2nd Brigade, T. C., will be attached to the reserve of the Fifth Corps, and will occupy the rear of the line Vivry-Chesnes-Mathout, moving with the corps, but taking no part in the action unless specifically ordered.

That was just a paragraph in a ten-page battle order, but it disposed of us. In the reserve, taking no part in the action unless specifically ordered! It would take a week to get out an order, too, if I knew anything about red tape, and by that time the infantry and the artillery—God bless 'em!—would have, theoretically, annihilated the Prussian Guard, or the Krehwinkler Landwehr, or whoever it was

that was putting up the scrap. Oh, well! We were moving around, anyway.

We started off the next morning, traveling all day, from one little shot-to-pieces town to the next, with the battle ahead. We could hear it! Boy, there were doings up there! At night you could see the whole horizon jumping red! We caught it, too, once or twice in a mild way. I remember, we pulled up late in the evening and pitched our pup tents, and some Heinie gun laid on us. We could hear it coming for what seemed like ten minutes before it lit. Very low and mysterious at first—a sort of moan—and then louder and higher, until it was a whoop and a yell, and then—smash! The first one wasn't anywhere near me, but it took my feet right out from under me, just as I was about to dive into someone's cellar. They came over at ten-minute intervals. We used to come out between bursts and run for cover when we heard 'em coming. One caught me in a barn with no roof, and I hit the dirt and listened to it. It ripped away one corner and the pieces went smacking through the walls over me. I had to feel myself very tenderly before I decided that I was all there.

We lost only three men on the road, and they went out in an air raid at night. Those things used to get my goat worse than anything else. They made me all gone inside. We didn't have many dugouts back there, and I've seen men crawl under tables and run into light sheds to get away from the bombs. I've done it myself, too, knowing that it was just dumbness. This fellow sailed over about midnight. You can always tell one of those Taubes, because the motor has a queer, double drone to it, rising and falling, as though someone was turning a crank. We heard it, all right, and ran around something scandalous for a minute. I stood in a doorway and crossed my fingers. He turned loose two, and one of them got the last two machines in the tank line, and three fellows who'd crawled under them to get away. We just left them with the wreckage and came away. There wasn't any salvage.

Taking it all in all, though, we lived a quiet life. For a week we moved every day, getting our orders the night before and reaching our station about noon. The progress of the infantry, aided by the artillery, regardless of the tanks, was slow but steady. Then for a couple of days we didn't move. We just stuck around, made repairs and polished up. They put an ammunition dump down about a mile away, and the colonel, who thought he had a hunch, sent a detail over and we drew our stuff. We spent the next day loading Hotchkiss clips and putting them into the racks in the tank turrets. We took on shells for the thirty-seven-millimeter guns, too, and we were all set, but doubtful. We hoped we'd go up, and we thought not.

It's funny, you know, the state of mind a man gets into in a war. It's a kind of drunkenness. Here we were, all out-and-out civilians for the most part—motor mechanics, clerks, college men, truck drivers, plumbers, farmers, salesmen—everything but soldiers, aching to go somewhere that we wouldn't even read about in the old days. Every one of us was sure, too, that he wasn't the one that was going to be hurt. You see, we'd never been in it, and even when those three men were killed by the plane—they were our first casualties—we all reasoned out that if they hadn't lost their heads and gone under the tanks—which is what the plane was looking for—they wouldn't have caught it. I wonder what we thought we were going up to the line in, if ever—baby carriages? We know better now.

Anyway, the colonel got us all set. He figured, I guess, that if the doughboys weren't moving along, they might send us out—and how right he was! The third day, it was, and we'd got word the evening before to stick around still, because there'd be no traveling tomorrow. They used to send us our one order a day by a runner, who strolled back from the lines, a couple of miles up, and then strolled on again. I used to watch them come in. We were no June brides, what with traveling and grease and what not, but those fellows were caked with it! A man can't drop into the mud more than half a dozen times and get himself spattered with a good portion of French battlefield and go without shaving or washing for a couple of weeks without looking the part. We were scratching ourselves rather lively, but those fellows—well, you didn't have to see them to know they were coming!

Along about ten o'clock in the morning one of them showed up. He'd been there before with the evening papers, once, and we knew him. He was running this time, though. He usually came walking in, smoking, left his news in the orderly room and went on his way, after bumming a hand-out from the mess. This time was different. He looked anxious and his face was gray where you could see it through his whiskers and general crust. My driver, Mase Pollard, was sitting in front of the billet with me, taking advantage of the first real sunshine we'd had, and we hailed the runner:

"Hey! You're early, ain't you?"

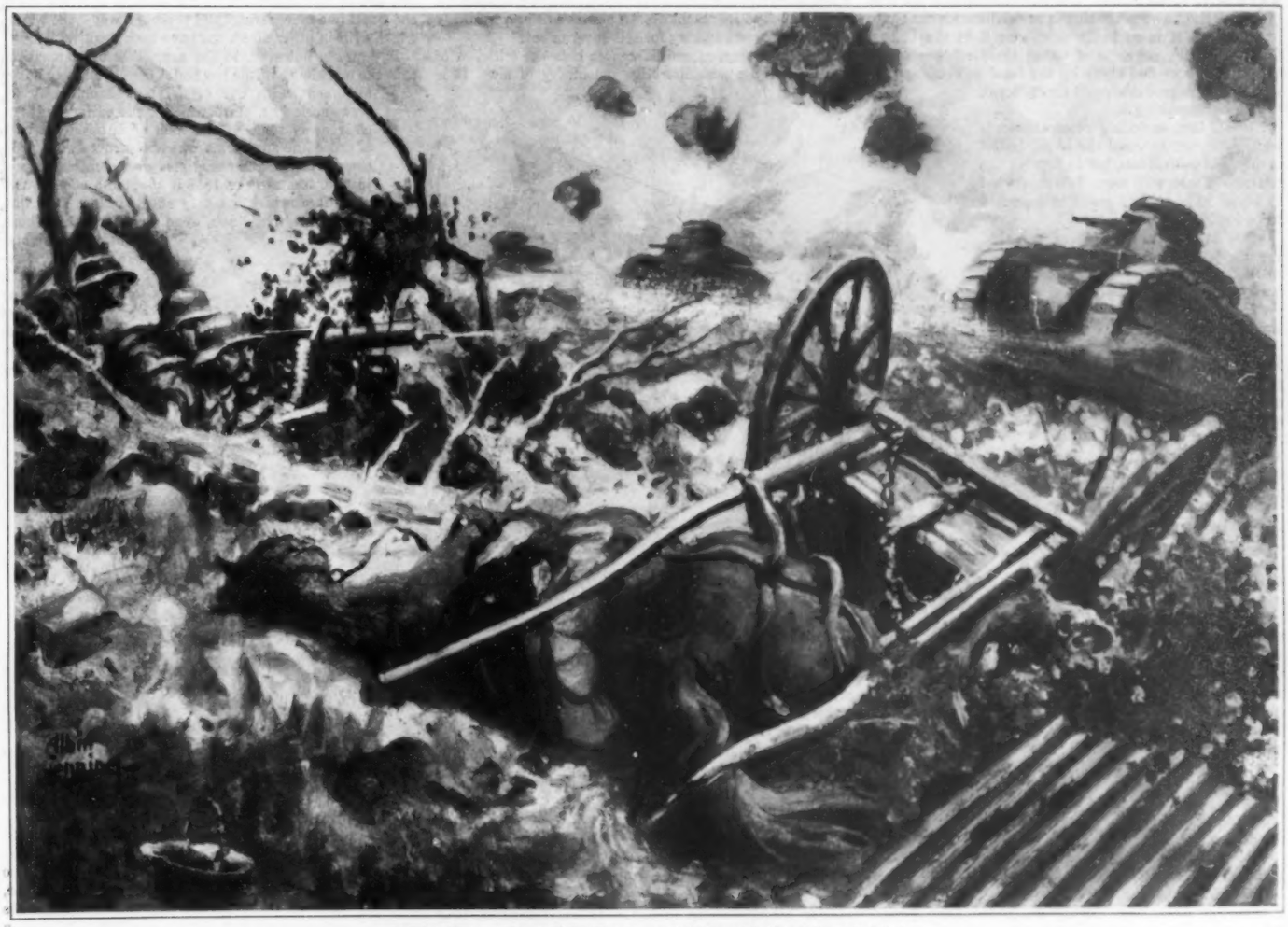
He didn't answer. He just looked at us, gasped and panted, and ducked into the orderly room across the way. I noticed his condition and his look, and I nudged Mase. We stood up, and the top kick came out of the door and blew his whistle. The company poured out and lined up. The top kick—his name was Brady—was excited, but he was a good one and knew his stuff. He sang out "Tenshan!" bawled someone out at the left of the line, and spoke up:

"Fall in here in five minutes with light packs, side arms and water! Five minutes! Snap into it! Fall out!"

Man, we scattered! Mase and I dove into our billet, ripped the blankets off our packs, threw out the extra shoes and underwear, grabbed our belts and some cigarettes, and were down at the water bag in a couple of minutes. We were near the first, and got filled up and away before the mob. The boys had learned to line up and pass along, and one of the sergeants was in charge. He kept them going, and we were back on the line, all set, in very close to five minutes, which was good time. The C. O. came out, pulling on his gloves, and Brady turned over the company to him.

"We're going up, men! The infantry is in trouble! Take your orders from the lieutenants of your platoons until you get into action, and then go on your own. The trouble seems to be with concrete machine-gun emplacements. You know what to do with them. We'll start you, and you go on till you're told to stop. The guide is right. That's all! Squads right—ho!"

(Continued on Page 97)



It Was Close—About Fifty Yards—and it Trembled as They Fired It

THE MAZE OF THE LAW

By Richard Washburn Child

DECORATION BY WYNCIE KING

TEN dollars and justice. Ten dollars was owed a wage earner in a large city. His case was tried before the establishment there of a municipal court. In the magistrate's court he secured a judgment on January nineteenth. His opponent's attorney waited until February eighth to appeal to the Court of Common Pleas. On March eleventh the wage earner's claim was filed in the Court of Common Pleas and the case was marked for trial. The case appeared for trial nearly a year later, in the next March.

There was a rule of procedure requiring that any case marked for trial on special days must be tried or go again to the end of the line of cases. But this case was not reached by the court. The wage earner was not to blame. The case was marked again for April third. Again it was not reached, and never appeared again until October. Then the wage earner had his ten dollars.

The effective judgment took a year and nine months, and client and attorney had spent eleven days in court!

That case is not cited here to give an exaggerated picture of the failings of the machinery of the law. It is not even stated to show that respect for law is difficult to sustain when law fails to fit the civilization we live in or pours into our lives an unenforceable, crankish torrent of laws.

The case is cited to emphasize that this article, unlike those which have preceded it, is not concerned with criticism of the law; it is concerned with criticism of the stupid, backward, clumsy, pompous administration of the law so often creating in the public mind a sense of amazement, bafflement and even ridicule.

Antiquated Machinery of the Courts

WE MAY speak plainly. The administration of law is as important a consideration as any civilization can have; nevertheless, it is so badly mismanaged in the United States generally, in spite of rather timid reforms so far undertaken here and there by the legal profession, that a college undergraduate could hardly touch it without improving it.

Normal law, excluding commandments which attempt to mold the souls, bodies or minds of individuals, has to do with the relations of men with men. It is supported by social will, and its result is supposed to be justice.

What has happened in America is that the result expected—justice—is almost smothered under the nonsense, the verbosity, the rules, the pleadings, the papers, the archaic phrases of the machinery of the law.

What we want of the machinery of justice is the effective work of a referee. What we get too often is an expensive, tedious, wily game—much more tedious and often much more tricky than the game of life itself. No one except the out-and-out shyster wants that result; but that, in fact, is what we are being served in much too large a measure.

I do not believe that public opinion will stand it when once public opinion is alive to the fact that law and courts are not the great gods Abra and Cadabra. Law and courts should be effective servants. The first of them—law—should be established by the social will and civilization's common consent, and sent forth like a drum corps to keep us in step in the parade of progress. The second—courts and legal machinery—we should leave behind to clean up whatever débris is left of men's affairs.

"America," said Woodrow Wilson, "lags far behind other countries in the essential matter of putting the whole emphasis in our courts upon the substance of right and justice."

The distinction he raised was one between justice and the kind of machinery and procedure which impede, overtop, and sometimes defeat justice.

Said Chief Justice Morris A. Soper, of the Supreme Bench of Baltimore:

"The courts are under fire. They are justly under fire, because for a century, during which we have passed from a primitive, frontier society to a complex industrial civilization, the instruments for administering justice have remained substantially as they were when first projected. No institution can hold up its head under these conditions, and no body of men can secure respect for an instrument of government so far out of date."

Justice Hughes, in one of his addresses, states:

"As the administration of justice becomes more difficult because of the multiplication and complexity of interests, and because of antiquated methods and inadequate machinery, there is an increasing disposition to hold the members of the legal profession responsible for the shortcomings of that administration. In earlier and less troubled days we have said that we were the guardians of the administration of justice, and now we are being called to account. A great newspaper recently conducted a campaign dealing with the defects of the administration of the criminal law and asserting as the principal point that the bar associations were derelict in their duty. When the charges are examined it is found that some of them concern the laws themselves, others the action of judges taken under the law, and still others, the conduct of lawyers either within their rights under the law or without wrong that is susceptible of proof. Nevertheless, at the door of lawyers and of their organizations is laid the chief responsibility for the ills of the administration of justice. While we may properly enter our protest at such a broad accusation, we cannot ignore the occasion of it or fail to realize our duty to strengthen every remedial agency at our command.

"The multiplication of laws, unnecessary delays in vindicating rights, unpunished crimes, the lack of adaptation of the law and its machinery to new conditions, seriously reflect upon our capacity for self-government."

This, of course, raises differences between criticism of law and of the administrative machinery of law. It is evident that the speaker felt, as all of us must, that no matter how much ill-fitting law we have, either because outrun by progress or because created by silly and busybody lawmaking, the real delinquency of America is in the machinery of the law.

Lest it be said that our indictment of that machinery is lacking in conservatism, one may cite the less-guarded opinion of Judge Arthur Webster, of the Circuit Court of Detroit, as he has been quoted:

"We of the legal profession confess that in this day of efficiency in industry, of scientific discovery and improvement of method in medicine and chemistry, the law is lagging behind. Court procedure today is wasteful, long and complicated. On the criminal side, in our large cities the courts cannot cope with the continually growing volume of transactions. Likewise, on the civil side of the courts, in almost every important city, the trial calendars are in a chronic state of arrears. Leaders such as Chief Justice William Howard Taft, of the United States Supreme Court, and Elihu Root have repeatedly made the charge that our legal procedure is antiquated.

"Here in our own courts, in September, 1922, litigation was started involving the validity of the so-called jitney ordinance, and today, six and one-half years later, litigation is still going on. I am not seeking to criticize the action of any of the local judges or of the state supreme court. The point I am trying to make is that it is possible for one litigant, by the use of the machinery of the courts, to prevent another litigant having a final decision in a period of six and a half years. To my mind, a system of procedure which will permit such outrageous delay is a disgrace to our civilization."

The Net That Tangles Justice

AND Elihu Root, at a meeting of the American Bar Association, said:

"Every lawyer knows that the continued reversal of judgments, the sending of parties to a litigation to and fro between trial courts and appellate courts, has become a disgrace to the administration of justice in the United States. Everybody knows that the vast network of highly technical rules of evidence and procedure which prevails in this country serves to tangle justice in the name of form. It is a disgrace to our profession. It is a disgrace to our law and a discredit to our institutions."

Also: "We need to deal with the maladjustment of our law and its administration to the needs of this new life of the world in a more serious and thorough way—the way in which evils in other directions have been dealt with."

It appears, however, to the average American citizen that the machinery of the law is not merely slightly out of alignment with our needs, but scandalously so. New York is a state which made early efforts to clear away some of the junk of antique methods of procedure and forms which obstructed the processes of justice and sometimes created miscarriage of justice. As early as 1848 it adopted a code of civil procedure, which not only affected New York but, as a model, was drawn upon for reforms elsewhere. But after eighty-one years, Governor Roosevelt is now asking for another revision of the code of procedure to be undertaken not by

lawyers solely but by representatives of the dissatisfied public also.

It is impossible to interpret such expressions and efforts from the most conservative sources as being assertions that conditions as to the administration of civil justice need no surgery. There is nothing hysterical in a public demand that respect for law and its works should be founded upon the respect the law and its works can properly demand.

The criminal law and its workings, so much emphasized by lawlessness, have made us forget our civil litigation, just as the Volstead Act tends to make us forget that there is even a normal criminal law, with a need for enforcement infinitely superior to that of any sumptuary law. But the adjustment of controversies and rights on the civil side is quite as important. Not only must we reconstruct respect for normal criminal laws and their enforcement by restoring the efficiency which is worthy of respect, but we shall suffer through the whole fabric of our national social life, our economic peace and progress, unless we may respect the civil law and its litigation as well.

Do we respect it, in the main? Does it appear that our courts are seats of justice with modern sense and science, or that they are surrounded by absurdities and have become the arenas for unfair or trivial battles—and sometimes worse? Is there a growing feeling that expense and delay baffle the poor man, even though ignorant juries lean away from sympathy with the rich?

The Mass of Legal Verbiage

LET us look at the absurdities first. One does not have to dig deep to find the first of these evidences of nonsense, for the very language of the courts is something which no sensible manufacturer would tolerate in his correspondence, and is of a nature to create laughter in the throat of any elevator boy.

Some years ago I went on a case to a small town in New York State. Court was in session and a lawyer of prominence in the district showed me, with pride, a complaint he had drawn for a plaintiff. The plaintiff was a widow. Her husband, a Civil War veteran, had been leading a cow. Wishing to light his pipe, he had tied the rope around his aged waist. At that moment an automobile had passed and the cow went over the stone wall, dragging its guardian. Among other things, the complaint stated: "And then and there, at aforesaid place, as stated hereinbefore, there came and arrived said defendant's automobile, or motor vehicle, an instrument, a machine and device intended, purposed, designed and calculated to create among domestic animals distrust, fear, fright, loathing, anguish and terror."

This example may appear exaggerated, but everyone is familiar with the same kind of nonsense in legal literature and with the continued use of Latin phrases without any justification of good sense.

It is safe to say that two-thirds of the written words in writs, pleadings, appeals, briefs, and even in the opinions of judges, could be thrown overboard, if lawyers were not out to be impressive, to peacock, and to engage in a ridiculous solemnity that would laugh them out of a factory, a banking house or a village grocery.

It is even safer to assert that if American courts insisted upon it or even had the legal power to insist upon it, four-fifths of the futile, spoken words could be eliminated from American court rooms.

Do not suppose that this foolish language, written, printed and spoken in quality which is gibberish or in quantity which is nauseating to plaintiffs, defendants and the public, is confined to the shyster lawyer or the rural pettifogger. Presidents of bar associations have been guilty of it. I have heard many a judge showing off with this strange language, to the great detriment of desired speed in lawsuits. So has everyone.

No longer ago than November, 1928, the Supreme Court of the United States, through the influence of its Chief Justice, William Howard Taft—who, by the way, has done more by his frankness and courage than any other man to make the legal machinery a little sensible—administered to the counsel in a case a rebuke for all the useless words and material he had heaped into that case.

Six years earlier, Justice McReynolds, censuring counsel quite as eminent, in a prominent case before the Supreme Court, said:

"Equity Rules 75 and 76 direct that records on appeals shall not set forth the evidence fully, but in simple, condensed form, and require omission of nonessentials and mere formal parts of documents. Without apparent attempt to comply with these rules and with assent of appellee's counsel, appellants in No. —— have filed a record of twenty-one volumes—20,000 printed pages—of proceedings before the master, with hundreds of useless exhibits of many thousand pages of matter without present value. This is indefensible practice, which we will hereinafter feel at liberty to punish to the limits of our discretion—possibly by dismissal of the appeal. These rules were intended to protect the courts against useless, burdensome records, and litigants from unnecessary cost and delay. Counsel ought to comply with them and trial courts should enforce performance of this plain duty."

The mere mode of communication of thought that is used in our processes of law is sufficient to awaken disrespect for law.

Probably next among the factors which affect the general public impression, and even more profoundly, is the picture of the courts as arenas, rinks and cockpits devoted often to coarse or wily battles which appear to hamper and sometimes destroy the justice such courts are supposed to mete out.

The General Picture of a Jury Trial

ASK the general public whether it has the picture of an inert judge—at the most, a kind of bored referee of a game in which two opposing counsel perform grotesquely to bully witnesses and to hide truth from a jury unable to interpret facts and ignorant of law. I do not say that the opinion is always justified; I say it is general. The witness is abused. The jury is hoodwinked and, if possible, emotionalized.

If someone comes forward to tell the public the undoubted truth that many of the miscarriages of justice, or delays of justice, or comedies of justice, are exceptions and that some reforms have been had and that others must be well considered before adoption, the public will reply that the exceptions are so frequent as to muddy the whole pond. The reforms are too slow to satisfy either sense or our impatience with a system of justice characterized so much by the atmosphere of impotence of judges, ignorance of juries and suppression of truth from witnesses. We are disgusted by an oral game of wits and charlatanism carried on by so many attorneys at law and by experts outside and inside the court rooms of this country.

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THE ELEPHANT FORGETS

By Courtney Ryley Cooper

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

A FEW days after Goliath had added his bulk to the line of twenty-nine elephants in the Grand Amalgamated herd, the menagerie superintendent paused for a moment of acrid conversation with the boss bull man. "Wouldn't you know it?" he asked. "Old Mom don't like him."

"Yeah?" The bull boss was busy repairing a block and tackle.

"Trouble with her," went on the superintendent, with a gossipy look toward the head of the asphalt-colored group of animals, "she's getting grouchy, like an old maid. That's the trouble with her."

"Yeah?" asked the head elephant man again. "Now I'll tell you something. Trouble with her is that she probably figured out this big bozo was nothin' but a no-good bum the minute she set her eyes on him." He slammed down the block and tackle. "What's more, she's dead right. I wouldn't hitch him to a dirt wagon."

"Have more trouble this morning?" asked the superintendent, preparing to move on.

"What do you think I'm overhaulin' this block 'n' tackle for?" snapped the elephant boss, and the superintendent suddenly heard someone call him from the big-top connection. The bull boss went back to his work of realigning a pulley, misplaced by terrific strain. At last he looked up toward the fretful old elephant at the head of the line.

"Wonder what the old gal's got on her mind," he mused.

Naturally, Old Mom, queen of the Grand Amalgamated herd, could not answer. She didn't know herself. She only realized that ever since the hulking Goliath had appeared, a strange sense of uneasiness had occupied her mind. It was a fretful feeling, the kind of sensation one has as he fishes for his railroad ticket and can't find it. It was more than that, for every time that Old Mom glanced toward the towering beast, a slow resentment boiled within her, and an innate desire to walk over to him and hand him a wallop that would knock him into the last of next week. She didn't know the reason for that either, and it bothered her.

It didn't bother Goliath. With a newly painted sign above him announcing him to be the biggest elephant in the entire world, giving his height, his girth, age and weight, Goliath stood in a special position in line, fenced in by red-velvet ropes and corner stakes of brass with big knobs on them. Inside this was an overabundance of hay and carrots, temporarily disregarded for other dainties being offered by a curious throng of workingmen, staff members and performers. However, the joy was only transitory. Soon the crowd had straggled away to the command of the bull boss and his assistants for elbowroom. There was to be a resumption of the vain sessions which had been in progress ever since Goliath had arrived in his special freight car from the Salt Lake Zoo.

The big elephant's chains were loosed. Protesting, he was led forth, the rest of the curious line stretching forth their trunks at him as he passed. To none of them did he give regard until he had reached the head of the line, where the wrinkled old herd leader, her eyes half closed and her ears flat, wriggled the end of her trunk along the ground; then, raising it toward the passing giant, emitted a strange snort, half blast and half trumpeting. It was plainly an insult; the massive Goliath whirled, breaking loose from suddenly frantic bull men. He arched his trunk until it curled against his bulging head. His eyes protruded and his mouth opened. A bellow came from his throat like the exhaust of a giant motor, while Old Mom, her head shaking dubiously, suddenly shrank back to her place in line. Goliath outweighed her a full thousand pounds. The reach of his trunk was a foot longer than hers, the heft of his shoulders greater; youth was in his staunch legs, power in his gigantic muscles. Old Mom knew trouble when she met it. Hurriedly she curled her trunk about a wisp of hay and waved it ecstatically before dropping it into her mouth. Her air was almost kittenish; like a fussy old lady asking a young ruffian if he couldn't take a joke. Then, while Goliath still puffed and bellowed, the bullhooks were fastened anew and men yanked upon them.

"Come along here, big rubber boy!" shouted the boss bull man, and the march to the empty big top began.

Events there followed the same course which they had pursued on other mornings. They put the training harness upon Goliath and rigged the block and tackle to a center pole. They spread a heavy pad of canvas before the giant bull and fastened other pads upon his legs—the instruments by which trainers protect their pachydermic charges against pain during training. Then, destroying his equilibrium with the block and tackle, they yanked at other ropes attached to his ankles, the first step in teaching an elephant to kneel. They were still at it two hours later, when the proximity of matinée time brought cessation.

"That bull knows what we want," growled the boss.

"Then why don't he do it?" an assistant asked.

"How do I know?" The head elephant man was sweating from exertion. "But you take it from me, that bull's been trained. He's hook-wise, for one thing. He don't act like he thinks we're goin' to kill him every time we truss him up. A kindergarten bull would be scared to death. This big slob? He just slumps!"

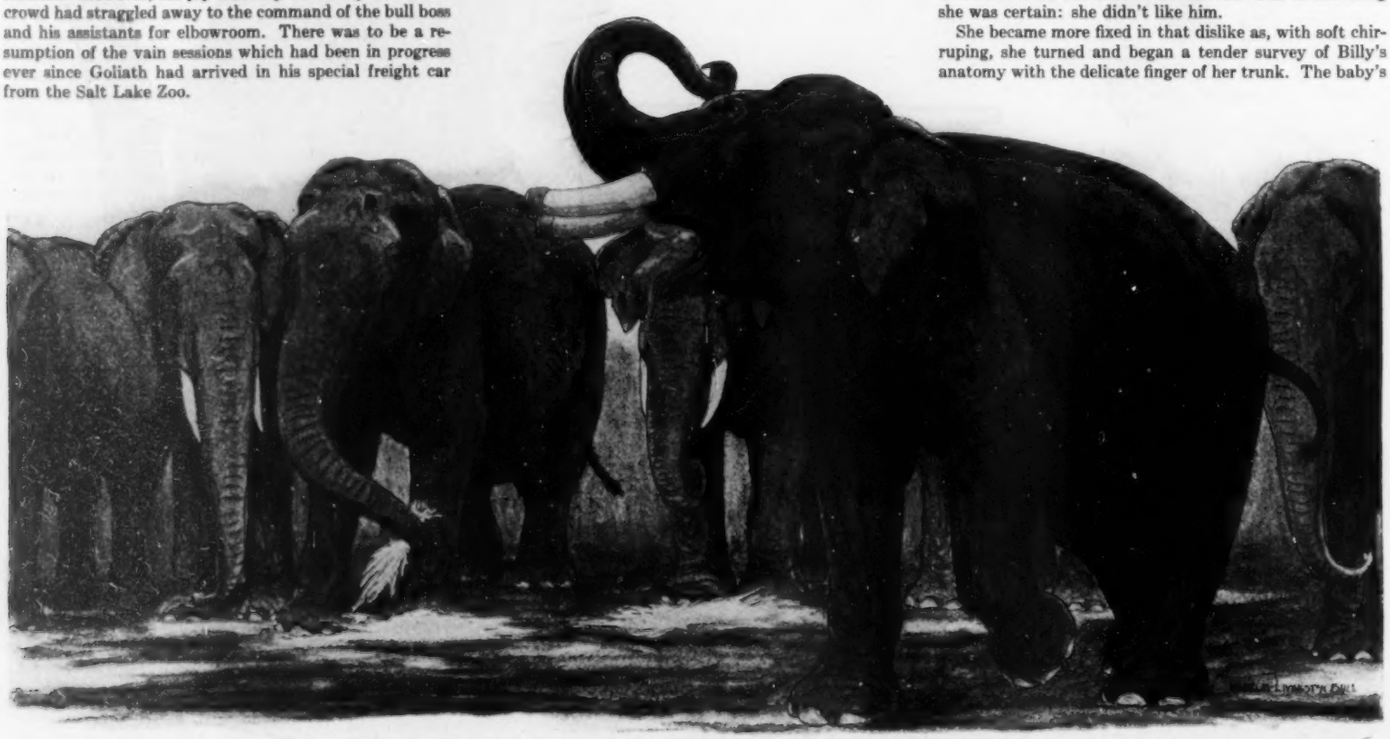
"Might as well be sixteen thousand pounds of putty."

"There you are," answered the bull boss. "That baby's no fool. He's worn out trainers before. He's done it with me—for today. Take him back."

Back went Goliath, once more to pass Old Mom, and this time to take the initiative. Old Mom's previous attitude of surrender had brought certain evidences of the bully to the surface; Goliath extended his trunk as he passed her and blasted a note of distinct contempt. Old Mom only moved her feet in hasty padding and rolled her eyes. Then the hooks dug deep and Goliath went on to his place in the stake line, there to trumpet furiously as a lead-covered bulk bounced away from the giant's hay and, stubby trunk extended, ran squealing to a timorous halt behind Rajah, the next largest of the Grand Amalgamated herd, before finally taking up a circuitous route to the protection of Old Mom's belly. Ten-year-old Billy Sunday was the privileged baby of the herd. He was tractable and cunning; the circus allowed him to wander about free because he was an attraction to youngsters. More than that, he was the sun, moon and all the stars to Old Mom. The larger elephants, for the most part, looked on him with a certain amount of affection. Others, like Phœbe, who was foster mother to ten punks whom she thought much more wonderful than Billy, carefully concealed their feelings, especially when the youthful pet came around to further enlarge his girth at their hay pile. Otherwise Old Mom might whack the daylights out of them. But Goliath was an elephant who didn't know the rules of the herd and who didn't seem to care.

The excitement down the line sent Old Mom into a new fever of uneasiness. She trumpeted, quieting the fuss, but her command lacked a proper note of authority. Abstraction was the cause; with her first glimpse of Goliath when he had stepped out of his freight car, something had crossed her brain and snagged there—a vague, filmy presentiment that refused to emerge from its mental pigeonhole. The fables concerning an elephant's infallible memory remain fables. An elephant has exactly the same memory as a human being. Sometimes it works unerringly. More often it must be jogged by association or an incident. Old Mom felt that she knew this big bull. Where she had known him, and how—that was a different matter. But of one thing she was certain: she didn't like him.

She became more fixed in that dislike as, with soft chirruping, she turned and began a tender survey of Billy's anatomy with the delicate finger of her trunk. The baby's



Old Mom Knew Trouble When She Met It. Hurriedly She Curled Her Trunk About a Wisp of Hay and Waved it Ecstatically Before Dropping it Into Her Mouth

bulbous body showed no traces of injury; in fact, he had already forgotten his fright, and, piggish eyes distended, had begun an assault upon a bushel of overripe apples which the boss bull man had brought that morning to the queen of the herd. Billy's appetite was one thing that never faltered.

That was good. A less joyous state might have forced Old Mom into a belief that she must protect her favored young, and that might mean disaster. Old Mom knew, from long experience, when to lick a member of her herd and when to be diplomatic. This distinctly was one of the latter times; she was seventy-odd, the giant of her dislike was not more than fifty, and twenty years counts as much in an elephant fight as it does in the prize ring. Besides, there was that uncertainty of a lack of memory; the strange feeling that she knew something about this particular elephant, if she could only remember which particular elephant he happened to be. So she did the logical thing. She merely ignored him, placing him in the same category with Alice and Major and Colonel and others, who were just elephants.

But the circus didn't ignore him. Especially the Old Man, who had given the Salt Lake Zoo a thirty-two-thousand-dollar check for him, and who, after days of telegraphing, finally came on the show, bringing a wrinkled little man who walked with a cane.

"Know Stumpy Brooks, don't you?" he asked of the bull boss. Then: "What's the news on Goliath?"

"Goliath?" asked the bull boss. "Oh, Goliath. Well, he ain't worked yet."

"Why not?" The Old Man puffed excitedly at a new cigar. "He ought to work by this time, oughtn't he?"

"How do I know what he ought to do?" asked the bull boss desperately. "He just won't work, that's all."

"But what's he do?"

"He don't do nothin'. He just stands there till we yank him off his feet, and then he doubles up and lays

down like a sack of meal. So we put the mechanic under him again and hoist him up. Then he just stands. So we jerk his feet out from under him and he lays down again. What're you going to do with a boob like that?"

"Don't squeal?" asked Stumpy Brooks.

"No, he don't do nothin'."

"Same's he did on the Tri-United, after Effie died."

"You was on the Tri-United with him, wasn't you?" asked the bull boss.

"That's why I brought him along," said the Old Man. "Now, you two get together."

A strange, crinkly feeling went along the back of the bull boss. "I'll make him work if anybody can," he snapped.

The Old Man puffed furiously. "Then why don't you do it?" he countered. "If you couldn't work him, what did you let me order all that paper for? Twenty-four-sheet stands, sixteen and eight sheets, window cards, lithographs, cloth banners, street-car placards—fifty-eight thousand bucks' worth of junk to tell the dear public that we're bringing 'em the biggest performing elephant in the whole world. And now he won't perform!"

"I'm doing all I can," said the boss bull man.

"That ain't a lot," the Old Man growled over a shoulder as he went to hunt up the general manager. "Now you and Stumpy get together."

There was a wait then, until the Old Man had gone under the side wall. Then the bull boss waved a weak hand toward the elephant line.

"All right," he said, "take him."

"I don't want him," answered Stumpy.

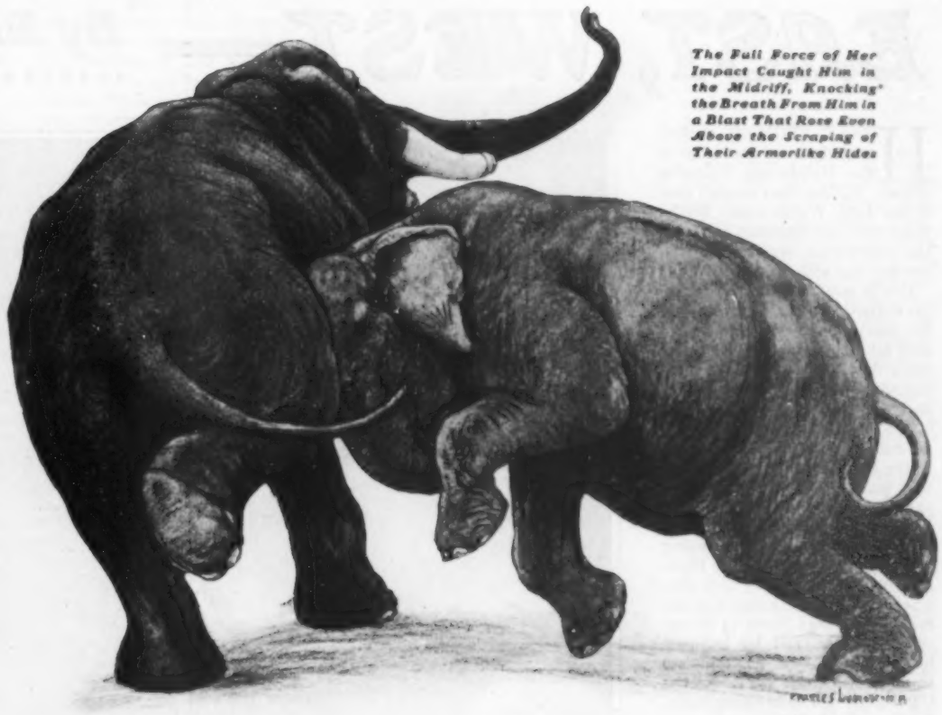
"That's what you came here for, wasn't it?"

Stumpy pushed back his Panama hat and made wild motions of negation.

"I never done no such thing. I got too good a job at winter quarters. I just come here to help out with what I know about him. That ain't much. He just won't train. Don't I know? He'll stampede but he won't train."

Whiteness made its appearance about the bull boss' lips.

"But I got a hundred dollars bet with the dressing-tent gang that he will," came weakly. "They ragged me into it.



The Full Force of Her Impact Caught Him in the Midriff, Knocking the Breath From Him in a Blast That Rose Even Above the Scraping of Their Armorlike Hides

Why shouldn't I have bet 'em? I never see the bull before I couldn't handle. Except this one. Funny, ain't it? I keep thinking that bull's been worked somewhere."

"Sure he's been worked. I worked him."

"Then what ——"

"Now, don't ask me no foolish questions. All I can tell you is what happened. For one thing, he ain't always been big like this. When we got him on the Tri-United in '99, he wasn't no bigger 'n ordinary bulls."

"Don't remember what show he come off of?"

"Can't prove it by me. The Tri-United was swappin' bulls all that spring."

"Everybody was," agreed the boss bull man. "That's the year we got Old Mom off the Whitten Brothers."

"We got some there too. I don't know which ones, though. Anyway, this big slob showed up, and he was all right. As fine a bull as you ever seen. Not more'n twenty and just beginning to get his growth. Worked like a streak of lightnin'—funny, how he worked," Stumpy continued—"like he was scared to death of something. Still, he wasn't afraid of a bull hook, so he couldn't have been mishandled. But that's the way he worked."

"Movin' all the time, huh?" asked the bull boss, with a yank at his cap.

"Right now," answered Stumpy. "Now don't ask me for no reason for it. He was growin' all the time; maybe he got lazy as he got big. Finally it was pretty tough to work him. Then a bull named Effie come on the show and he sort of fell for her. You know how bulls are. That pepped him up for a while and he worked like his old self. Then Effie got bumped off down in the railroad yards one day; her and a freight train got on the same track. After that, maybe Goliath lost interest. Finally we sold him to the zoo."

"Peddled him because he wouldn't work, eh?"

"Ever see a Kansas cyclone?" asked Stumpy. "Well, that's why we peddled him. He let us bat him around just so long. Then one day he rose up and went through the circus like wind through a straw hat. So we brung him back and worked on him some more. He stood it about ten days. Then he smashed down three sections of seats, knocked over the band stand, wrecked the hippopotamus den and bumped off an innocent bystander who got in the way. So it was kill him or sell him. We sold."

The boss bull man scratched his tousled head.

"All I can do is keep tryin'," he mused.

"All you'll get is a smacked-up circus," Stumpy informed him cheerfully. "I've tried to tell the Old Man, but he won't listen; he's got that printin' ordered. So it ain't my funeral."

"No," answered the bull boss mournfully, "it's mine."

There were certain evidences, as the days passed, which indicated that Stumpy Brooks might be a prophet. Dumb, puttylike in training, Goliath was showing signs of being exactly the opposite in the stake line. Familiarity with the beasts about him was bringing a strengthening degree of contempt. He stole the hay of Colonel and of Mazie, his side partners. He blustered and swept clouds of dust from the ground with great gusts from his trunk whenever the sociable Billy Sunday even hinted at an approach. He broke from his place in line on the march to and from the cars, taking up as much of the street as he chose, and he did this without a single bellow of remonstrance from Old Mom.

Not that Old Mom failed to watch him constantly. There were times, too, when a wicked gleam came into her vigilant eyes and a nervous twitching ran along her trunk; usually a signal that some unfortunate pachyderm was about to be whammed into a comatose condition. But such things happened to elephants of a conquerable size; not a giant like Goliath. So the indignities of the bull line increased and the bellow of Goliath grew louder. One day when Colonel dug down under his hay to take out an orange which he had hidden there early that morning, Goliath calmly stuck forth his trunk and robbed him of it.

Matinée was over; the menagerie men were at the cook house and the tent was deserted. There was no human to dispense justice, no one to answer an outraged elephant's squeal of protest. Colonel loved oranges; enough, in fact, to give a moment's resistance to the piracy. His ears swung wide, then flattened. He snorted belligerently. Instantly Goliath dropped the orange and swung his trunk with a blow that knocked Colonel out of line, jerking his stake from the ground and sending him rolling into the center of the tent. There he scrambled and rose, bawling. An instant more and he whirled as if to go crashing forth in flight. It was then that Old Mom yanked out her stake and went forth to settle the matter.

A panic was in its beginning; Phœbe was bellowing commands to her excited punks; Babe and Eva were thrashing about; Frieda was trumpeting in an attempt to bring calm to the ten elephants over whom she served as a subqueen. Forward went Old Mom, trunk tight beneath her chin, but not toward Goliath. Instead, she struck Colonel on the run, butting him to his knees. She lashed him and thrashed her trunk about his squinted eyes. She rose and drummed about his shoulders with swift-working hoofs.

Then she stood back and roared for him to take his place at the picket line. The elephant obeyed grudgingly; Old Mom feinted at him and he moved more swiftly. Then, as the ancient herd queen started back to her place, she suddenly halted before the towering Goliath and began to strut.

Why she did it, she did not know. She only realized that a transitory sense of power was in her heart, a feeling of invulnerability. For several minutes she walked before him, a swagger in her shoulders, her trunk low and snorting, her eyes burning with malevolence. This time it was Goliath who pretended not to see, Goliath who whisked up

(Continued on Page 153)

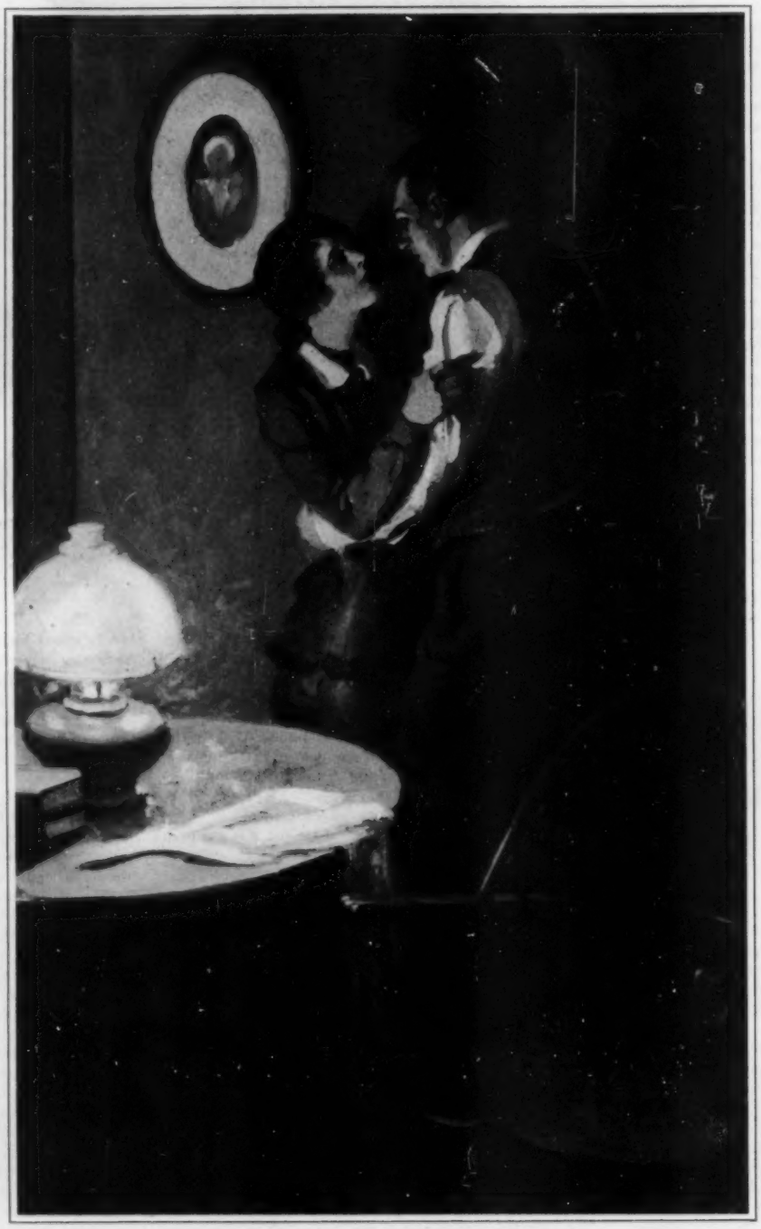
EAST, WEST — By BROOKE HANLON

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

HENRY STIEGER scuffled over the worn door ledge of the Hallersburg Township School; William Hess scuffled over it, and Annie Weinbrenner; Bertha Behm and Vera Burkhart and Martha Hoffmeister squeezed through the doorway with interlocked arms.

One by one the last laggard kept-ins drifted out, leaving Room 3 to the smell of woolens, the smell of stale ink, the smell of apples and of chalk dust. Miss Oberholtzer sat alone at last with quiet hands clasped on the top of her scarred and ink-stained desk. She let her eyes wander out the north and east windows to the bare December fields. Now that the Annies and the Williams and the Henrys had gone, a quiet sort of miracle took place in Room 3. Youth, puzzled to find a resting place, settled down on Miss Oberholtzer. At three-thirty each day, when the bulk of the class was dismissed, a change began to be apparent in her, and by half-past four, when the hush was complete and the last loiterer had gone, Miss Oberholtzer was quite young again. Small and soft-fleshed and palely pretty she was. A little forlorn, too, in the gathering twilight. It seemed that the deep blue of her eyes cast shadows of a like blue underneath them now, and that these shadows accented the paleness of her cheeks. The school year was not far advanced, but already a tired colorlessness had set its mark upon her.

"Anyhow," she murmured softly, "I'm glad it ain't the spring." In the warm cocoon of her own thoughts, Louisa often let her speech slip back into childhood habits, to the vernacular of the Oberholtzer farm. "I then maybe"—she freed this thought honestly—"could not do it." It would be harder to come to a decision about marrying John Litzinger in the spring. She looked forward to the new running of streams, to the first young green on the county's hills. No, the spring would be no time to think of marrying John Litzinger. "If I decide it off now," she thought bleakly, "by spring the idea will be maybe at home some in my head." December was a cold, a bare and an aloof time, a good time for a girl to make wise and prudent provision for her future. It was a time when the blood ran in a controlled stream, with no rebellious breaking of bounds.



"Do Old Plates Matter Some, Emil?"

Louisa gathered papers and books into neat piles, separating the unmarked from the marked papers thriftily. There wasn't anything to be said against John Litzinger. She admitted this conscientiously, looking around to see that everything was in order before locking the door. He was sober and industrious and honest. He had all the virtues esteemed most highly in the country about Hallersburg and was, in addition, prosperous. The big stone farmhouse which John Litzinger, his great-grandfather, had built and which Jacob Litzinger, his grandfather, had added to, still stood as an example to the countryside of what industry and sobriety and honesty could acquire and hold to through the generations. It had incorporated modern improvements into its own rugged stone and sinew, of course, but had not changed.

Louisa's shoulders were tired at the end of the school day and she had to remember now and then, walking along the Hallersburg road and thinking about John Litzinger, to hold them erect.

"A cold house it is," she thought. "A chill it has on it always." She knew that this wasn't true. John Litzinger's house had the best heating system money could buy and his trucks made many trips to town in the spring, coming back along this same road with heaped-up black cargoes of coal. "A chill it sets onto me anyhow," she asserted stubbornly, "to think of living in it even.

"Och, I must put such foolishness from my head out." She pulled her coat collar closer about her throat and walked faster. "A girl has got to get herself married off." This thought followed miserably, and her brow knit. "I got to get myself promised, at the least, before the spring."

It was no unique sentiment she'd voiced. It would have been hard for a girl to walk along the Hallersburg road and think in any other terms.

Everyone in the township and in the neighboring townships knew that a girl had to get herself married. They had known it for three hundred years. It was knowledge they had brought across the sea with them in boats, and up the Delaware to Philadelphia, and out into the untried forests of Pennsylvania. It was carved in the stone door plates of their old houses and attested in the sturdy branches of their marriage trees. It was written in the home tongue in their old hymnals. Easier it would have been for an Oberholtzer to be born dishonest or lazy than to be born without that bred-in-the bone knowledge that a girl must marry.

"Before the spring, at the least ——" Louisa hurried faster. "Twenty-five years you got on you now, ain't?" Her father had taken his pipe out of his mouth long enough to make this observation on her last birthday. He'd looked at her searchingly and there'd been a warning edge in his glance. He didn't want an old maid about his farm, that was clear. She'd be twenty-six in the spring. Louisa's eyes darkened. "Marriage with security," counseled the ordered Oberholtzer processes of her blood. "Marriage with Emil Diehl!" counseled those processes, suddenly breaking ranks and surging in sweet, heady tumult.

"Och!" She stumbled on the frozen ground. Tears wet her eyes and the bare fields blurred, overrunning their boundaries. "Marriage with one where don't want you!" she accused herself bitterly. "Marriage with one where cares not!"

Blood surged into her cheeks and she had to pull numbed fingers out of her knit gloves and attempt to cool them. A badge of shame the hot color was.

She quickened her pace again. It was eight months since she had seen or talked to Emil Diehl, and still the thought of him had power to play this havoc with her. "I must not let him come into my head even," she resolved painfully.

She must hurry home to make herself ready for John Litzinger's call. He came on Wednesday and Sunday nights now, and was her acknowledged suitor. She was seen with him at church every Sunday evening and the engagement would be expected soon. A girl had to get herself married. The fields blurred again, but Louisa winked determinedly and proceeded steadily on her way.

The light was burning in the farm kitchen and her father was smoking his pipe over a farm journal. Leonard was shining his shoes in a corner. The smell of shoe blacking, of beet pickle, of pipe tobacco blended into the welcoming aroma of home. Louisa helped her mother set things on the table—a dish of pink cold ham, a dish of steaming fried potatoes, a thick pie, the beet pickle. Keeping her hands busy made it easier not to think.

"I'll tell him soon." Sometime in the course of the quiet meal she found this decision in her mind. She'd tell John Litzinger soon that they could be married in the spring. She had been hardening herself for it all summer and all fall. "Putting it off always don't make it no easier," she thought, "and maybe, with the engagement announced around and everything settled up, he—Emil"—her fingers tightened on the table's edge—"will go out from my mind."

"You ain't eating nothing, Louisa," her mother scolded.

"Love is what ails her." Leonard uttered a short, gusty laugh and color flooded his ears. "Love for John Litzinger is what is got into her." He rocked with amusement.

"No better she could do fur herself," her father said heavily, "not if she looked the county down and up. A good purvider he'd be. Foolish a girl would be to say no to John Litzinger, or," he added darkly, "to make him wait till his feelings could cool off some."

"Och!" Louisa made an embarrassed, protesting sound.

"Take that there Emil Diehl ——" Her father cleared his throat.

"Och, Emil Diehl!" Leonard's gusty laugh caught the name from his father's lips. "Fortunate you was now to

break off from him a ways back," he observed wisely. "More money even he is trying to borrow off the bank at Jasonville, Albert Leighty says."

"Bad luck he has had," Louisa said faintly. Her throat constricted. "Break off from him I never did," her heart clamored. "Him it was where broke it off from me."

"Love makes some to lose off their appetites," said Mrs. Oberholtzer slowly, "and others it makes to shine up their shoes."

Leonard ducked his head into a wave of red, and was silent. He'd shined his shoes for Alvina Berkheimer.

"Soon I'll tell him," Louisa thought. "Pop wants it, and mom wants it too. It gives nothing else a girl can do."

The morning sun could have found nothing brighter, cheerier, cleaner in all Hallersburg Township than the Diehl kitchen. Pans shone on shelves and dishes shone in cupboards. The stove shone in its corner; Mrs. Diehl's face shone, hanging over it. The bare board floor was scrubbed and scoured to a snowy whiteness, and here and there on its smooth expanse a spotless bright homemade rug lay. Mrs. Diehl's apron crackled with starch and Tillie Diehl's upper petticoat crackled. An under petticoat of red wool peeped from beneath it as Tillie swung her legs at the breakfast table. She placed two huge squares of homemade bread carefully on the cloth and spread them expertly with butter. Balancing one on the blade of her knife, she held it before Emil, who reached with his one good arm and took it. Red crept from Emil's neck to his cheeks and on to his temples as he raised the square of bread, took a generous bite, set it down again to pick up a fork. For nearly a year Tillie had been spreading his bread and never yet had he been able to take it without coloring.

"The butter makes some hard this morning," Tillie observed cheerfully. There was no limit to the ten-year-old guile with which she disguised and excused her small services. "The butter makes hard," she'd say. "The bread makes crumbly this morning. Och, too much butter I got fur my own piece!"

Mrs. Diehl set a platter of steaming batter cakes on the table. Her griddle was smoking on the stove, but she didn't go immediately back to it; she looked down instead upon her son, and a tenderness which she had for twenty-five years sternly and dutifully repressed shone on her small, blunt features. "You can make softer with the sick ones," she excused this weakness. In the year since blood poisoning had crept up Emil's right arm she had permitted these occasional lapses. Not that Emil looked sick. He was storing away a hearty breakfast, and a ruddy color still lingered in his cheeks from his morning trip about the farm. His shirt, open at the throat, disclosed a neck strong and firm. Strong and firm was every part of him, indeed, but there was that empty sleeve, and his mother dared look upon him now and then with unrestrained, if secret, tenderness.

She Took Up Her Soft Singsong Again. "The Tulip Plate it Gives Clean"

"You don't make play with Somebody here like what you used to, Emil." She made a clucking sound with her tongue.

Tillie let her reddish lashes rest upon her creamy pinked cheeks and chewed a piece of crust with concentration. If they were going to play a Somebody game, she could play a game too.

"Too much I got to think about, maybe, mom," Emil said heavily. He reached out, however, and tweaked a lock of Tillie's hair, and her eyes flew open in delighted surprise.

"You don't give out such happiness no more in no direction," his mother said, her eyes anxious upon him.

"Hard it is to make lighthearted when things press heavy down," he said patiently. "When things go backwards instead of forwards always. When a man could lose his land and his home from off it even," he muttered in a lower voice.

She made a small dissenting sound with her lips. "It ain't that bad by us," she asserted with determined cheerfulness. "Och! Don't eat up the cold cakes. Wait oncet, Emil. Some hot I will bring." She waddled back to the stove, and when her back was safely turned toward him, she spoke again. "To be keeping company steady is what you need, maybe," she ventured. "Too much you set at home by yourself any more. It ain't good fur a young person so to set. Some nice girl you ——"

"What girl then would want the half of a man?" He spoke bitterly. "What girl would want a man with only one arm on him? What girl would have interest in a home where has money borrowed on it up to the roof even? Money fur four months of hospital bills it has got piled up onto it! Money fur to have the arm cut off from the wrist! To have it cut off from the elbow, to have it cut from the shoulder off even!" His passion was controlled, his voice low. He stared out of the window and broke his slice of bread up into crumbs. "Och, if I had ——" He bit this despairing cry off short. "If I had the two arms to work and to fight!" Only once had he

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"Somebody Come fur Four Months Into Your Room in the Jasonville Hospital Still. With Flowers She Come"

DRIVEAWAY

By Margaret Weymouth Jackson

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFÉ

YOUNG PAUL EDWARDS, the new Grover car dealer at Hilltown, stood in his showroom beside a blue coupé Grover Six, and struggled with a prospective customer. He felt in himself again the queer, indescribable black magic of failure—felt it grow and rise like an insidious poison. It was a feeling with which he had become too painfully familiar in the four months since he had opened his own business here, in this last available open territory for Grovers. As a salesman for Mortimer, the state distributor, in the capital city, he had been a successful and self-confident automobile salesman, had made good money, and saved five thousand dollars in five years. He had borrowed from an uncle another five thousand to add to his own, and full of great ambition and dreams of rapid wealth, he had come down here to Hilltown, a small county seat, where seven automobile dealers had failed in seven successive years, and had started in business for himself.

"You'll never regret it if you buy this car, Mr. Franklin," he said. Mr. Franklin, an elderly, timid gentleman, made no reply. But Paul knew that he really wanted the coupé. He liked it. He was sold on Grovers. He didn't want a Spate, which was what Paul's only competitor sold so successfully across the street. The price of the car was right for him. He was satisfied with Paul's allowance on his old car. But still he could not seem to make the break to give a definite answer.

Paul had said all there was to say. He gave the other man time to think. The man looked at him almost beseechingly, as though wanting Paul to help him over this hard decision, to boost him up the hill of spending, where his inhibited feet could not take him unaided. But Paul could not help him. He wanted to. He was working, mentally, nervously, even physically, to help. He felt the tiny drops of perspiration on his own forehead, felt his hands prickle with effort. He reminded himself sternly that the car was fine, the price was right; Mr. Franklin would be doing himself a kindness. But there was no communication between himself and his prospect. The moment passed. A look of mingled disappointment and relief came into the man's faded blue eyes. He sighed profoundly.

"I think I'll wait a day or two—talk to my wife," he mumbled. "I'll come back." He made his escape into the street, drove his old car away with more speed than skill. He was lost as definitely as though the earth had swallowed him. Within the day he would buy a car from Cap'n Fox or some other dealer. All the work Paul had done on him to make him want a new car would go for someone else's benefit.

Paul stood looking at the coupé. He had wanted especially to sell it, for he was leaving that afternoon for the capital, where the state distributor was having a private showing of the new Grovers, to be announced Saturday. He was going to the factory with the other dealers from the district, and he would drive down two of the new models, his allotment for the present. This coupé was the only one of the outmoded cars he had in his possession. He had brought down from the state distributor five cars, when he started in business, and in four months he had sold four of them. He had planned and expected to sell one new car a week, but it had not been so easy as that. Some of the other Grover dealers, he knew, were left with many more of the now old models on their hands, and he knew, too, that it would have been better for him if greater activity had exposed him to such a risk.

He went out now to tack up his announcement, which read, in bold letters:

NEW GROVER MODELS ON EXHIBITION HERE SATURDAY

and saw Joan Fox watching him. She came across the street as soon as he got down from the ladder. Paul greeted her with politeness, but with an inner dismay. This girl, tall, lovely, blooming, nineteen years old, fragrant with health and vitality, had become to him the mysterious symbol of his own discouragement. Her very freshness and kindness made him feel cross and ineffective. He had come to Hilltown with the intention of "showing them," down in the sticks. Instead, he had found himself outtraded by an innocent-looking old gentleman, defeated in a deal by a stubborn farmer, and outsold by this inexperienced young girl whose father handled Spates. She gave him a great deal of good advice, with a friendly and detached earnestness, and the very soundness of her counsel made it more difficult for him to accept. She was as cheerful and amiable as a child. Everyone in town liked her. It didn't, evidently, even occur to her that she might be a thorn in any man's side.

"You leaned on him too hard, Blondy," she said at once. "I was watching you. You had him clear in the boat, and let him get away from you. You want to ease up on them at the last minute. Act as though you have a lot of things to do, and somebody else wants the car, anyhow, and you'd just as soon get out of an unprofitable deal as go through with it. It will come to you. Don't be discouraged."

"Say," Paul told her, "I sold cars when you were still studying arithmetic."

"Oh, you're not so ancient," she answered, and laughed. Her nose wrinkled a little. It was soft and snubbed, and her dark blue eyes were bright and kind. She was the cleanest-looking girl, thought Paul, to be around a garage —— Lots of real pretty girls looked sort of fuzzed over with powder, or as though their hair was singed, but Joan was always immaculate.

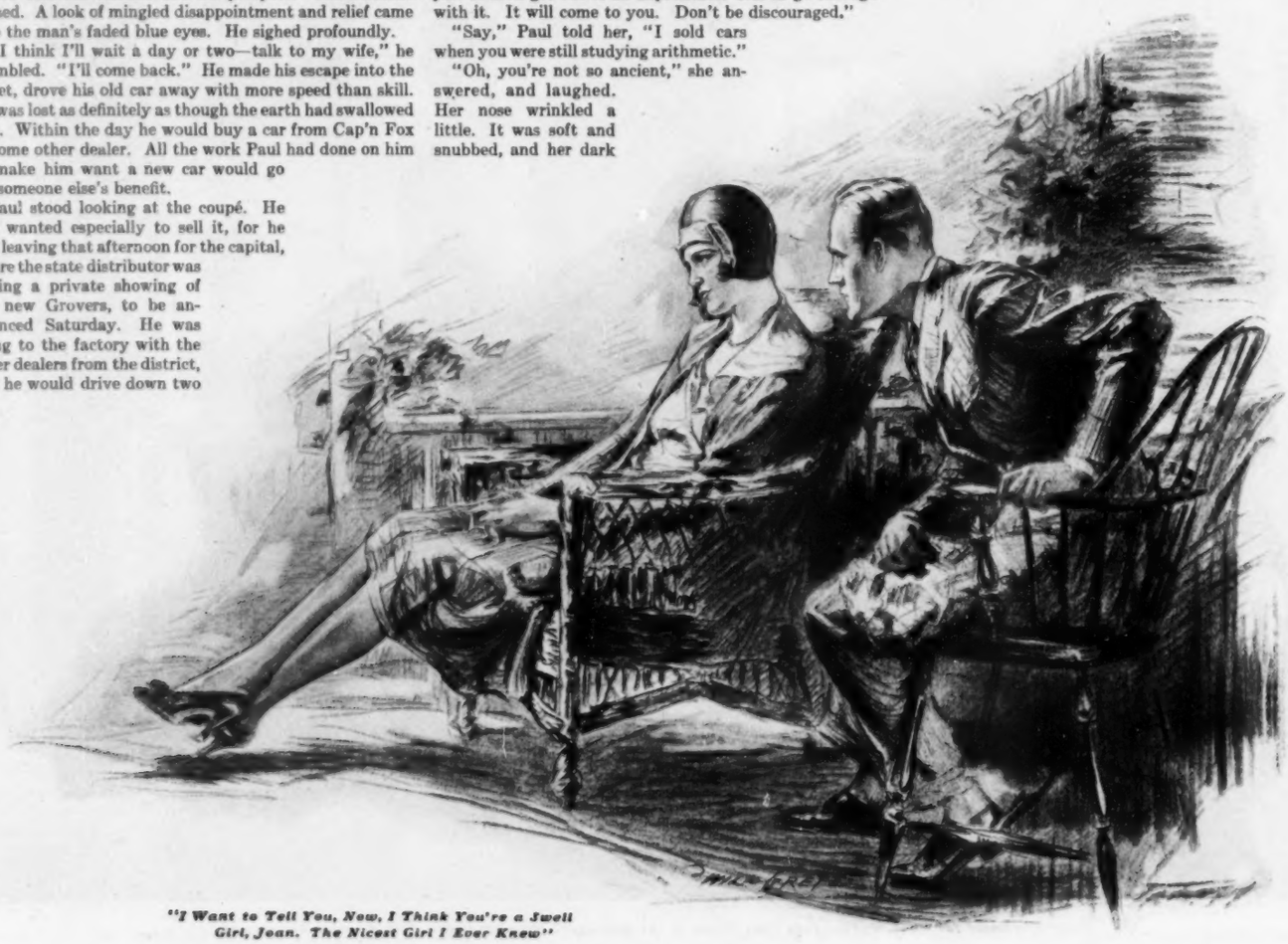
"I've got news for you," she said. "When are you going up for your driveaway?"

"This afternoon," he answered eagerly. "I'm going to the capital on the afternoon train, to the private advance show Mortimer's having. Then all the dealers from this part of the state are going to be entertained at a banquet by the distributor, and afterwards, we'll go in special sleepers to the factory and drive our new cars home."

"You're looking forward to it, aren't you?" she said.

"Yes, I am." He realized how intense his anticipation was. "I worked there four years, you know. And one year out of the uptown salesroom. I know everyone there; lots of my best friends are there. I've never been in on one of these dealer get-togethers, because I was only a retail salesman, but I know that they have a great time. Mortimer treats them royally."

He fell silent, thinking about it. Yes, it was true that he was looking forward to it, more than he had realized. The trip was to be a return to familiar country. It would be fine to be in an atmosphere of enthusiasm and energy, with which he had been so familiar as a salesman. He was expecting to recapture his own art of selling, which seemed to be slipping away from him. He wanted to hear tall tales—the woodsman's winter of the blue snow. He wanted to listen to undisguised bragging and hear the hearty tones of men who did things. He wanted stimulation. Hilltown was a slow and cautious place. People were overcareful of their money. The town's high and comfortable standard of living on its small incomes bespoke much care in spending. A prospect had time to trade and trade, to offset one dealer against another, trying for overallowances. They seemed meek and inoffensive, but they



"I Want to Tell You, Now, I Think You're a Swell Girl, Joan. The Nicest Girl I Ever Knew"

had a terrible resistance. Paul wanted to meet with dealers who could say, in their own vernacular:

"We're buying three carloads of the new models, and they are all spoken for. Going to have a big show in the high-school gymnasium."

"Sold seventy-five cars last month."

"Sold forty cars in two weeks, in June—all new. Made a hundred-and-ten-dollar average on each car. Count it up, mister. Count it up!"

He had already planned what he would say: "Sold out everything. Got rid of my last coupé this morning."

Yes, the trip to the city, to the big fine salesroom, the private showing of new cars, the masculine atmosphere of success and of money—it would be like going home. It would give him back his courage. He would say, "No, I only have six or seven used cars on the floor. I keep my used-car stock moving all the time."

Joan's soft voice brought him back from these absorbing thoughts. She was wonderful looking, he thought. Socially, he could have been strong for her. A girl to step out with. She was pretty and charming. He would have liked to have dates with her, to take her to a show or dancing. But as a business competitor, as a meddler and regulator of all his affairs, as one who knew every detail of his work intimately—well, he wished she would stay on her own side of the street, in her own father's garage. He really did!

"Aren't you glad, Blondy?"

"Excuse me, Joan. I didn't hear you. I was thinking."

"About my going up tonight, I mean."

"You're going up for a driveaway?"

"I do wish you'd listen when I talk to you! Mrs. Forsythe has decided that she wants a town sedan. We haven't one in stock, so I'm going up on the train tonight and drive one down for her tomorrow. Cap'n wouldn't let me go alone, but he knows that you are going, and I can drive back with you."

"Why, that's fine," he said with false heartiness. If that wasn't a small town for you! Every man expected to look after every other man's daughter!

"We can go to the capital together on the local. I'm going out to my cousin's for dinner and the evening, and I'll get on the train about half-past ten. The sleeper is made up then. I was going to ask you to go out there with me. My aunt's a wonderful cook. But of course you'll be making whoopee with the other dealers. But I'll meet you in the morning, outside the gates of the Spate factory. You have to pass it, coming home. There's a filling station right across from the delivery gate, and I'll park west of that and wait for you."

"Gee, that's great!" he told her. "I'll look for you."

"If you get there first, wait for me. Because I told Cap'n I wouldn't try to drive home alone. He thinks it might not be safe. Isn't that a note, when I drive all the time? But it is nicer to drive, two together, than alone. We ought to be here by eleven o'clock tomorrow night, don't you think?"

"With luck we should."

"I know the road. I've driven it several times. I've got to go home now, and make myself beautiful. My cousin Tom likes to think he's in love with me." Blondy smiled in response to her deprecating grin, but as she went back across the street he found himself very disturbed. Cousins did marry sometimes! But the vague and unreasonable alarm occasioned by her casual remark about her cousin departed at once in a sea of disappointment over his own plans.

The trip he had anticipated was now not a departure from Hilltown, for Hilltown was going with him! He had thought he might drive home tomorrow with some other dealer—Pierce from University Town—a big, red-headed, fierce sort of man. Paul had helped Pierce at times when he brought prospects up to see the full line on the floor—models Pierce wasn't carrying in his own stock. But Joan would drive home with him. She would be on the road, waiting for him. He would drive back with her and they would eat together on the way. He would have her on his hands!

"Criminy!" he thought. "Might as well be married to her."

But again the idea brought unexpected pictures. He could not help himself. His mind, without any control from him, contemplated marriage with Joan. A house and children. A warm, clean kitchen. She would be a wonderful cook and housekeeper. She did everything well. She would be interested in everything that happened to her man—a natural partisan. And when he came in at night, she would open the door and put up that round sweet face of hers for his kiss!

The telephone shattered the picture. Paul drew a deep breath.

"I am getting absolutely goofy," he said. "Me marrying, when I'm not even breaking even. Me with a wife and family, when I'll be out of business and five thousand dollars in debt at the end of the year at the rate I'm going. She probably wouldn't have me anyhow. She thinks I'm dumb. Hello. . . . Yes, this is the Grover garage."

"Listen! What's That?" She Stood Rooted, and an Ancient Fear Gripped Paul

It was the Baptist preacher, calling for the wrecker. As Paul went toward his rooming house to get ready for his trip, he heard the old Jewel, with Walnut driving her, going out with a lot of noise. The Jewel had been his first trade-in. He had given far too much for her. It had been a disastrous deal. He couldn't sell the car. Joan had suggested that he make a wrecker of her, and as a wrecker she had already paid back all that he allowed for her. And more than that, she had brought a good deal of work into the shop that Paul had outfitted for servicing the cars he sold. He had not intended to go into the general garage business, as he knew nothing about it. But Walnut liked to make over wrecked cars. Walnut didn't mind attending to the pumps, if someone honked for him. Joan came over and scolded and disciplined Walnut and the wash boy, and Paul found that the wrecker and the jobs brought in by it were paying the expenses of the establishment.

Perhaps other things would work out well too. But he was homesick for Mortimer's, for a little praise and admiration. He knew that, unless he could overcome this feeling of being out of place in Hilltown, of being defeated by the community, he would never succeed. But he was, at the same time, helpless to do anything about it. And so his disappointment over Joan's cheerful plan was deeper than any personal dislike for the girl herself. It was superstition, the feeling that she would be a deterrent in his making medicine for himself.

As it happened, Joan found an acquaintance on the local train, and there was no conversation between herself and Paul. He left her at the depot at the capital, with mutual assurance that they would meet in the morning.

Now he was alone at last, and now he was at Mortimer's. The great salesroom, with its fine, pillared walls, the marble floor, polished to show the reflection of the cars, its hand-wrought iron railing on the balcony where the offices were tucked away. The showroom was lofty, two stories high, occupying the front part of the building. In back on the first floor was a storage space for demonstrators and cars to be serviced; a workshop and parts storeroom on the second floor; and the private showroom and storage for new cars on the third floor. The whole big building was given over to the handling, storing, servicing and sale of new Grovers. Used cars were handled and sold separately.

Paul felt happiness well over him. He shook hands with man after man that he had known in the old days. He had a friendly word with the girl at the switchboard. He met Mortimer with a new feeling of independence and affection. He was introduced to dealers he hadn't met, and found himself annexed by Pierce as they went up to the third floor. There, in Mortimer's private showroom, the hot sunshine of late afternoon flooded through great windows onto twelve new cars.

They were beautiful and heart warming. Paul could not fill his eyes with looking. The room vibrated with a hubbub of talk. Charts hung on the walls, showing details and new improvements. The dealers crawled in and out of seats, stood and balanced on running boards, rubbed their hands tenderly over gleaming metal and lacquer, raised hoods and discussed engines. The cars, like haughty beauties, accepted all homage. They were glittering and silken

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UP THE LADDER OF GOLD

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

VII

WARREN RAND passed on his way along the Embankment, after a brief interlude climbed Norfolk Street into the Strand, and finally reached the great block of buildings on the upper floors of which were established his palatial flat, and safety. The man who had waited for him outside the House of Commons recovered consciousness the next morning in the accident ward of a well-known London nospital.

Tellesom—Col. Charles Tellesom, D.S.O., until 1918, and chief of one of the branches of His Majesty's Secret Service after then, now chief of the private bodyguard which watched over the safety of Warren Rand—discussed the affair with the latter no more than half an hour after its occurrence.

"I think we ought to charge this fellow, sir," he advised. "Of course we didn't let him come near enough for you to run any real risk, but he was carrying a nasty little weapon—one of those new, almost silent automatics, with a needle bullet. We left it in his pocket, and I am certain he'd get it in the neck from Scotland Yard."

Warren Rand shook his head.

"The police courts over here are awkward places," he declared. "They want to know too much about everybody's business. You let him off too lightly. Why not give him another chance, and then beat him up for good?"

Tellesom looked a little doubtful. He was a typical, well-bred young Englishman, fair of complexion, almost florid, with keen gray eyes and sunburned skin.

The remains of a scar on the left-hand side of his face were a slight disfigurement, and there were times when the lines around his mouth made him seem older than he really was. Otherwise he was one of the fortunate survivors of three and a half years of desperate fighting. He owed his present position as head of Warren Rand's bodyguard to his friendship with an American general and his own love of adventure.

"This is a queer country for that sort of thing, sir," he remarked. "You can get away with pretty well anything in most of the countries of Southern Europe, but the law here is a most inhuman machine."

"A German, of course?"

"Not a doubt about it."

"They're the only people who are really against me just now," Warren Rand reflected. "They'll do their best to get me, I suppose."

"I'll see that they don't, sir," was the confident assertion.

Warren Rand reflected for a moment. Then he rang one of the bells upon his desk. John Glynde, wearing a black alpaca coat and smoking a large cigar, made prompt entrance.

"Working late tonight, John," his chief remarked.

"I've just finished. There are only four letters which you need sign yourself. Here they are."

Warren Rand read the four letters through like lightning and signed his name. The sheaf of figures Glynde had brought in he scarcely glanced at.

"What about Behrling?" he asked.

"He's busy. Got half a dozen of his best men over too. I was talking to the colonel about him this evening. They tried to get a man in here, and did all they could to get one of their lady typists in the place—a very dangerous young woman, from all I could hear of her."

"German psychology," Rand observed. "The same methods for everyone. They won't give anyone credit for brains except themselves. Where's Behrling to be found?"

"I Shall Walk With My Dear, Generous Friend, Mr. Warren Rand. Perhaps He Will Discover That He Has More Millions for the Deserving Poor, Yes?"

"I can tell you," Tellesom intervened. "At any one of the night clubs in town."

"So he's at the old game," Warren Rand reflected, with a hard smile. "I wonder how much of it is bluff."

"Only a part of it, I think, sir," Tellesom remarked. "I was up against him during the latter part of the war once or twice. He was just the same then. I remember the last words he spoke to me. It was in Bukharest before the fun began there. 'I am a secret-service agent,' he said, 'and I might as well carry my name and address and profession on my hat, for everyone knows it, and they're welcome to know it. All the same,' he went on, wagging his pudgy forefinger at me, 'I never fail.'"

"Conceited ass," Warren Rand observed calmly. "We must teach him a lesson. One of his men is in hospital, anyway. Come along, Tellesom."

John Glynde looked at his chief in surprise.

"You're not going out again tonight?" he protested, blinking.

"Of course I'm going out again," was the prompt reply. "A weakling like you, John, may go to bed at ten minutes past eleven. I can't. Two o'clock's my hour."

"Where are we going?" Tellesom inquired.

"We're going to find Behrling," Warren Rand confided. "You know the runs, I suppose. I'm ready."

At ten minutes past two Warren Rand had had enough of it. He lingered for a moment on the pavement outside a famous night haunt near Oxford Street. Tellesom, as usual, stood close to his side, wary and watchful. There were two other men in the background, inconspicuous but alert pillars of security. The automobile was drawn up to the curb.

"Very interesting, Tellesom," his charge admitted. "The English temperament is, I should imagine, unchangeable. A street café in Bukharest would be more amusing, if less ponderously respectable. It's pretty well my time for turning in. I'm for home."

"Just this one more place," Tellesom begged. "Mostly foreigners here, I promise you, and a pretty good chance of finding our man."

Warren Rand suffered himself to be led away, and the next place they visited—it was little more than a glorified cellar—brought them to the end of their quest. While his foot was still on the last of the stairs and retreat remained possible, he saw Felix Behrling. Their mutual recognition was instantaneous, and the flash from their eyes was like the crossing of rapiers. Warren Rand drew a sharp breath. Every unsuspected nerve in his body was tingling. He knew now that the evening had been well spent and that those dim suspicions at the back of his mind had something in them of the nature of inspiration. He drew off his gloves and handed them, with his coat and hat, to the cloakroom attendant. Tellesom had secured one of the best tables in a neighboring corner, but Warren Rand whispered to the maitre d'hôtel, who was waiting to escort them, and chose one near the dancing floor with several people in the background.

"You like this better?" Tellesom protested.

"It suits me quite well," was the indifferent reply. "Besides, a bullet through my head would probably be more dangerous to other people here."

Tellesom flashed a swift glance around the room and kicked himself for not having recognized Felix Behrling before. His hand stole underneath the tails of his coat, but Warren Rand took his seat with a careless gesture.

"Too high a price here for even my life," he remarked confidently. "My friend amuses himself."

The person whom they were discussing seemed indeed to be finding amusement in a fashion which was scarcely English. He was a big man, ruddy of complexion, with a bristling, fair mustache and much hair of the same color. His eyes were blue, his smile was cherubic, and not a soul in the room seemed less likely to be carrying a messenger of death in his hip pocket. He had apparently dined well, but in case there should be any doubt about the matter, he had supped well also. On each side of him was seated a young woman, both of prepossessing appearance; his arms were extended amorously around the backs of their chairs.

So he faced Warren Rand, across those few yards of empty space, and showed all his white teeth as he laughed.

"Welcome, my enemy," he cried softly. "Have you come to rob me of my treasures here, as you have emptied my pockets and the pockets of my country people?"

Warren Rand smiled imperturbably.

"I will leave you the most precious part of your possessions," he reassured him. "As for your pockets, it is for you to decide whether you like them full or empty."

Felix Behrling, a baron of Saxony, and count of the Holy Roman Empire, at times a very great personage in his own peculiar way, indulged in a grimace.

"Not the price of a bottle of wine has he left me to assuage the thirst of these dear ladies," he declared. "Chloe and Lucie, mark him well, your *vis-à-vis*, my children. It is through him that I am poverty-stricken. That man who beckons with his finger and calls to him all the money in the world! Bank notes take to themselves feet and run to him. Million-dollar bonds rise up from the gratings of Wall Street and nest in his pockets. As for gold, he is more greedy of gold than anything. The last wheelbarrowful in Europe was emptied into his cellars yesterday. My friend and enemy, we thirst, and you alone can afford to pay the prices of this den of robbers."

Rand summoned a waiter. "Serve that gentleman opposite with a magnum of your best champagne," he ordered.

Felix Behrling chuckled and drew his companions a little nearer to him—a gesture which they seemed in no way to resent, although their smiles were equally directed toward their prospective host.

"The man has a thread of gold concealed in him somewhere," Felix Behrling acknowledged. "He has neither heart nor conscience, but some hidden sense tells him when the gracious gesture must be made. We will drink with you, disturber of our peace. You must know my lady friends. On my right is Chloe. You might have met her years ago at the Folies Bergère, if your footsteps had ever wandered into so plebeian a place. On my left is Lucie. Lucie is English, and I believe of gentle birth. She has met with misfortunes. So have we all. That is her story, but we who have loved her suspect that she is Austrian. More chic than these English, but not so popular here where money is to be gained."

Chloe laughed across at Warren Rand.

"*Monsieur est drôle*," she said apologetically. "He makes the fun all the time. He is never serious."

"He likes to enjoy himself," Lucie interposed. "And why not? So also do we. Of Austria, though, I am not. I am of Warsaw, as the world here knows."

"I would ask you to join us," Felix Behrling went on—"you and your personal bodyguard—but the whale does not swim in the same water as the stickleback. One question I shall ask you, however, now that we have met face to face, surrounded by, shall we call them, the amenities of life. This much I shall ask you, however much I shall have to discount your answer. I know why you have come to England. I can guess what you said at Westminster this evening. I know why you will be leaving England during the next few days, but when you have brought this episode to an end, turned to another, and completed that, imposed your will upon a few weak-kneed diplomatists and debt-burdened bankers, what then? What do you live for? What do you work for? What is the end of it?"

No one plunged into the silence which ensued. The girls clung to him on each side. Warren Rand listened with impassive face.

"You all know me," his opposite neighbor continued. "I am Felix Behrling, a German, and proud of it; a schemer, when scheming is necessary, in the byways and underground passages of life, a diplomatist when the higher places need me. You know what I want. You know very well the ambition of my life, but your desire—what the devil you're aiming at, what particular corner of the skies toward which you climb you wish to pull down and explore, who can tell? Not one of us. You've hit us all, my friend and enemy. But why? You don't dally by the way as I do, like this, and seek pleasure. When will you don the smile of accomplishment?"

"When you and the rest of the world learn common sense," was the faintly contemptuous reply. "You regard me as an enemy; yet, if you were asked, you could never expound the reason of your hatred for me. What you work for you will never gain, even though one of your hired cutthroats should be more fortunate than the one who loitered upon the Embankment a little too long for his health this evening."

"Hear him!" Felix Behrling exclaimed, turning round as though to appeal to the waiters and a few other belated guests, who by this time were firmly convinced that they were listening to two madmen. "As though I would bring harm upon him! A man who has stood us a magnum of champagne in the hour of our distress! Tell us about that corner of the sky, and we might even form an alliance. No, keep silence, rather," he added, as the waiter served a fresh bottle of wine.

"You talk a great deal," Warren Rand remarked.

"Not for the next few moments," Felix Behrling promised. "For the next few moments I shall drink. Still, you were right when you said that I talked much. Ask yourself this, though: Which gives away the secrets of the world most completely—the brainless jackass to whom no one listens, or the stern, silent man in whose whisperings are all the germs of what the world wants to know? I wonder!"

He stood up—an enormous figure of a man. Chloe wreathed herself around him and they danced; Behrling with amazing lightness of step and faultless time.

"Astonishing!" Tellesom murmured, with a gleam of admiration in his steely gray eyes. "Where does he learn all that he knows, I wonder?"

"The man is a genius," Warren Rand admitted. "That is why I wish he would remain in Saxony."

Lucie, from opposite, came over and stood by their table. She looked wistfully at the two men.

"You would care to dance, perhaps?" she suggested.

Warren Rand shook his head, but Tellesom leaned across the table.

"How long have you known our friend there?" he asked.

"We met tonight for the first time," the girl lied glibly. "He is very amusing, but nobody ever knows what he is talking about."

"You see," Warren Rand pointed out, turning to his companion. "He has his own way of doing it. I don't suppose he even told her to lie to us. They know. Accept this, Mademoiselle Lucie, for the pleasure of the dance which I hope some day to watch, and perhaps, all things considered, it would be better if you returned to your place."

The girl looked at the bank note in her hand, flashed a little glance of amazed gratitude at its donor and faded away. She reached the table just as Behrling and his companion returned from dancing. The former was out of breath, drops of perspiration upon his forehead, his great stomach heaving. Tellesom watched him like a lynx. The quieter days had come, but he had seen Felix Behrling kill a man with as scant notice as he was giving now of hostile intent.

"My enemy," Behrling said, across those few feet of space, "you will notice that I have not once mentioned your name. I know your weakness, you see. Have you come over here to fight?"

(Continued on Page 129)

"Welcome, My Enemy," He Cried Softly. "Have You Come to Rob Me of My Treasures Here, as You Have Emptied My Pockets and the Pockets of My Country People?"

THE DOOR

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

"She Saw the Ghost," Said Judy

XIX

IN THE cellar, Inspector Harrison had renewed his prowling about, the Federal officers mildly interested, and Amos watching his movements with a sort of fascinated terror.

He rapped on the cement wall again, inspected the ceiling. Now and then, furtively, he looked at the negro, and it seemed to him that the negro was increasingly alarmed each time he neared the coal cellar. But the coal cellar was full of coal. It had overflowed into the main cellar and lay about. And suddenly Inspector Harrison remembered that it was spring.

"Plenty of coal, for the summer?" he said to Amos. "Cook with coal?"

"No, sir. With gas," said Amos.

"And when did you get in all this coal?"

"I don't rightly remember, sir. Seems to me it was in May sometime."

Inspector Harrison stooped down and cleared a few lumps from the margin of the heap.

"What's under here—cement?"

"I don't rightly know, sir."

But it was not cement. There was a shovel on the coal, and at first they put Amos to work on it. He was terrified. He made noisy protests, but there were three of them, grim and determined. They were not inhuman, however, for as the negro began to play out they took the shovel from him. One after the other they dug into the coal, throwing it out onto the clean, cemented floor and scrutinizing it.

It required more than two hours to clear the place, but at last they reached the end and they had found nothing.

There was the hard-pounded black earth, glistening with black dust under their flash lights, and no sign that it had been disturbed. One of the men laughed.

"Well, that's that," he said; "and now I want a bath and a bed. Let's go."

But the inspector was not listening. He was watching Amos, and Amos was smiling again.

"If that's all you gentlemen want," he said, "you-all can go up and I'll put out the light."

The inspector was wiping his face, which was streaming.

"What's the hurry, Amos?" he said gently.

"There's no liquor here, sir. You've seen for yourself."

"Have I? Well, maybe that's so. Now, Amos, if you'll go wherever you have to go to get a bucket of water, and will bring it here ——"

"There's a lavatory on the first floor, sir."

"Do what you're told," the inspector said sharply. "And be quick about it."

The Federal officers were examining their hands for blisters and swearing at the dust. Amos went cheerfully up the cellar stairs and came back in a moment with his pail. He carried soap and a towel also, and his face was a study when the inspector passed them back to him.

The next procedure, however, astounded the negro. With one of the officers holding a light close to the surface of the ground, the inspector went over it carefully. He would pour a little water on the earth and watch it, then move on, repeating the performance. Suddenly he muttered something and asked for the shovel.

Amos gave it to him, his eyes fixed on the earth, his color the peculiar gray of the terrified negro. And there, not more than a foot beneath the surface, Inspector Harrison came across the sword stick.

I can still see the rather smug complacence of his manner at the trial.

"I then sent Amos for a pail of water."

"Perhaps you would better explain to the jury your purpose in sending for that water."

"In case of buried objects the surface of the ground may not appear to have been disturbed. In case, however, that it has been recently dug up, small bubbles of air will appear when water has been poured over it."

"And were there such bubbles?"

"Plenty of them."

So there they stood in that cellar, the four of them. One of the Federal officers whistled softly. Amos was staring at the thing, pop-eyed with terror. It must have savored to him of witchcraft—that discovery—this detective, this policeman, muttering incantations to himself and then turning out that weapon into the cruel light.

"My Lawd Amighty!" said Amos, and, turning, ran up the stairs.

They did not bother to follow him. The inspector carefully wrapped the thing in paper and someone telephoned to the district attorney's office. They had been holding poor Jim for the message. But they held him after the message also. Jim Blake was placed under arrest that night, and within three days he had been indicted by the grand jury for the murder of Sarah Gittings. He was to be tried only for the murder of poor Sarah, but in the opinion of the public at that time, Jim Blake was guilty of two, and in the minds of the police, of a third one.

Press comment was universally approving. That the police would not have taken this drastic step "without good and sufficient reason"; that "murder is murder, whether committed by the gangster or by the individual in high place in the community"; that "the district attorney's office is to be congratulated in having at last taken steps to solve these crimes"—these were some of the comments.

Jim had been arrested after one o'clock Tuesday night, or rather early Wednesday morning, the eighteenth. Sarah had been dead for precisely a month.

We were stunned with horror. It came as less of a surprise to me than to the others, but it was a shock for all that. We did little or nothing that first day. Jim was in a cell in the jail and had sent for his lawyer, Godfrey Lowell. Late in the day Godfrey came in to see me, and his face was very grave. Jim's cell was damp and the food terrible, but these things he passed by with a gesture.

"He's not telling all he knows," he said. "He says he's innocent, and I believe he is. But he isn't frank. He's holding something back."

Nevertheless, Jim's story, as Godfrey told it to us that afternoon in the library, was sufficiently damning. Katherine hardly spoke during that recital. Dick sat holding Judy's hand, but I doubt if Katherine noticed it.

Briefly, Jim admitted having had an appointment to meet Sarah that night, but not in the park or by letter. She had, he maintained, telephoned to him—"I have never received a letter from her, then, or at any time." In this message, evidently sent after she had met Florence Gunther on the street and received the envelope, she had asked him to meet her that night on a very urgent matter. The address she gave was a house on Halkett Street, and he determined to walk, going by way of the park.

On the way, however, he found that he had left the house number in his other clothing—he had changed to a walking suit—and he stopped at a drug store to call her up. She had started, however; he talked to Judy for a moment and then went on, taking the short cut through the corner of the Larimer lot.

He remembered that the house was in the 1700 block on Halkett Street, and that he was to ask for a Miss Gunther. When he reached the block in question he had walked along slowly, and at one of the houses a youngish woman was waiting on the steps.

He asked if she knew of a Miss Gunther in the vicinity, and she said that that was her name, and that Sarah had not yet arrived. They went together into the house and waited in the parlor. It was a boarding house, but although the door into the hall was open, he saw no one except a colored woman who passed by shortly before he left.

The Gunther woman had been silent and very nervous. As time went on and Sarah did not arrive, she seemed almost hysterical, and at twenty minutes to ten he had gone away, still in the dark as to why he had been there at all.

"Florence Gunther apparently refused to tell him," Godfrey said. "He came home by the same route, mystified over the whole business. He reached the path up the hill at or about ten o'clock, stopped to rest halfway up, and then went on. He maintains that he knew nothing about Sarah until he got your word that she was missing, and that he never saw her that night at all."

"And the sword stick?" Judy asked. "What does he say about that?"

"That he hid it in the closet, but he did not bury it."

Katherine spoke, after a long silence, "When they found the stick, I suppose they had searched the house?"

"I understand that they did, and that they found certain things which they believe strengthen the case."

"His letters? Everything?"

"He had burned his letters. He had felt that this was coming, and yesterday he more or less got ready. Nothing important, he says, but he didn't care to have them going through his papers."

I thought that Katherine looked relieved.

I have reread that paragraph. I know now that she was relieved. But I do not know, even now, what she had thought of that frantic inquiry of his, and his warning to send the reply by hand. It was burned, anyhow. She must have found some comfort in that.

How could she know that after that scene in the district attorney's office, Inspector Harrison had gone back to Jim's house, armed with a small box and a delicate pair of tweezers, and had taken from the grate in that handsome room of Jim's certain charred and blackened fragments of paper ash?

Sometime—that day or the next—he must have spent a painful hour over them. They had to be steamed and softened, and then they had to be laid out on a gummed paper and carefully pressed down. But he had his reward in the end. He had one sentence of nine words.

It must have puzzled him, however.

Late that evening the inspector came in to see me, but he made no mention of his discovery in the fireplace. He seemed, indeed, to be rather apologetic, and he broke numberless toothpicks into fragments and strewed the floor with them. He had to tell me that Howard had been poisoned, and he plainly hated doing it.

"No need of telling Mrs. Somers or Miss Judy," he said. "After all, he may have done it himself, although that would be small comfort to them." He looked at me. "Everything all right with them?" he asked. "Happy married life, and so on?"

"Absolutely. Howard Somers never killed himself, inspector."

"Maybe not. Cyanide of potassium," he said reflectively. "Quick and sure, but no imagination in it. No real imagination in any of these murders, for that matter. Now Walter has imagination; Blake hasn't."

"Walter?" I said sharply.

"He didn't commit them, of course. Why should he? Leave out his affection for his father, and still he wouldn't. The copy of the will is missing. To kill the witnesses wouldn't get him anywhere. No, Walter Somers is out. I don't have too much faith in alibis, but he didn't do it."

Before he left, he told me that the grand jury would have the case by Friday, and that it would undoubtedly bring in a true bill. But he did not seem particularly happy over it.

(Continued on Page 138)

He Had Not Come Alone. There Were Criminals With Him, Black and White, and Even One Yellow Man

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PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 1, 1930

Those Irritating Optimists

EVER since the stock-market collapse of last autumn the press has had so much to say about the basic soundness of business and industry, the big earnings of corporations and the early return of good securities to higher price levels, that many people have felt that we have had an overdose of optimism.

Perhaps one reason why so much of the professional cheerfulness about us bore the chill of winter rather than the genial warmth of June sunshine was that comparisons were made of conditions in periods too near together. Even the boy who is growing like a weed measures virtually the same on consecutive days. If we are to gain a correct idea of our recent growth and present stature, we must go back a little—not half a century, or even a quarter of a century, but say fifteen years, or half a generation, as generations are commonly reckoned.

Our national wealth today is roughly estimated at five hundred billions, or more than two and one-half times what it was in 1914. Our national income has increased even faster, and is estimated to be one hundred and fifteen billions, or about three and one-half times what it was in the first year of the Great War. In the same period deposits in commercial banks have more than trebled, and bank clearings have multiplied to a like degree. Population, in the meantime, has probably not increased more than twenty or twenty-five per cent.

We plead guilty, with a sort of sinful pride rather than with proper contrition, to the charge of being the most extravagant and wasteful nation on earth. And yet, we cannot all of us be wasters and thriftless ones. Indeed, several millions of us have made up to the mammon of unrighteousness to such good effect that we have tucked away in our savings accounts, in banks of all sorts, the rather tidy sum of twenty-nine billions, as against a matter of six and one-half billions in 1914. This sum does not take into account our vast investment in homes, in stocks, bonds and building-and-loan associations, or in the equities which have been built up in numberless little one-man businesses.

No recital of our savings is complete without mention of the life insurance we have bought. Last year the amount in force crossed the one-hundred-billion-dollar mark. There was great jubilation in life-insurance circles, and well there might be, for something like seventy-eight per cent of this huge total was business in excess of that on the books of the companies fifteen years before. No one who studies our recent insurance history can take seriously the old myth that we are a nation of wasters.

The wheat and cotton crops of 1929 were slightly under those of the earlier year, but corn was a little ahead, and the net earnings of railroads nearly trebled in the period. The production of copper and of pig iron very nearly doubled, while the values of our manufactured products, of our foreign trade and of our building contracts were almost three times as great.

If we cannot shift our gaze from the disturbing occurrences of the past four or five months, we are bound to resent the sometimes exasperating cheerfulness of the Pollyannas of the financial sections; but if we will survey the fabric of our prosperity in the large, if we will stand off far enough to see it as it really is, in decade lengths, what we behold will force us, too, into the ranks of the irritating optimists.

Nothing can persuade us that the goose will not again honk high or that the squirrels will not presently be chattering in the tree tops.

A Tin Trust

ACCORDING to statements in the press, the several interests in metallic tin, as producers and holding companies, are contemplating the setting up of a producers' organization, presumably for the control of price and allocation of markets. Most of the tin mines of the world are under control of British and Dutch capital, it is understood.

Outside of Bolivia, most of the tin comes from the Malay States, Siam, China and the Dutch East Indies, with Nigeria and Australia promising producers. The spot tin market is London.

The United States is the largest consumer of tin. During the World War, tin was closely controlled. Just what extent of control is now contemplated is not revealed. Presumably, when the control is instituted, American importers will protect themselves, as they did in the case of rubber control, through the agency of a tin importers' association. If the trust is wise, it will be content with stabilization of price and will not attempt elevation of price. But history records that trusts are more often acquisitive than wise.

Technical defenses are available. Possibly lacquers could be developed to replace tin lining in cans; the Germans made the beginning trials during the war. Paper cartons processed against water offer promise. Rustless iron and steel are making rapid progress in outturn, application and reduction of cost. Glass, of course, remains as a substitute. Recovery of tin from used containers might become remunerative.

All in all, the outcome of an attempt to boost prices might prove as poor for a tin trust as it did for the rubber control. It is a dangerous game, but the size of the American market constitutes the lure.

Big Business

IT IS natural that a thousand and one different lessons should be drawn from the text of Chicago's financial difficulties. The subject is many-sided and lends itself to ready comment. No profound or even expert knowledge is required to point the moral to this tale. No one is so poor in experience or in imagination that he or she cannot picture the mighty city on the shores of Lake Michigan. Like New York, Chicago stands for definite, picturesque and vivid impressions. The outstanding events or turns in its career cannot fail to interest even those who live far away or those who have never entered its portals. That the financial crisis of the second city has caught the attention of the country is shown by the almost universal editorial comment in the newspapers.

Intricate as the subject is, the essential element of weakness appears to be the failure, not only in Chicago but elsewhere as well, to recognize that the government of these great municipalities is big business and must be conducted as such.

Financial embarrassments and breakdowns in municipal government are nothing but one of many symptoms of the inefficient and secondhand methods and procedures employed in a task which can be none too well performed under the best of conditions.

To charge politicians with incompetence hardly goes to the heart of the matter, lamentably true as the allegation often is. This low estate of the politician is part and parcel of the general inferior relegation of the whole business of city government. In sociology, as in pathology, the benevolent bacteria must maintain a superior position in the organism if the malevolent hordes are not to win out.

Chicago is typical of a great urban growth whose clothes of government fit loosely, carelessly or not at all. Except on a much larger scale, it represents a very common process of political or governmental expansion which is essentially patchwork. Lack of coördination and dissipation of authority and responsibility spell extravagance, incompetence, and even graft.

In Chicago, as in many other large cities, the result is nothing more than a mixture of expedients rather than a planned, envisaged and purposeful conduct of the whole business. There is an infinity of government, much of it fairly good and much of it bad, but no such thing as administration of the whole.

We recognize that the task of administering a great city is extremely onerous. The problem of assessing property for purposes of taxation in itself would try the patience of a Job and tax the genius of an Alexander Hamilton. The relations between city and county, between city and state, and between city and other agencies of government complicate the whole undertaking. Finally, there is the heartbreaking job of assimilating the masses of aliens and of another race.

The work has to be carried on, and it is big enough to challenge the best in America. Incompetence, corruption and graft—these are not to be driven out by denouncing them, but only as the magnitude of the business in hand brings into play the methods and personalities suited to such great affairs.

Credits for Foreign Trade

BRITISH foreign trade policy contains a large element of Scotch foresight. A recent development deserves attention in this country. Last summer a British economic mission paid a visit to the Argentine Republic. The objective was a proper and respectable blend of friendliness and profit.

Great Britain has long been the banker and promoter of Argentina. Of the total exports from Argentina, around a third go to Great Britain. The market of Argentina has absorbed a large fraction of the exports from Great Britain. The British capital invested in Argentina bulks close to three billion dollars. There is more British capital in Argentina than in Canada. English is becoming the commercial language of the country. The British economic mission found, therefore, in Argentina a welcome and an open field.

A convention has been concluded, in effect, between the two governments, whereby a credit corresponding to one hundred million pesos is to be set up in both Argentina and Great Britain to facilitate purchases of goods in the two countries, which is to be expended within two years. Great Britain will sell manufactured—capital—goods, especially railway materials; Argentina will sell agricultural products.

The prices remain to be determined, but the background of the bargain is completed. The difficulties of the exchanges will be reduced to the minimum. The channel of trade is greased.

The government of Great Britain has a form that lends itself to this kind of international trade agreement. Ours does not. Our merchants will have to barter on strictly competitive grounds.

Doubtless both parties to the agreement have done well. But one wonders what will be the reaction and opinion in Canada.

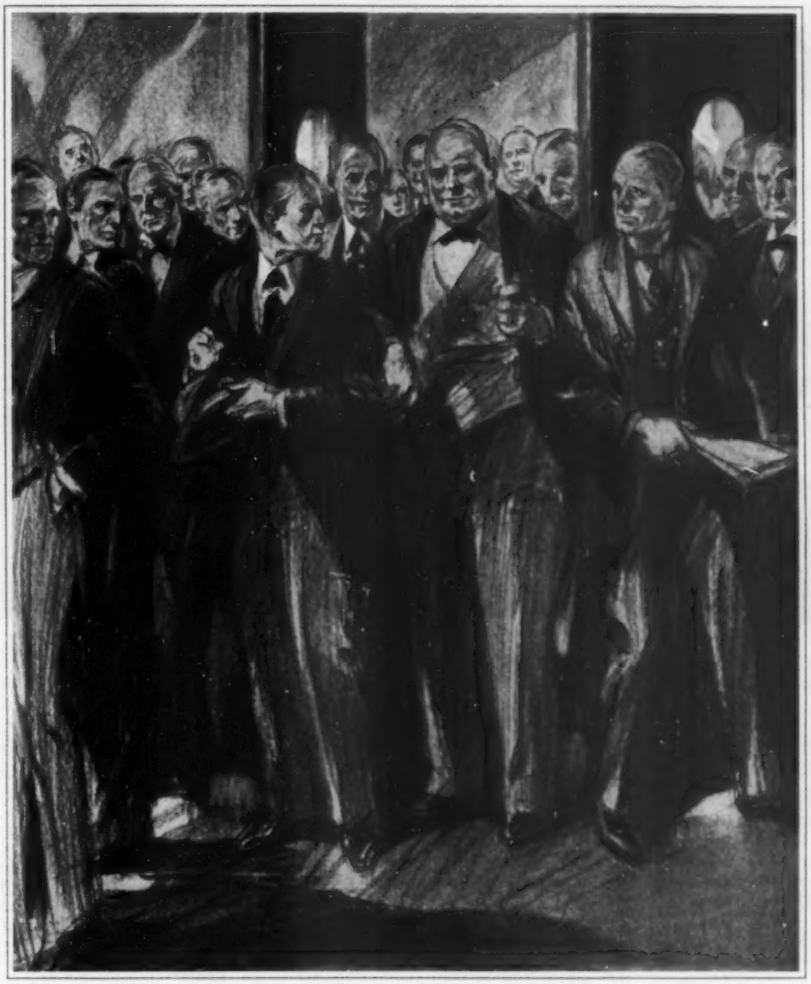
COMPANY CRAZE

By ALBERT W. ATWOOD

NOW that several months have elapsed since the stock-market convulsion of last fall, it is possible to view that event in the calm light of perspective. Looked at thus, the most extraordinary and surely the most picturesque condition which preceded the historic spasm was the mania for new company promotion.

Particularly strange and suggestive was the form this development took. It consisted of an invasion into almost every field of activity by an inchoate mass of holding companies, finance companies, trading companies and so-called investment trusts. It was a hasty intrusion between the investor and the business corporations of the country by a horde of entities whose varying functions have never been quite clearly defined or understood, even if they were not essentially artificial.

It is difficult to say whether these curious beings are to be assigned an active or a passive rôle in what took place. Were they the creators or creatures of the forces which led to the final crash? Probably more of the second than of the first, and yet some of both. But of this we may be sure: The business of issuing shares of such companies was seriously overdone at just the wrong moment. Just as the structure which is called the stock market was staggering and ready to collapse of its own weight, it was called upon to assume a colossal load of securities of a relatively new and untried type.



"Oh, That's Nothing. I Gave My Boy in College $5000 and Told Him to Play the Market With it, and He Has Made Twice as Much as We Have on a Percentage Basis"

Except for the Government's wartime Liberty Bond issues, there has probably never been within so short a time so great an increase in any one type of security as took place in these companies in the months just before the crash. It was one of the truly impressive outpourings of new issues in financial history. Statistics are dull, but we can make them at least brief by saying that in September the total of such promotions had reached $650,000,000, or at the rate of between $7,000,000,000 and $8,000,000,000 a year.

The House That Jack Built

BUT the September output had exceeded by some $150,000,000 the August aggregate, which was sensationally large for that usually quiet vacation month, and new share issues of the same type in August were in turn nearly twice those for July, which again was a phenomenal month for this sort of enterprise. Naturally, if the whole year be considered, other classes of stocks were issued in larger volume, but the point is that the torrent of these intermediary and, in a sense, unnatural companies reached its apex just before the panic.

New financing had been of exceptional magnitude in May, but at that safe distance before the cataclysm the astute managers of great corporations, like the United States Steel, American Telephone and Telegraph and Anaconda Copper Mining, were obtaining immense sums of new capital on favorable terms. As the day of reckoning approached, such stock issues no longer appeared, and only the horde of new companies devoted to holding, trading, speculating and so-called investing continued to burst upon the scene.

For a time the public appetite for these new securities seemed insatiable. How could there be an end in sight or where would this geometrical progression stop? It was a curious process. People had got beyond the mere idea that in the common stocks of companies producing or distributing essential goods and services lay the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow; they grasped at the stocks of companies holding these common stocks, and then at the stocks of companies owning the stocks of holding companies, and, after that, at the stocks of companies owning the stocks of the holding companies which held the holding companies. Like the house that Jack built or the dog which chased its own tail, there was a point of exhaustion somewhere. In the same way the depreciation of the German mark and our land booms had to end.

If this sort of promotion had continued, the industries of the country would have become mere feeders to these new and marvelous companies. In other words, the idyllic state would have been reached where everybody was letting everybody else do the work. But in sober reality these new company promotions were being overdone. There was an excessive issue of such stocks. They were poorly marketed, undistributed and undigested. So, after all, there was no perpetual motion about it, and no repeal of the ordinary laws of mechanics or physics. To the extent that it was a bubble, the bubble merely burst.

But before we plunge further into this strange subject, it is only fair to say that too many different kinds of corporations were and are lumped together. All manner of companies loosely referred to as investment trusts sprang out of and in response to the feverish speculation then prevailing. Classed together were the orthodox investing companies, after the English pattern, the out-and-out trading and gambling pools, and all kinds of bank, utility and railroad holding companies. Also there were many combinations of capital put together to merge, control, manage and finance other enterprises, as well as to originate and distribute securities.

Holding Companies

THERE were companies organized to take over blocks of securities already assembled by a banking house, or by a particular group of financiers, or by a wealthy family. More and more the holding company was being used to handle the investments which reflected the activities of groups of men, but the exact classification or meaning of such concerns was and is but loosely grasped.

Strictly speaking, an investment trust has a more modest and limited purpose than a holding company. Its function is so obvious that it hardly requires definition. Certainly it is not to take over entire situations or to supply management, direction and control. Nor need it be coextensive with the widespread passion to gamble in stocks; it may well represent a safety-first idea. All this is clear enough in theory, but in practice the past year or two witnessed the formation of every kind and description of investing or holding company, with powers that ranged the universe and activities as opportunist as next year's fashions in women's hats.

There are instances on record of holding companies which, after an unhappy career, sought the more humble function of investment trusts. But for the most part the shift was all the other way. Toward the end of the great bull market very few investment trusts, strictly speaking, were formed, while the numbers of gigantic trading and holding companies mounted rapidly. The tendency was to enter definite situations, assuming minority or majority control, rather than merely to acquire a diversified list of investments. Often there was specialization in the stocks of one or two industries, and nearly always common stocks were the only medium considered.

To those who favor the relatively unassuming investment-trust idea, the holding company pretensions were overambitious and risky, while to the sponsors of the latter the

(Continued on Page 155)

POST SCRIPTS

Alone in a Great City

MANHATTAN is an island,
A long, lorn island,
Made of brick and mortar,
Made of steel and stone.
And if you yearn for privacy
Manhattan is the place to be—
The only desert island
Where you're utterly alone!
—Mary Carolyn Davies.

This Cold Shower Complex

A LONG time ago, say back in the last century, all authors used to write novels in which it was impossible not to discover the Hero or Heroine. They didn't exactly introduce them as "Reginald Alexander Brown, Hero," or "Miss Rosalie Amaryllis Smith, Heroine." But they presented pictures of such paragons of virtue and grace that one could read the first chapter and settle down and say, "Now, Reggy's the Hero and Rosie's the Heroine; let's read on and see what happens to them." Reggy was always easily recognizable as the Hero because he was a handsome young man who was honest, upright, courageous, brilliant, sober, stalwart or what have you. Rosie was beautiful, gentle, polite and graceful, given to weeping or fainting or churchgoing, and was usually blond and ethereal-looking; although sometimes she had coal-black hair and soft brown eyes.

Nowadays it's different. One could read through any eight out of ten modern stories and still be in doubt as to who was really the Hero or Heroine, if it were not for one infallible clew. Today's Hero may be vicious, lazy, ignorant, selfish, dissipated, or any number of other unpleasant things, but he always takes a cold shower followed by a brisk rubdown.

He may be a Chicago gunman, but if you find him in an early chapter taking a cold shower you may be sure that in the end he will reform and marry the Salvation Army lassie. He may be a farm hand with a mania for throwing little babies in the creek, but when he steps under that cold shower, watch him—he's the Hero. Or if it's a story of collitch life, and the boy has never made even the scrub team, and you find him in the gym locker room taking an icy shower, you can go out and bet on tomorrow's game; because that same boy is going to get the ball and run ninety yards for touchdown in the last two minutes of play and save the day for dear old Harmouth. Or maybe he's the dissolute young scion of a wealthy family, a gambler, spendthrift, waster and sot, but if he gets up with a hangover and steps under the stinging thrill of a cold shower he's O. K., and before the book ends he will buck up and be a man.

And the women—the Heroines! The same ideas apply to them. The girl who dances every night away in Black Belt night clubs will turn out to be the world's sweetest wife and mother, if she only takes a cold shower every morning before she goes to bed. She may spend all her days making whoopee, but when she turns on the cold shower, you can know that she's a good girl at heart. Or she may be as ugly as the proverbial mud fence and have eighteen different kinds of complexes and be the victim of paranoia, dementia præcox, or just the plain heebie-jeebies, but a cold shower will wash all her sins away.

By the opposite token is the Villain discerned. He never takes a cold shower; up to date I have never read anywhere of a Villain taking a bath of any kind. Hence, I suppose, the expression "dirty Villain." The author completely ignores the Villain's bath and leads the reader to surmise that he, the Villain, never saw soap and water. He, the author, does not once set the poor Villain under the good, cleansing, purifying influence of a cold shower. If he did, perhaps—who knows?—the Villain would come clean, and underneath that wicked exterior the reader would discover that there beat a heart of gold. Think of the tremendous reform which would take place in the literature of the present time if all the Villains in all the novels were placed under icy showers. What a touching picture—what a force for good all these men would be, cleansed of their villainous attributes and turned loose in literature with hearts and minds as pure as little children's. It seems as if the author would give the Villain a break, and a cold shower, once in a while. —KATHLEEN MOHR.

DRAWN BY DONALD McKEE

"Thanks, Genevieve. I Just Wanted to Know if They Were Still There"

The Skepticism of Anthony

ANTHONY ADAMS, ætatis three,
Is the trustingest boy you could hope to see;
But he asks, with the hint of a tiny frown,
"Why did the Bridge fall down?"

Anthony Adams believes the things
That his ever-so-lyrical mother sings
To him as he slips to his evening sleep,
But "Why did she lose her sheep?"

Anthony Adams, his father's mold,
Doubts never a thing that he is told,
But he asks, regarding the piper's son,
"Why did away he run?"

Anthony Adams—his father's trait—
Worries when anything isn't straight.
His life is built on a regular plan,
So "What is a crooked man?"

Anthony Adams, a moral boy,
Finds Tommy Tucker a singing joy,
But this is the question of his life:
"Why did he want a wife?"

Three are Anthony Adams' years,
Too few to fathom a woman's tears,
And "Georgie Porgie"—he asks me—"Why,
Why did he make them cry?"

Anthony Adams, a person wise,
Knows that his father never lies.
I answer his queries truly, so
I tell him I do not know.

Anthony Adams is only three,
And trusting as ever a boy can be,
So if you can answer him, be so kind
As to write to the undersigned.
—Franklin P. Adams.

(Continued on Page 82)

DRAWN BY NATE COLLIER

Lady: "Does He Swear?"
Clerk: "Come On, Polly, Swear for the Lady!"

Just Sick Enough

MYRT: So you were so sick you had to stay home from work yesterday?

GERT: Was I! If I'd been any sicker I'd have had to stay home from last night's party too!

DRAWN BY ALAN DUNN

"Er —— a Demi-Tasse, if You Please"

Delicious flavors you get only in Soups!

Soup! What other food can be served on your table every day and yet be different every day . . . with a fresh appeal that never wears out its welcome? 21 Campbell's Soups to choose from, each with an individual flavor all its own. Most popular of all —famous for its vivid color and the thrill in its taste . . . is Campbell's Tomato Soup! How you enjoy it! 12 cents a can.

YOUR CHOICE . . . Order any of these Campbell's Soups from your grocer

Asparagus	Clam Chowder	Pea
Bean	Consommé	Pepper Pot
Beef	Julienne	Printanier
Bouillon	Mock Turtle	Tomato
Celery	Mulligatawny	Vegetable
Chicken	Mutton	Vegetable-Beef
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Ox Tail	Vermicelli-Tomato

The nicest sensation
I ever have felt
Is Campbell's Soup resting
Here under my belt!

American Business and Business Men—By David Lawrence

TIME was when a business man, treading timidly over state boundaries in the expansion of his business, looked back over his shoulder at the local businesses he left behind. Time was, too, when business men applied the term "provincial" even to those who, depending wholly on a market in the continental United States, thought rarely of sales to be made overseas. Few business men today may be compelled to think internationally, but the number is rapidly growing.

To think internationally does not mean necessarily to have in mind the political or economic conditions of the many foreign countries in which business relations are to be established, but to treat production and marketing as a world problem in which as much can be accomplished sometimes by coöperation as by open warfare.

Seated in his office at 26 Broadway, Walter C. Teagle doesn't fulfill the picture of a storybook executive with dozens of secretaries rushing in and out, bearing cablegrams from all parts of the world, decisions to be made instantly, and hectic hours of feverish discussion, as might be suspected would be the daily grind of the president of the Standard Oil Company (New Jersey), a corporation whose assets are well in excess of a billion and a half dollars. Mr. Teagle is a calm-mannered, deliberative type, who presides over the destinies of one of the biggest internationally minded companies in the world, and yet he finds time to fish and hunt and take a long vacation each year. He was trained in the old Standard Oil traditions of management by committee. From the earliest date the company has been run by men rather than by a dictator. It has had committees for everything. A great many opportunities may have been yielded this way to the one-man business in which decision could be made on the trigger. On the other hand, the Standard Oil probably has been spared many serious mistakes, because several heads are likely to be governed by a more conservative view.

Mr. Teagle's outstanding characteristic is thoroughness born of patience. He never decides and then asks his fellow directors what they would have done had they been given a chance to vote. Rather, he hears them all and yields when he has not made out a case, but insists that others come over to his side when they have not marshaled facts. There is nothing dramatic or dictatorial in his handling of business crises. People who have come in contact with him are impressed with the amount of time he is willing to spend in hearing all parties at issue.

This was well illustrated when a recent agreement was reached with a South American group who spoke but little English. It took days and days for some of the negotiators to state their position.

When the evidence was all in, Mr. Teagle asked for a few minutes alone with his associates. They conferred in an anteroom, agreed, and the decision was announced. That was not hasty, because during all the hours that the other people were talking, Walter Teagle had a chance to work the thing out in his own mind and decide what would be a fair and satisfactory agreement.

Sometimes the little fellow in business has a wonderful advantage in mobility over a large corporation. While a decision is being reached for or against the purchase of new acreage or the installation of a new process by the corporation, the one-man company can slip in and get the property and drill an oil well, or, in the case of the process, be turning out finished products. Over a term of years, on the other hand, the single dictator of his own company may make more mistakes and fewer successes than the big corporation which settles matters around the conference table.

And yet there is a vast amount of executive discretion vested in the president of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey—discretion, however, which he is quick to share in the almost daily meetings of the executive committee of the board of directors. His is a mind that encompasses the oil production of the world as a business for coöperation. It was through his efforts that the heads of the leading oil companies of the world gathered in Scotland last year for a friendly discussion of the problem of world oil production but with particular reference to Venezuela.

PHOTO BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, N. Y. C.

Walter C. Teagle, President of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey

Oil is literally so liquid that you can't have a stable market if you have overproduction in Irak. Oil is not localized in consumption near some point of production. The freight charges on a barrel of oil produced in Venezuela and refined in New York are less than on the barrel originating in Kansas and moved east through a pipe line. During the past few years there has been much discussion about effecting control of production within continental United States, but all these plans would go awry if the Soviets decided to dump their oil. The Soviets got their production without any capital investment, the work having been paid for by foreign capital in the days of the Czar. They could export petroleum at any price they chose to name, having no obligations to employes or shareholders. At first the usual channels to outside markets were closed by the cry of "stolen oil," but eventually arrangements were concluded in England to take the Russian exportable surplus for orderly allotment among marketing companies.

Mr. Teagle was trained abroad as a member of the old export committee of the Standard Oil Company, having lived outside of London for many years and, in fact, having visited nearly every part of the world. To him a barrel of oil is just as much of a factor in world production whether it is produced in Persia or the U. S. A. So many people think of an oil shortage only when reminded of a limited supply in Oklahoma or California.

Naturally, the foreign-service system of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, perhaps the largest single coördinated organization in the world, is far-flung. There are men who report only two or three times a year. Some of them are located in the upper reaches of the Amazon, with medical supplies and food for months of isolation. Others are in the Mosul territory, or in Venezuela, or in Peru, or in Northern Canada. Where communication is good, reports are more frequent, but the man at the top keeps track of them all by a system of comprehensive messages.

Production, however, is not the only source of concern. How shall oil be marketed to cut down the costs that competition inevitably brings? The case of the Anglo-American Oil Company of Great Britain is pertinent. It is almost entirely a marketing company, formerly a member of the Standard Oil family, but separated and launched on its own when the famous dissolution proceedings were concluded at the instance of the Supreme Court of the United States. Due to a technicality, this foreign marketing organization was included in the dissolution decree. Conditions changed. No production or refining being available to it, the Anglo-American Company recently recommended to its shareholders that they exchange their stock in return for 5 per cent preferred stock of a new export subsidiary of the old parent company. Since it is operating entirely abroad, it can now be legally owned by an export unit of the Standard of New Jersey, whose competitors now have foreign marketing outlets too. The Anglo-American was worried about a source of supply. By tying up with the Standard it will now insure itself of the protection that is to be found in dependence upon a large integrated petroleum organization.

Oil men cannot be concerned with today's market alone. They must think ten years in advance, and they cannot reckon the sales of the current year alone as a basis for expansion. If any company were to liquidate in the next ten years, it could not undertake to pay out on some of the expenditures made in foreign fields, because millions are spent long in advance of the hope of getting any return. The development in Irak of the Turkish Petroleum Company, owned by British, French, German and American oil companies, is an example of international thinking and farsighted development. The American interest is held by the Gulf Refining Company, Atlantic Refining Company, Pan-American, Standard of New Jersey, and Standard of New York. Wells are being drilled in deserts a hundred miles inland. There is no way at present to get the oil to seaboard. A costly pipe line, involving $40,000,000 in expense, will have to be built. These are the plans to avoid a possible oil shortage in 1940, and they illustrate why the oil business is no longer local and the men at the head of oil enterprises must think in globe-girdling terms.

* * * * * * * * * *

SOMETIMES farsightedness arises out of an ambition to construct something big. Sometimes the original idea is overshadowed by a bigger idea acquired en route. Occasionally destiny thrusts itself into the picture at an opportune moment and diverts the whole trend of thought. Cyrus Stephen Eaton, at the age of forty-five, has completed one of the biggest steel mergers in the United States—the Republic Steel Corporation. He conceived the idea five years ago, but not at all in the form in which it has grown. He started in the Middle West in the utility business, became a partner in Otis & Co., and helped to build up that firm. The Trumbull Steel Company was in difficulties and he helped to overcome them. He learned the intricacies of the steel business that way. He foresaw the time when a large steel unit might be built up in the Middle West close to the automobile market and accessible to raw materials. He worked with the Mather and Hanna interests in Ohio and, by gradually buying into various steel companies, he and his associates acquired influential positions in some cases and in others actual control. They formed investment companies, not of the type which buy and sell securities in the market, but companies to acquire stocks for the purpose of holding a commanding position in situations they expect to develop. The evolution thus far completed means an ingot capacity of 4,900,000 tons a year, which compares with 8,190,000 tons for Bethlehem Steel Company and 24,541,000 tons for United States Steel, but plans not yet announced look toward the acquisition of other companies in the Central West, so that a possible twelve millions of ingot tons capacity may be reached before long. This means that the steel industry of America will be dominated by three groups—the United States Steel, the Bethlehem Steel and the new Republic Steel.

This was a dream of Mr. Eaton—a dream of unifying noncompetitive companies which could be regarded as supplementing one another. Big situations within an industry have piled up huge fortunes in America, but big situations have been built as a rule around fundamentally sound and logical economic factors. The pressure behind the building

(Continued on Page 108)

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Swift's Brookfield

FARM AND DAIRY PRODUCTS

BUTTER—EGGS—CHEESE

THE LOAN WOLF

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

SICILY CLUMP made many motions with her mouth, but no sound emerged. Yet, queerly enough, from another part of the Midnight sound stage a hot soprano was singing words which synchronized perfectly with the movement of Sicily's lips.

Save for the voice of the singer, there was no sound in the studio. Director Edwin Boscoe Fizz crouched motionless before Number 1 camera booth, gripsmen stood like statues, electricians squatted on their lofty perches and kept watch over the dazzling thousand-watt bulbs which illumined the scene. And in the monitor loft Mr. Callous Deech sat with sensitive fingers on the tone dials, controlling the song volume so that eventually audiences all over America would enjoy the singing which Chromo Bridal was doing.

The song ended, Mr. Fizz ordered "Cut," and the motors were turned off, instantly stopping the operation of three cameras, two film recorders and one disk recorder. The entire company trooped into the monitor room, where, in less than a minute, a great scratching came through the enormous monitor horn, to be succeeded by the full-throated voice of Chromo. The assemblage listened delightedly, and when the song ended, Director Fizz turned exultantly to Mrs. Clump.

"Sicily," said he, "if yo' lips move right with them words, you sang that song swell."

Over in a corner sat the girl who actually had performed the vocalizing. Beside her was a nut-brown, undersized, apologetic little man.

Percy Wattles gave ear to the praise of Director Fizz and shivered with disgust.

"Listen at that feller, Chromo," he whispered angrily into the ear of the dusky song bird. "Just listen at that feller cumgratulate Sicily Clump on how she sang the song."

Chromo nodded mournfully. "I—I guess she done pretty good by not makin' a sound, Percy."

"Yeh! An' with all them cam'ras takin' pitchers of her movin' her lips, an' the mikes pickin' up yo' voice, ev'ybody is mos' likely gwine think she really can wobble."

The fair Chromo sighed vastly. "I—I reckon I ain't got no kick comin', Percy. They just hired me to sing them songs of Sicily's, an' I has done such."

"Gal! An' how! On'y fo' you, this pitcher would mos' likely be rotten, or even wuss than that. Folks is crazy 'bout singin', ever since sound pitchers come in, an' you is the most sopranner I has ever heard."

Chromo patted Percy's hand.

"You is an awful sweet boy, Mistuh Wattles." Her eyes wandered about the great barren room. The erstwhile auditors were drifting back through the door which led to the stage. "I had an idee when I 'greed to double them songs fo' Mis' Clump."

"What it was, Chromo?"

"Well, I sort of thought," Chromo Bridal confessed, "that maybe once I got in heah on the stage somebody might think that I was good enough to gimme a chance in pitchers."

"To ack, you mean?"

"Uh-huh!"

Mr. Wattles shook a pessimistic head.

"Gal, you don't know nothin' 'bout studjos. Does they hire you to sing, you ain't nothin' only a voice. Was you pretty as Ham's fav'rite lady friend, nobody woul'n't see it. Now take me, f'rinstance: What is I?"

"Oh, Nothin'. On'y I Reckon Neither Her Nor You Would Crave fo' Me to Telephone Orifice Latimer Right Now an' Have Him Check Up on Where Sicily Clump's Gown is At"

Miss Bridal turned inquisitive eyes upon the rather insignificant-appearing Percy.

"Well," she asked, "what is you?"

"I is a sweeper in the wardrobe department," he announced with concentrated venom. "A sweeper—an' without even no vacuum cleaner. All day long an' half the night I run aroun' that ol' buildin' sweepin'. An' sometimes dustin'. I hope I never see a broom again. I hate 'em. An' I hate my job."

"I don't blame you, Percy. But why don't you quit?"

"'Cause I is conspirin' to higher things."

"Such as which?"

He lowered his voice. "Honey gal," he confided, "I ambitions to become night watchman."

She gazed at him in amazement.

"You?"

"Yeh, me. An' why not?"

"Why, Percy, you is so puny."

"Hmph!" He flexed his best bicep. "Feel that."

"Gosh, ain't it hard!"

"Yeh, an' the other one is harder. Besides, night watchmans have billies."

"Who is they?"

"They ain't they. They is them. Billies is sticks with lead in 'em, an' does anybody try to break into the studjo, all the night watchman has got to do is bust him over the head."

She agreed that this must be a pleasant task, and inquired why Percy didn't get the job he coveted.

"There's two reasons," he explained. "Fust off, it's like I tol' you about singin' fo' Sicily Clump. All they hired was yo' voice, an' they never would observe that you had anything else. Me—they got me heah as a cleaner-up in the wardrobe department, an' they never would comtenplate that I would make a swell watchman."

"An' the second reason?"

"Politics."

"What you mean by such, Percy?"

"Well, it's thisaway: Cater Jones is night watchman now, an' nobody likes him 'ceptin' one pusson."

"Who he?"

Mr. Wattles snapped the name of Midnight's foremost masculine star.

"Welford Potts!"

"Welford likes Cater?"

"Crazy 'bout him. An' ev'y time any of my friends git suggestive to President Latimer that maybe I should be the night watchman instead of Cater, Welford Potts goes to Latimer an' says Cater is a swell watchman—which he ain't. So what chance has I got?"

Chromo was all sympathy. "That sholy is tough. An' you mean that if Welford wasn't Cater's friend, you would most likely git the job he has now got?"

"That's the one thing I don't mean nothin' else but. Only there ain't a chance, honey. So long as Welford is his friend, Cater has 'fluence, which is the most thing I ain't got an' never will have."

Hand in hand, they rambled back onto the stage, where Director Fizz was rehearsing Sicily Clump and Welford Potts in the dialogue and action of a new scene. Mr. Potts, slender and snobbish, cast a casual eye in the direction of the young couple. Being always observant of feminine pulchritude, he noted with approval that Chromo was not difficult to gaze upon. But what, he asked himself, was she doing in the company of so menial a person as Percy Wattles? For Mr. Wattles, Welford had nothing but a vast and consuming contempt. He wished to accost Miss Bridal, but figured that he could not lower himself by making the third of a trio of which Percy was a member. After all, he—Welford—was a star and must maintain his dignity. But he made a mental note of Miss Bridal—a note which he promised himself he would not forget.

The company was finished with the golden-voiced Chromo, the wardrobe department was not at the moment in need of a sweeping, and so Percy and the young lady strolled toward the gate. As they approached the gate a massive person of ebony hue emerged from a tiny sentry box.

"Where you-all goin'?" inquired Cater Jones.

"Where you reckon?" snapped Percy.

(Continued on Page 33)

Don't confuse clean oil with good oil!

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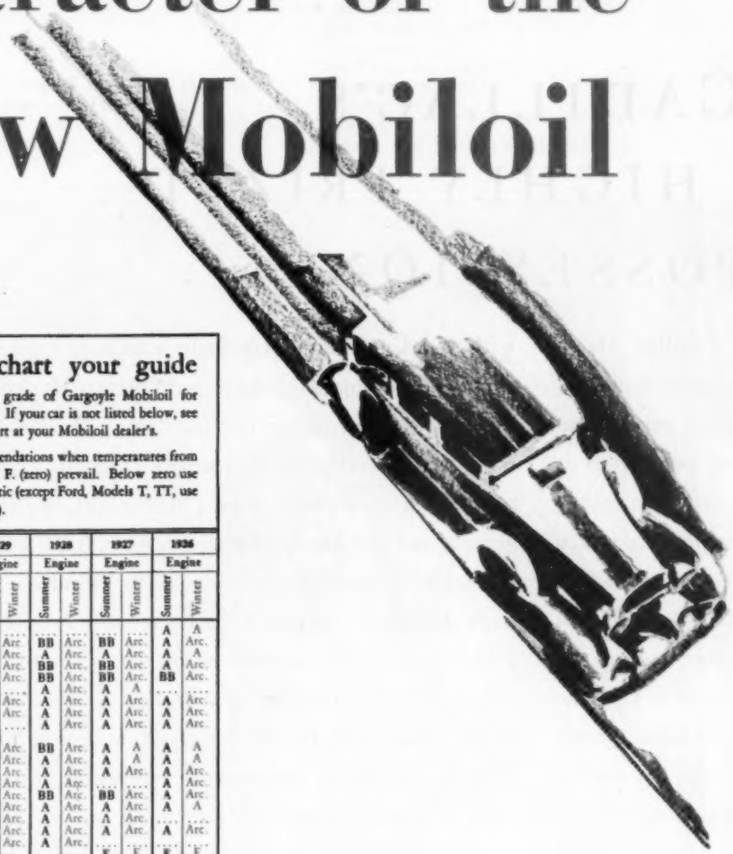

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NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1929 Engine		1928 Engine		1927 Engine		1926 Engine	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Auburn, 6-66	....	....	....	....	....	....	A	A
" 8-cyl.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.
" other models	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A
Buick	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.
Cadillac	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Chandler Special Six	....	....	A	Arc.	A	A	....	....
" other models	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chevrolet	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chrysler, 4-cyl.	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" Imperial 80 and Imperial	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	A	A	A
" other models	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A	A	A
Dodge Brothers	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Durant	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....	A	Arc.
Elcar, 8-cyl.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.
" other models	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A
Erskine	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....
Essex	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Ford, Model A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....
" Model T	....	....	....	....	E	E	E	E
Franklin	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	BB	BB	BB
Gardner, 8-cyl.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.
" other models	....	....	....	....	....	....	A	A
Hudson	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Hupmobile	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
La Salle	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	....	....
Lincoln	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Marmon, 8-cyl.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....
" other models	....	....	BB	A	A	A	A	A
Moon	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Nash, Adv. & Sp. 6	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.
" other models	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oakland	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oldsmobile	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Packard	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Peerless, 72, 90, 91	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
" other models	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Pontiac	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Reo	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Studebaker	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Whippet	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Willys-Knight, 4-cyl.	....	....	....	....	....	....	B	Arc.
" " 6-cyl.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.

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The universal confidence which the Cadillac Motor Car Company enjoys with its thousands upon thousands of patrons is *the* great asset which Cadillac prizes most highly. How jealously this priceless possession is safeguarded may be judged from the fact that eighty per cent of the Cadillacs and La Salles produced each year are sold to Cadillac and La Salle owners or—on their recommendation—to their friends . . . ¶ This simply means that the loyal legion that constitutes Cadillac-La Salle ownership inevitably turns to Cadillac or La Salle, with a confidence that disdains second thought, when the desirability of a new car arises. Only a completely satisfying and gratifying experience with the Cadillac or La Salle which has served its period of usefulness for them could dictate this constant car-after-car patronage of Cadillac . . . ¶ The fact of the matter is they have learned through long experience that for sheer value, downright beauty and luxury, and mechanical excellence that spells complete mental and physical relaxation, there literally is no car with which to compare Cadillac and La Salle . . . ¶ Only the rare combination of rich resources represented by Cadillac, La Salle, General Motors, Fisher Body and Fleetwood could maintain uninterruptedly such an impressive exhibition of loyalty to a business institution and faith in its product.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY • DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

(Continued from Page 30)

"I don't reckon. I asts."

"We is gwine where we choose, an' we don't tell our destinations to no gateman."

"No? An' I reckon you especks to git back in?"

"We does. I works on this heah lot an' Miss Chromo has got a singin' pass."

"Hmph! Lemme heah it sing."

"Humorous feller, ain't you, Cater? Wasn't it fo' Welford Potts, you would be fired away fum heah so quick it would send yo' head in swimmin'."

Cater gave a supercilious sneer. "You sort of crave this job yo'self, don't you, sweeper?"

"I woul'n't have yo' ol' job."

"You coul'n't git it, tha's why. Me, I got a swell friend on this lot."

They passed through the gate and walked across Fourth Avenue to a barbecue stand. There Percy stood treat to a pair of succulent sandwiches, and as they munched these delicacies and quaffed bottles of ice-cold ginger ale, Mr. Wattles extended an invitation:

"What you doin' tonight, honey?"

"Nothin'."

"Who you doin' it with?"

"Nobody."

"How 'bout goin' somewhere with me?"

Miss Bridal was interested.

"Where?"

"Ise a member of the Over the River Buryin' Sassiety, an' tonight we is givin' a swell suscription dance at the lodge rooms of the Sons & Daughters of I Will Arise. Le's you an' me go."

Chromo Bridal's face brightened, but her smile was short-lived.

"I guess not, Percy."

"How come?"

"Ise got reasons."

"Which reasons?"

"We-e-ell, to tell the truth, Percy, I ain't got no good dress to wear to a fine dance like that."

"Oh, shuh! What diff'ence does yo' dress make? I guess you got one good enough."

"No, I ain't. Ev'ybody there is gwine be dressed swellegant, an' I don't crave to be no fly out of water."

An idea commenced to seep through the Wattles cranium.

"Honey," he asked suddenly, "do you know where at I works?"

"Sholy. With Midnight Pitchers Corporation, Inc."

"Yeh. But I mean, what depahtment?"

"I dunno, 'ceptin' that you sweeps."

"I sweeps in the wardrobe depahtment."

"Uh-huh." She was not particularly impressed. "I reckon so. But what has that got to do with me?"

"I dunno." Percy's brain was still busy. "Leave me think a li'l'."

They walked back across the street to the Midnight lot. Cater Jones was not in evidence, and so they stood at the gate chatting, blissfully unconscious of the fact that Mr. Jones was scientifically eavesdropping. Having nothing to do at the moment, Chromo again brought up the vital subject of the dance:

"Sholy you was drivin' at somethin', Percy."

"I was." He placed his hand on her rounded arm. "Honey, what did you think of that dress Sicily Clump was wearin' when she was supposed to be singin'?"

"That white one with the pearl beads?"

"Uh-huh."

Chromo clasped her hands rapturously.

"That was the mos' gorgeousest dress I ever set eyes on. I bet it cost a heap of money."

"It sho did. More'n sixty dollars. It was made special fo' this pitcher too."

"No?"

"Yeh." Percy leaned close. "Sposin' I could borry that dress tonight, Chromo; would you go to the dance with me in it?"

"Borry Sicily's dress?"

"Tha's what I said."

"Oh, Percy, you couldn't!"

"Who says I couldn't?"

"Nobody said so."

"You did."

"I know. But I meant, could you?"

Mr. Wattles puffed with masculine pride.

"I could do anythin' I set my mind on. Honey, where you is concerned at, they ain't no such word as can't in my lexington."

"But that dress! Would Sicily leave you borry it fo' me to wear?"

"Nope. Not that woman."

"Would President Latimer?"

"Nor neither him."

"The wardrobe lady?"

"Not her."

"Then—then who ——"

"Nobody! Now give me ear, Chromo. Remember I sweeps that wardrobe room an' has got the key to same. I keep ev'ything clean. I work there long after ev'ybody else has gone, an' what I does ain't nobody's business only mine. Now, I ask you: sposin' I was to borry that dress away fum the wardrobe an' you was to wear it to the Buryin' Sassiety dance? An' sposin', when that dance was over, I was to bring it back an' return it to where it was at? Who would know any better?"

"Percy, you don't mean ——"

"I don't mean nothin' else. Now git this: That Over the River dance ain't swell. Anybody which can buy a fo'-bit ticket is 'lowed to come, an' that means that none of the swell folks out of this comp'ny is gwine be there, specially on account Lawyer an' Mis' Evans Chew is givin' a bridge party tonight. So nobody ain't gwine know nothin', or even less than that."

He gazed at her triumphantly. She was quivering with happiness and gratitude, and Percy was keenly aware of the fact that he stood ace-high with her at that particular moment.

"Spose somethin' happened to that dress?"

"What?"

"I don't know what. But somethin'."

"What sort of somethin'?"

"I mean anything. Or if they found out. Woul'n't you lose yo' job?"

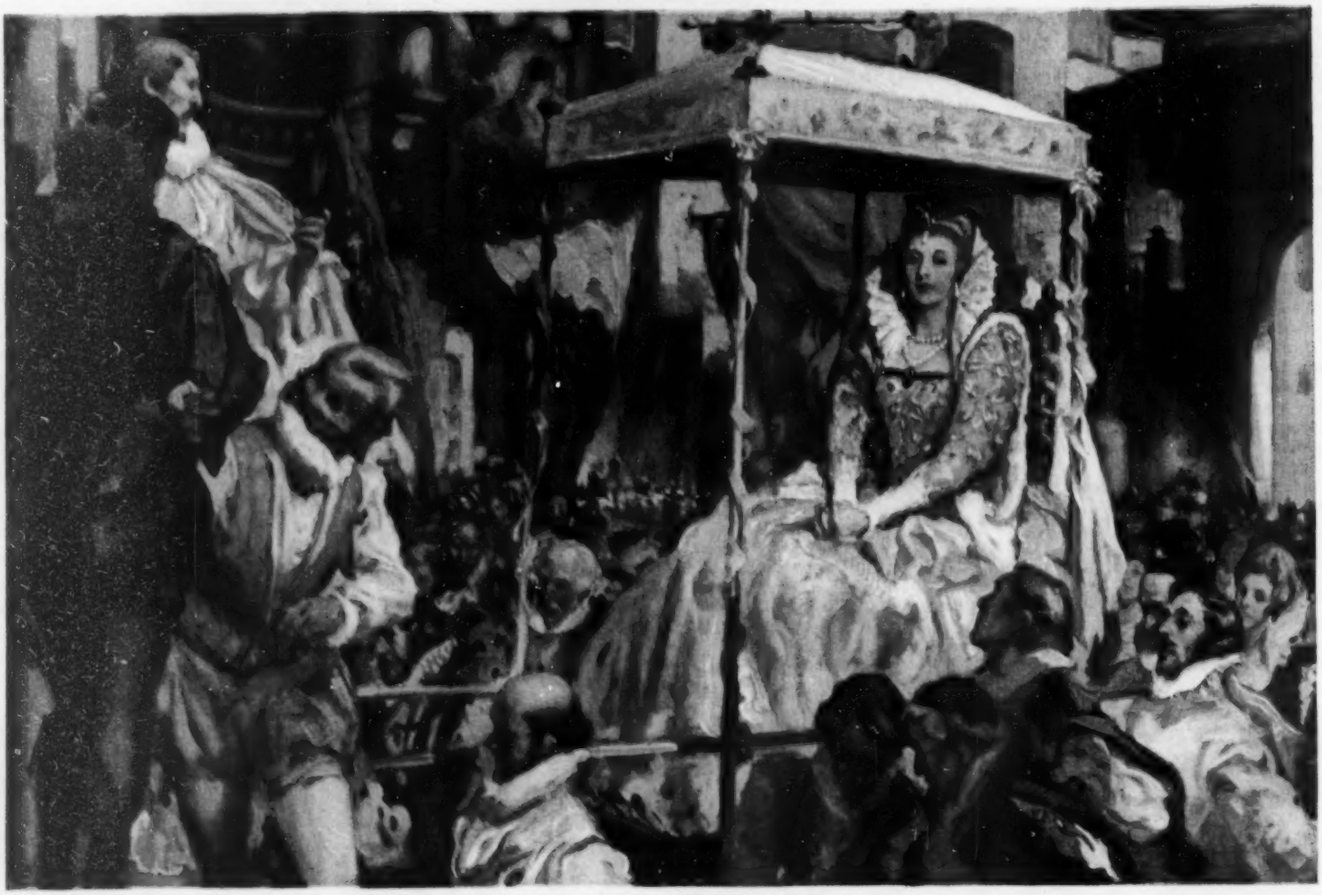
"I reckon so."

"An' woul'n't you hate that?"

(Continued on Page 70)

Mr. Wattles Puffed With Masculine Pride. "I Could Do Anythin' I Set My Mind On. Honey, Where You is Concerned at, They Ain't No Such Word as Can't in My Lexington"

LUXURIOUS TRANSPORTATION



With "good Queen Bess" of England the royal palanquin was in high favor. On a visit to Blackfriars in 1600 she was borne in luxurious state on the shoulders of her nobles

THAT the Packard Eight provides the most luxurious personal transportation available to the modern world is generally recognized if not everywhere admitted.

It would be absurd, therefore, not to conclude that there are literally thousands of motorists who would prefer to own Packard cars. That they do not drive the cars they envy is due to but one cause—they over-estimate the cost.

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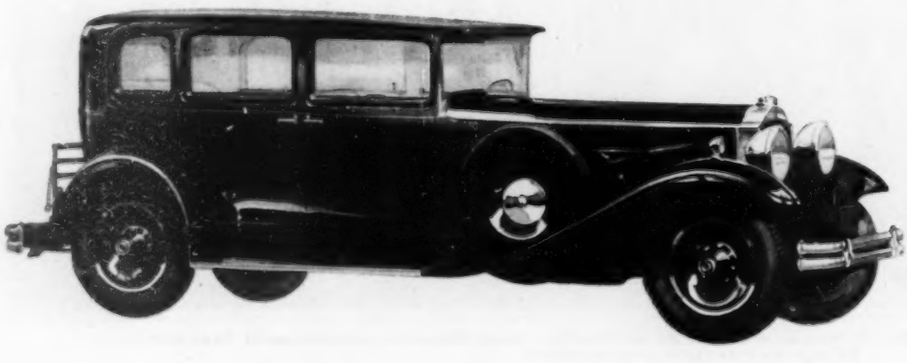
But many who have longed for the luxury of Packard transportation have still to learn that it may be theirs—*easily* and without added cost.



PACKARD

ASK THE MAN
WHO OWNS
ONE

VOTES

By CHARLES FRANCIS COE

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

"I'll Swear We Never Had an Agreement and Booley's Used You as a Cat's-Paw to Try and Offset the Spurgeon Story"

XVII

THAT next morning, which was but two days before the primary, Old Tim evinced no desire to leave his bed. For the first time within the memory of Morton, the flesh of the boss conquered his spirit. He was very tired and worried, and upon his face was a look that was tantamount to surrender.

He lay in bed and had his breakfast served him there. When he had eaten, Fennister went to the room and looked down upon the withered figure in the big bed. An immense pity filled the secretary; even a sympathy for this rough rider over the rights of others.

"I have called Spalding," the secretary reported. "The lawsuit of Diamond Mike against Martin Spurgeon is a fact. It already has been filed and Spalding will make announcement to the newspapermen immediately."

"You called the newspapermen?" Old Tim queried.

"I did." Fennister nodded. "Naturally, they are on the trail of so great a story."

Old Tim cackled. "They'll get it," he promised. Then he gazed upward at the young man and his shaggy brows drew together at the bridge of his nose. "Hell's bells and gingerbread!" he sighed. "Don't all this just prove that honesty is the best policy? I guess even Booley sees that now."

Fennister gulped and nodded. In his own mind there were doubts. For the first time in his life he intended deliberately to lie to a man, and he meant to do it fulsomely and with skill. Old Tim was the man to whom he intended lying, and the boss' ridiculous attempts to make himself appear honest made the way easier for the secretary.

"Yes," Old Tim summarized in self-commendation, "it pays to be honest and decent about things. Why, just think, Fennister, if Jim Booley had played fair with me when I went to call on him, he'd still be in power. As it is now, day after tomorrow will see him defeated and discredited."

Fennister nodded again and made no reply. He was glad to find Old Tim in this mood, which he sensed was attributable to the shock Young Tim had brought to him in these later days of his life. As he stood thus his mind wandered off on a tangent having little to do with politics, but much to do with the Callahan family. From this reverie he was brought suddenly back by a question from Old Tim.

"Have you telephoned John Glench?" the boss asked.

"Yes, sir. I told him to be here about ten o'clock," Fennister replied.

"All right." Old Tim nodded. "What time is it now?"

"Quarter to ten," the secretary advised, his thumb running subconsciously back and forth across his watch.

"Glench will be on time," Old Tim grunted. "I wish you'd made it eleven o'clock. Maybe you'd better tell him to come back at noon. Tell him I'm still asleep and you don't want to trouble me. And get this straight, Fennister: After Glench is gone, you prepare a brief statement to come from him. In it I want Glench to withdraw from the race in his ward."

He cackled as if the thought of this delighted him. "He is to withdraw in favor of Gustave Kronen, who never did anything in his whole life but make a good cooky! Put it in the statement that Glench recognizes the virtues of the independent party and their certain victory. I want you to make it very clear that he withdraws entirely of his own volition, and only because he thinks the needs of the people will better be served by Kronen and the independent ticket generally. When you've got the statement prepared bring it to me. Then call up Spalding and have those newspapermen come here just as soon as they finish there. Tell them I want them here at noon, so Glench will surely be here. You can do all that now."

Fennister turned slowly toward the door, hesitated a moment, then turned back.

"Has Morton spoken to you, Mr. Callahan?" he asked.

"If he had," Old Tim snarled, "it wouldn't have been about anything pleasant."

"Perhaps not," Fennister answered. "Certainly it wouldn't be in this case. I understood he was going to speak to you about Young Tim."

"What about him?" Old Tim demanded.

"Morton thought it might be wise if Miss Patricia and myself left here about noon to see what we can do about that matter. Our effort would probably take the rest of the afternoon."

"That's all right," Old Tim answered listlessly. He tossed one withered hand, and it lay gnarled and twisted on the bed beside him. "Nobody can do much about it. Gilhooley'll rush him to trial and he's sure to get a conviction. I can't stop that. He'll have the boy sentenced in no time. It'll be his final gesture against me. Timmy don't deserve much sympathy, but he'll get the worst of it all the way now."

"I'll not be in the rest of the day then," Fennister returned shortly. And he added hurriedly, so that nothing might arise to interfere with this arrangement: "I'll be back this evening. And in the meantime I'll do as you request about Glench."

Old Tim raised his eyes, and they were glittering again. He nodded his head sharply. "Be back for dinner," he snapped. "And after that you'd best not plan to leave until the close of the polls day after tomorrow."

Fennister closed the door behind him softly. At the head of the stairs Morton was awaiting him, and the butler raised his brows in a look of inquiry.

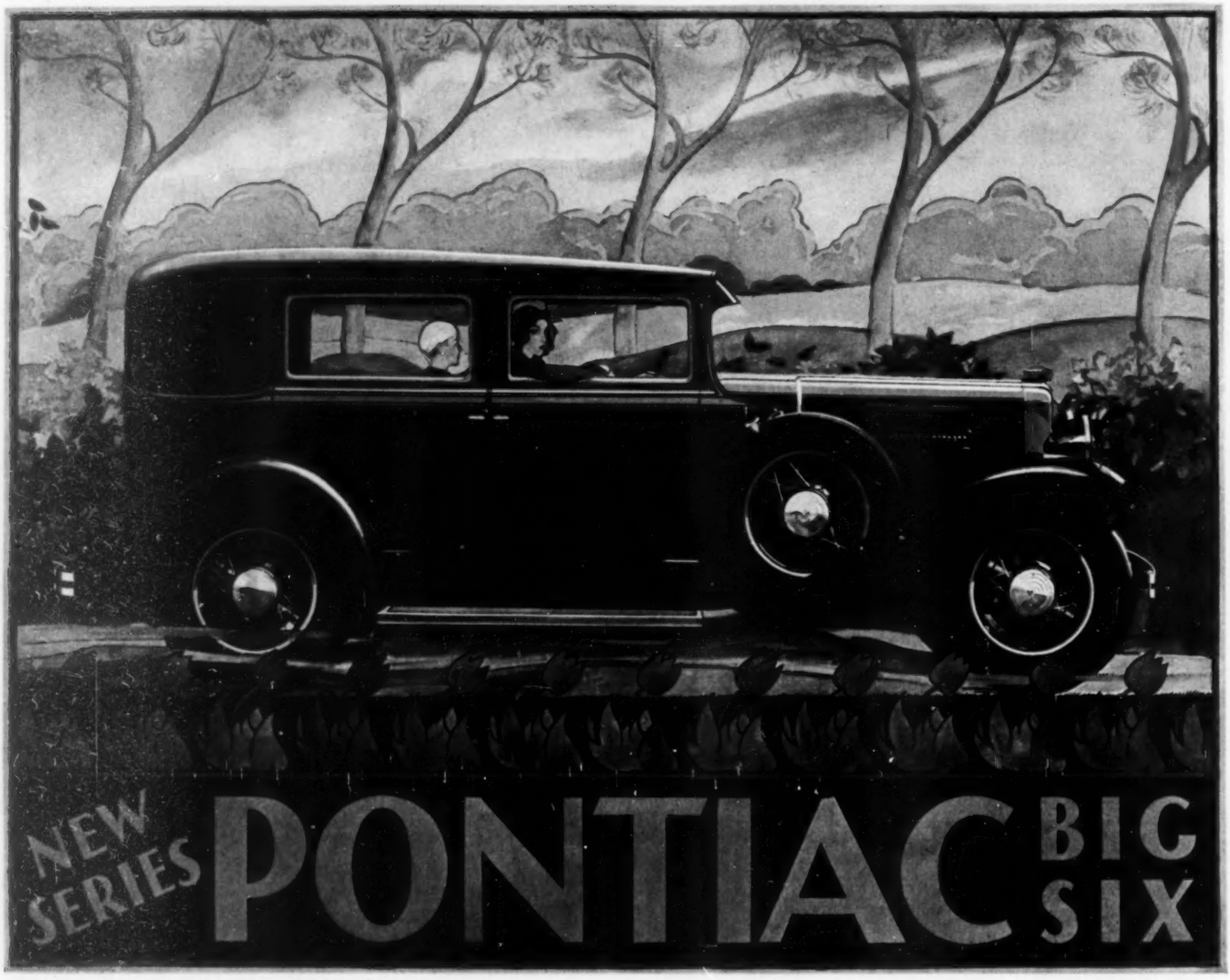
"It's all right, Morton," Fennister whispered. "But it certainly made me hate myself."

Morton raised an admonishing palm. "You'll be doing as you're told." He smiled significantly. "Miss Patricia will be ready in half an hour. I've already telephoned. Matters will be arranged there for you. Good luck and God bless you. . . . It's the first time that little girl ever had a real chance of happiness."

Before Fennister could answer, Mrs. Knowles appeared down the hall. She was a motherly soul, genial and rotund. She made a hissing sound now through her false teeth, and so attracted their attention. She waved both hands vehemently at Morton. The butler responded by pushing

(Continued on Page 38)

A FAMOUS NAME, A FINER CAR



Illustrated above: The 4-Door Sedan — Body by Fisher

Product of General Motors

IMPROVED ✦ ✦ ✦ yet this finer car retains all of the basic features which have made its name famous

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Write for an interesting booklet which illustrates and describes the design of the New Series Pontiac Big Six

AND UP, F. O. B. PONTIAC, MICHIGAN

(Continued from Page 35)

Fennister gently toward the stairs and himself hurrying along in the direction of Pat's room and Mrs. Knowles.

In the library Miss Toland was having great difficulty in her endeavor to appear normal. She looked at Fennister soulfully and repeatedly her tongue darted over her lips.

"You arranged it?" she whispered.

In spite of his own nervousness, Fennister was obviously amused. The girl spoke as might a burglar about to creep into a strange home.

"Everything is arranged," he nodded. "But it's a good thing Old Tim didn't come downstairs this morning. One look at you would convince a blind man that something was astir. And Mrs. Knowles is running around upstairs waving her arms and hissing through her teeth loud enough to wake the dead."

The girl laughed, but when she answered, her voice was strained and tense. "We just can't have any slip-up," she said earnestly. "Hector Sparr is such a beast, and Patricia such a dear."

As calmly as he could, Fennister went to the telephone and repeated there to Spalding his conversation with Old Tim. The lawyer assured him that the newspapermen were in his office at the moment and would come directly to the Callahan residence and await the appearance of Glench.

Then Fennister arranged with Miss Toland to explain the delay to the alderman when he called. The girl assured him repeatedly that she would take care of everything, and finally secured his hat and topcoat and urged him into the hall.

"There's really nothing to get excited about now," Fennister assured her. "We'll not be gone more than three or four hours."

In the hall she bade him wait a moment while she mounted the stairs on tiptoe. Shortly she returned with Patricia, Mrs. Knowles and Morton. And the five of them congregated there at the foot of the staircase in the great hall. They looked at one another almost vacuously. Suddenly tears welled into Mrs. Knowles' eyes and streamed down her cheeks. She gulped, bit her false teeth back into position and sighed prodigiously. Noting this, Pat impulsively threw her arms around the old lady and kissed her. Then she kissed Miss Toland and finally Morton. And while this was going on, Mrs. Knowles kissed Fennister, and they stood there and milled around at the foot of the stairs until Morton raised a finger in caution and glanced vaguely upward toward Old Tim's room.

Just at this moment the doorbell rang and Mrs. Knowles fled in terror up the stairs, while Patricia darted into the drawing-room, Miss Toland back toward the library, and Fennister into the dining room.

"You'd better answer, Morton," he whispered. "It's probably Glench. If it is he, take him to Miss Toland in the library. She knows what to do."

Glench it was, and Morton, his face like a mask, ushered the bristling politician through the hall and into the library. After the man had passed through, the butler remained there as though he were on guard. Patricia and Fennister met in the hall, paused a moment to compose themselves, and then went down the front steps, where Mason was waiting with the girl's roadster.

"Mr. Fennister and I have an errand to do," Pat explained to the man. "I'll drive myself, Mason."

"Thank you, miss," the man returned. "I hope your father's well this morning?"

"Yes. Yes, thanks, Mason. He's resting now."

Fennister helped her into the car, and as he sat down beside her he glanced upward toward Old Tim's window. Old Tim, however, was not at the window.

As Patricia slipped the car into gear and started away the old man lay in his bed, and the glitter was gone from his eyes because they rested upon the picture in oils that hung above the fireplace. He lay there, silent and heedless, his gaze caught upon the picture of his wife. At times he struggled weakly to drag it away, but the face there on the canvas held him. This woman was gazing down at the prone figure. Her eyes were wide and clear, and she was smiling. She was the only woman to whom Old Tim had ever given his trust, and now she smiled down upon him as he lay there, sick and tired, in his bed; and the smile hurt Old Tim. It seemed to him that she was smiling because he finally was stricken down and confined to his bed. And this, in fact, might have been so because, though Old Tim did not suspect it, he never was to rise again from that bed.

XVIII

PATRICIA CALLAHAN and Walter Fennister were married shortly after noon that day. The ceremony took place in the home of a justice of the peace, and the two immediately got in the roadster and started homeward. On the way they paused at a roadside inn for tea, and there they were able to get the earlier editions of the daily papers.

Three things were featured in the news. The first was the lamentable position in which Timothy Callahan, Junior, found himself. A true bill of indictment had already been returned against him and the district attorney made promise of a prompt trial with every effort bent toward just conviction and severe sentence. This portion of the news Fennister managed with some slight degree of success to keep from Patricia.

The lawsuit against Martin Spurgeon by Diamond Mike was also front-page material and the wisdom of Old Tim in playing openly and generously to the political writers was never more evident. This supposed contact between Jim Booley, the political leader, and Diamond Mike, the gunman, spoke for itself. The lawsuit Fennister recognized as the master stroke of an unscrupulous, thoroughly schooled political conniver. If, alone, it was not sufficient to break the back of the Booley party, it certainly sufficed when coupled with the third news item about John Glench and his withdrawal from the race.

"I'll be glad, dear," Fennister said with some weariness, "when all this is over. It will be good to get back into Mr. Trago's office and feel that whatever I do builds toward our future together."

"I'll be happy too," Pat answered earnestly. "Happier than even you can guess, Walter. I hate politics. Hate it as I never have hated anything before. I suppose, unless daddy cuts me off, I'll be very rich some day, and probably I owe that to politics. But I want you to know," she added quickly, leaning across the table and catching his hand under hers, "that I don't care a snap of the finger whether he cuts me off or not. Money never brought me happiness. It's worth all the money in the world just to be able to live your own life the way you want to live it."

And Fennister accepted this with the happiness and the confidence characteristic of youth.

"At least," he laughed, "we're married, Pat. And we're both of age. They can't annul the wedding. If I've deprived you of riches, I'll try to make up for it with other things."

Pat laughed. "If you've deprived me of all the money in the world," she answered, "I'm still in your debt. You saved me from Hector Sparr."

(Continued on Page 84)

Mrs. Knowles Was There With the Girl, and Her Eyes Were Wide as She Listened to Every Detail of the Elopement

CARS THAT STAY YOUNG

Look for car beauty, of course, but also make sure of the extra thousands of trouble-free miles that come with a "Timken Bearing Equipped" car.

Consult the list—note where the Timken Bearings are—give thought to the hard service points that need this extra protection and safety—that is the way to measure car worth in terms of continued youth.

For unequalled staying qualities are definitely assured by the combination of tapered construction, *POSITIVELY ALIGNED ROLLS* and Timken-made steel—*found only in Timken Bearings.*

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Make	Model	Front Wheels	Rear Wheels	Pinion	Steering	Differential
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	Plymouth	x	x	x		x
	66, 70, 77	x	x	x		x
	Imperial	x				x
Cord	All	x	x		x	x
Cunningham	All	x	x	x		x
Dodge	All	x	x			x
Durant	40, 60, 63, 66	x	x	x		
	70	x	x	x		x
	75	x	x	x		x
Elcar	95, 96, 120	x	x			x
Ford	All	x		x	x	x
Franklin	All	x	x	x	x	x
Gardner	All	x	x	x		x
Graham-Paige	612	x	x	x	x	x
	615	x	x			x
	621, 827, 837	x	x		x	x
Hennev	All	x	x	x		x
Hudson and Essex	All	x	x	x		x
Hupmobile	Model S	x	x	x	x	x
	Model C	x	x	x	x	x
Jordan	All	x	x	x		x
Kissel	75 & 95	x	x	x		x
	126	x	x	x	x	x
Kleiber		x	x	x		x
La Salle	All					x
Lincoln	All	x	x	x	x	x
Locomobile	86 & 88	x	x			x
Marmon	68	x				x
	78		x			x
	Roosevelt	x	x	x		x
McFarlan	All	x	x	x		x
Moon	All	x	x	x		x
Nash	Std 6	x	x	x	x	x
	All	x	x		x	x
Peerless	All	x	x			x
Pierce-Arrow	All	x	x	x	x	x
Reo Flying Cloud	The Master	x	x		x	x
	Flying Cloud	x	x			x
Roamer		x	x	x		x
Stearns-Knight	6-80	x	x	x	x	x
	8-90	x	x	x	x	x
Studebaker and Erskine	All	x	x	x	x	x
Stutz	All	x	x	x		x
Willys-Knight and Whippet	All	x	x	x	x	x

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College Education and the Job

By ELIZABETH FRAZER

I AM going to state my main thesis — or perhaps you might call it my main kick — bluntly and without circumlocution," said one of the higher executives of a great industrial corporation whom I had asked to discuss the advantages of the average college education to a young man desiring to engage in a business career.

"The trouble with the average liberal-arts education," continued this executive, "is that it does not fit a man for a business career. Instead of being in close and constant contact with industry—with its needs, its pulse, its progress and almost day-to-day changes—the colleges are removed; there's a great gulf fixed, which has somehow to be bridged. And industry has to do the bridging. Young liberal-arts graduates come to us with their college diplomas, and we find we have to train them all over again. They have spent four years during the most formative period of their lives in a place where the mental pace has been easy, leisurely; they have acquired lazy habits of thinking; they lack accuracy and swiftness in mastering all the details of a given proposition; they are wanting in initiative, drive. Most of them have no established work habit, or even a speaking acquaintance with actual conditions in industrial or commercial life. Along with their diplomas they have acquired what practically amounts to a four-year handicap.

"Officials from educational institutions often come into this office and say, 'Sketch out a program for us. Tell us your needs.' But industry can't do that. Why? Because business nowadays moves so fast, the current is so swift, the changes so constant—old methods and processes scrapped overnight and new ones installed—that, even if we were to work out such a program, by the time a student completed that course he would be four years behind the times. In order effectively to bridge the gap now existing between the universities and business, there should be a constant interchange of ideas, methods, processes, so that education and industry would be like two trains racing close together on parallel tracks and not, as is now the case, proceeding at right angles to each other, with different methods and goals.

"Let me tell you," he went on earnestly, "what I regard as a very significant sign of the times in the growing dissatisfaction which industrial leaders feel toward the institutions of higher learning and the standardized type of graduates they are turning out in mass production. The significant sign of the times is this: Whenever you get a group of big business men together, talking over things in general, the conversation inevitably turns to the subject of education. And then the lid is off! Each one will tell you what he considers the main defects of the present system and what his company is doing to correct those defects. It is a burning issue with all of them. And it is a burning issue because the future of their organizations is at stake. They're all out looking for first-class human material to build up strong organizations, competing with one another, combing the colleges and high schools with a fine-tooth comb to obtain the right kind of men and boys—and they're not getting them. There's the rub."

ILLUSTRATED BY WYNCIE KING

A Problem With Which Employers Have to Deal

Education for College Graduates

I MENTIONED the fact that in the course of my investigation upon this subject the dean of a first-class technical institute had told me that the seniors were so sought after by representatives of various corporations, competing with one another, striving to persuade the students to join their own organizations, that the atmosphere was like that of a big employment office; the interruptions were so incessant that the last year's work of the seniors was seriously hampered. The dean added that these constant visitations constituted a serious nuisance.

"I know that is the case," replied the executive with a laugh, "and representatives from my company are probably among the offenders. But what are we to do? We've got to have the right kind of material to build up our great organizations, and, to put it bluntly, the right kind is as scarce as the dickens. The wrong kind is a glut on the market; but we don't want it, not even for office boys. So the old fellows, the leaders, many of them bred up in the rugged pioneer school of yesterday, sit back on their haunches and howl at the present system of education which is not giving them what they want. What they want is strength, and they're getting weakness, mediocrity; they want quality, and they're getting quantity, a standardized mass product. And they're scared about it. The outlook alarms them. And each one is trying to find a remedy for the situation. But the significant fact is that industry itself has envisaged the seriousness of the problem and is grappling with it practically.

"Now, the upshot of this scarcity of the right kind of young men is that industry itself has been forced to go into the educational field to train and to retrain young men for its own purposes and needs. Many of the larger corporations have installed special educational departments or bureaus with budgets running into millions of dollars. Our own company at present has such a far-flung educational program, ramifying in so many directions, that this month we are calling a conference of the educational bureaus of all the subsidiaries to exchange viewpoints and to work out even more practical programs. For we are not like the colleges in one important respect; in this educational work we are expending large sums of money, for which we are directly responsible to the stockholders, and therefore we are bound to show practical results. The colleges, unfortunately, are not under any such compulsion.

"It is interesting to study the educational lay-out of one of these great corporations and observe wherein their methods differ from public institutions. You will find some very clear cleavage lines. Let us take, for example, the last report of the educational activities of the various subsidiaries which compose this corporation. Here is the synopsis of educational work done by one of our subsidiaries. It consists of a course of studies designed to train men for manufacturing work. There is a separate corps of instructors, and knowledge of the various processes is given by direct contact with operations and materials in the mills, supplemented by individual instruction and group conferences. The manager of the plant, sometimes accompanied by the assistant or the superintendent of the department, attends meetings which are arranged by the executives of the operating department. These meetings are frequent, and subjects relating to methods, processes and practices are prominent features of the program. The group conferences are held for the discussion of specific subjects. Usually representatives of the engineer's department and the research laboratory attend in order to assist in the discussions. Also, well-known experts in various lines make periodic visits to instruct the students.

"These courses are not free. Each man pays a definite fee. The classes and conferences are usually, though not always, held at night, as the men work in the daytime. Boys out of high school, noncollege men, graduates from liberal-arts colleges and technical institutes form the student personnel.

"Now let us analyze this synopsis a bit. The first point that strikes the eye is that students are acquiring the practical training right along with the theory and book knowledge. They are in close touch with actual conditions at every step of the course. There is no gulf between theory and practice such as you observe in academic institutions, where the knowledge imparted is abstract, divorced from actual conditions and practices, and the students are imprisoned in a vacuum, so to speak. That is one complaint which industry makes against the average college-trained man—especially the graduate from the liberal-arts courses—he has no acquaintance with actual conditions; his knowledge is purely book knowledge; put him at a concrete task and he fumbles; he's all up in the air or else he's asleep at the switch. Industry, in entering the educational field, has tried to correct this defect; it ties up theory and practice in a double bowknot, for it realizes that theory illumines the practice, and the practice makes the theory understandable and paves the way for the next higher step."

How Does He Work?

"THERE is another point I'd like to emphasize in our educational work: We make our students pay for their education. We tried out the free system, but it was not successful. The fact is, people value more the things they have to pay good hard cash for, and they undervalue the things they get free. When we began to charge a fee, our courses were better attended, and by a higher class of men. They began to appreciate the instruction when they had to hand over their hard-won earnings to pay for it. And I often think that the students at our great universities would get more out of their four years if they had to earn the money themselves—or at least a portion of it—to pay for the instruction.

"And now let us take another subsidiary, which conducts a student-apprentice course designed to prepare young men for executive positions. Naturally, these young men are hand-picked and require the highest recommendations from the superintendent, the manager and the educational bureau. Some of these students are technical graduates; some have taken our own courses. Note the qualities upon which the superintendent reports:

"'1. Consider the ease with which this employe is able to learn new methods; the ease with which he follows directions. Rate him as follows: Very superior, learns with ease, ordinary, slow, dull.

"'2. Consider the amount of work he accomplishes; the promptness with which he completes it.

"'3. Consider the neatness and accuracy of his work, and his ability constantly to maintain high workmanship in these respects.

(Continued on Page 42)

for Economical Transportation

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Ten Minutes at the wheel - convinces

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All prices f. o. b. factory, Flint, Michigan

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
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A SIX IN THE PRICE RANGE OF THE FOUR

(Continued from Page 40)

"'4. Consider his energy and his application to the duties of his job day in and day out.

"'5. Consider his success in going ahead with a task without being told every detail; his ability to make practical suggestions for doing things in new and better ways.

"'6. Consider his attitude of helpfulness to others; his inclination to coöperate in manner as well as in act with associates and superiors. Rate him as follows: Highly coöperative, coöperative, not helpful, difficult to handle, obstructionist.

"'7. Consider his present knowledge of his work and of other work related to it.'

"Here again, you see, the emphasis is placed upon actual performance, the man's reactions to his work, and, what is equally important in business, his reactions to his associates as they are revealed in his day-to-day contacts.

"In some of our plants we have applied this principle of 'work while you learn' with considerable success in what are known as coöperative courses. Here the educational bureau of the company makes an arrangement with certain colleges which permits the student employe to divide his time equally between attending college and working in industry. Boys are paired, one in school, the other in the plant. The advantage of such a method is that the young man is being trained in actual conditions of industry at the same time that he receives his academic instruction; thus theory and practice march hand in hand, as they must always march in actual life. At the present time we have thirty-six young men who are alternating in this fashion, as well as a number of graduates who are employed by the organization. The reactions of these young chaps when they get into college are very interesting. In the first place, their work experience has made them keen as a razor; they don't swallow down the academic theories and pabulum wholesale, they masticate thoroughly; and it frequently happens that they are able to check up the professor on what is actually going on in industry."

Linking Practice and Theory

"I REMEMBER a case in point. It was young Brown, two years in industry and two years in college. The instructor had been explaining some technical matter at length. When he finished, young Brown said, 'Yeah, but that's all outdated now. It went on the slag heap the year I started to work for the C Plant.' And it was true.

"In turn, the fundamental principles which the lads get in a first-class educational institution are invaluable in broadening their vision when they return to industry. Let me give you another illustration. One of these coöperative men had graduated and returned to the plant. His direct superior, an old-timer at the works, smart as a whip in his own line, but without book education, ordered the young man to make a design for a cam. The lad asked a few questions and said he'd figure on it.

"'Yeah,' barked the old fellow, 'figger, will ye? That's all you book fellers know how to do. Well, I'm here to tell ye that ye can't make that design by figgerin'. I've worked five years on that proposition, trial and error, with the thing right under my eye, and the only design that'll work is locked up in the safe. You figgerin' sharks give me a pain.'

"The youngster was nettled; he went away, and some days later returned. 'I've got something here,' he said, 'which I think might work. I'd like to compare it with yours.'

Old Trial and Error took the boy's design and compared it with his own. The two were identical.

"'You stole my design!' yelled the old fellow. It was hard to convince him that it was not theft but simply a superior knowledge of fundamental principles which had enabled the youth, in a few hours of concentrated labor, to achieve the same result which had taken five years to accomplish, working by rule of thumb.

"We have numerous other educational courses, but those already described will serve to illustrate industry's line of attack in the educational field. We are insisting that theory and practice shall be linked up together—the two faces of education, each vitally necessary if the youth is to succeed out in the business world—and this link-up should come in the early, plastic years; textbook knowledge should not be divorced from the knowledge that springs from actual experience in the workaday world. That it is so divorced is the present contention of industry, and great business corporations are spending millions to remedy this situation.

"This brings me directly to the second problem with which employers have to deal in hiring the average college graduate. These men as a rule lack the work habit. The exceptions are those who through necessity have worked their way through college, but the proportion of these is not large enough to affect the general situation. As I said in the beginning, the great business corporations of the country realize that they are confronting a serious problem in this respect; there is a scarcity of the right kind of young men who will start in at the bottom of a concern, do their share of the dirty work and take their chances at climbing up. The average college man doesn't want to do that; he wants something superior as a start off—at least, a white-collar job. And so, industry is asking the question: Where are we going to find young men—the right kind of young men—with brains and character, who have an established work habit? And that query extends even to the employment of boys—lads from fifteen to eighteen. Boys also are getting scarce. And corporations which employ them in large numbers as pages, messengers, and so on, with the expectation that they will work up into responsible positions in the organization later on, are experiencing a great difficulty in finding the right kind; they are sending out representatives to recruit the lads from high schools. The competition is intense, for the demand for first-class boys available for business greatly exceeds the supply. So the educational departments of the large corporations are giving serious attention to the boy problem as well as to the man problem.

"Now this scarcity of young men with the work habit has a definite relationship to our old immigration policy. In those almost prehistoric days before the war, we imported great floods of foreigners who did the manual labor in our various industrial enterprises. In 1914 more than a million foreign souls came to America and sought jobs in mills, mines, transportation and construction work. Now, with our restrictive policy in effect, we have been forced to rely more upon our own young men; and here we are confronted by the grave problem of the no-work habit. Perhaps it was a wise thing for the healthy development of this nation to have the foreign supply cut off, for we were breeding up a generation of youths who scorned manual labor, who refused to compete or mingle with the foreign groups, or even to do the type of work in which the latter were employed. Rough, manual work was considered by many degrading, not good enough for a proud, free-born, native American. Now our own native young men have to do their share of the dirty work, college education or no college education. Somehow or other, this country must restore the dignity to manual labor which was one of the biggest assets of success in its pioneer development."

What Price Diplomas?

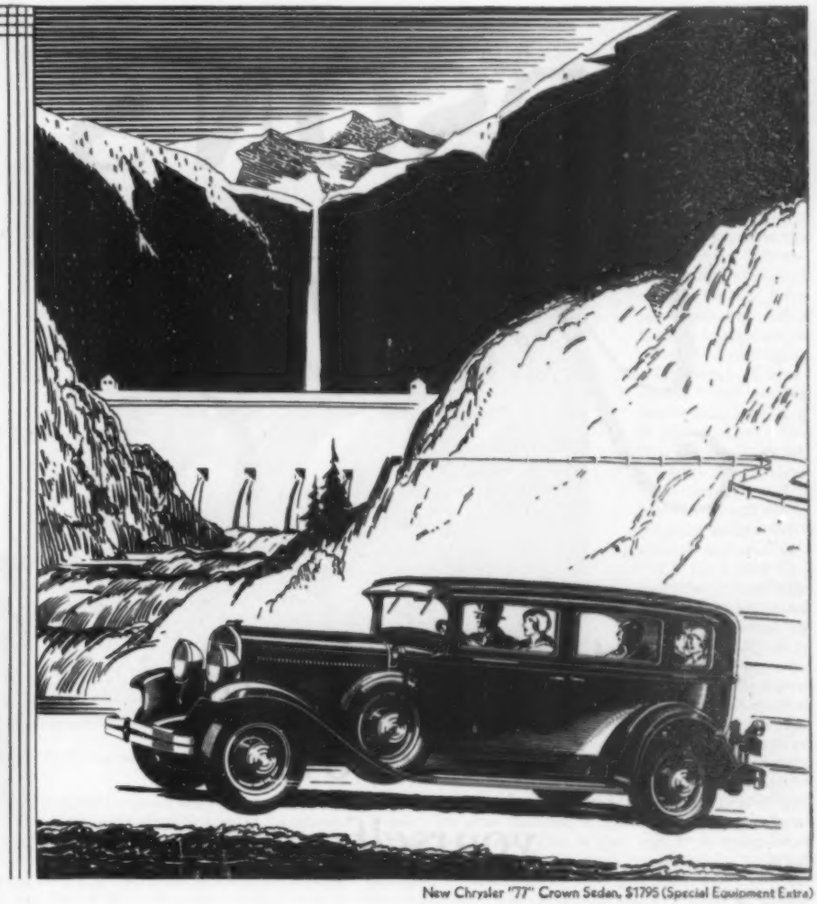
"IN THIS second problem industry is not getting overmuch aid from the colleges, and so here again it is working out its own salvation. More and more we are saying to all who come seeking a job, no matter what their educational background, 'Go stand in line at the gate of the plant; take a rough-neck job.' We are insisting on the baptism of work.

"Let us look at this subject from another angle. Are college men preferred in industry today? I am often asked that question and I reply with another question: 'What do you mean by a college education? Do you mean the mere possession of a diploma?' Then I would reply emphatically no. It all depends, to begin with, on what a lad possesses in the way of character and mentality, and second, what he has done with himself during those four years. Nowadays so many young people go to college, and for so many ulterior reasons besides study—athletics, fraternities, social prestige, parental pressure, or merely because all the other fellows are doing it—that it has come to be a case of mass production. College graduates are a glut on the market. And the greater the number of them, the less valuable is the mere possession of a college diploma. That is the law of supply and demand. College education is tending to become quantitative instead of qualitative, but industry, in picking young men, is obliged to be qualitative every time. That means that we have to go behind the diploma and make our own tests.

"One cause for this rapid increase in higher education has been the unparalleled prosperity of this country among all classes during the last decade. According to the latest government report on education, 142,000 men were enrolled in colleges in 1917–18; in 1925–26, 509,000 were enrolled, and today the figure is around 600,000. Many working-class people, who a decade ago would have sent their sons directly to work, are now so prosperous in this era of high wages that they feel they must give their children the opportunities they themselves

(Continued on Page 110)

Graduates Think They Ought to Get Good Jobs



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POPULATIONS—By Isaac F. Marcosson

WHENEVER a foreigner outside the immigrant class is detained or barred at the port of New York or elsewhere on our coast, the European press goes up in the air. At once it sees another unjust Yankee discrimination against the alien and proclaims it part of a larger, pernicious program of exclusion.

The truth of the matter is that the restriction shoe is largely on the other foot. Although the American tourist does not realize it, Europe at the present time is a welter of new immigration and emigration laws which make it increasingly difficult for the Continental, especially if he wants to take a job, to enter a neighboring country.

Moreover, a new value has been placed upon the migrant. In some instances he is not allowed to leave his habitat without a pledge to return at a given time.

Greek and Armenian Child Refugees Awaiting Repatriation in Turkey

Yet populations are constantly increasing and the struggle for existence must go on amid the overcrowding. Still the nomadic instinct persists, and with it a more materialistic incentive. New lands hold out the lure of opportunity, but with so many doors closed the emigrant, figuratively, finds himself all dressed up with nowhere to go.

Wherever you turn abroad you find some type of restriction that confutes the prevailing foreign idea that we have a monopoly on it. Though any British subject of good morals, for example, can enter the United Kingdom, the British dominions, notably Canada and Australia, are far more exclusive in their attitude toward the mother country. Their foursquare stand for "a white man's country" is enhanced by an equally strong determination to have no congestion of industrial personnel even by their own kinsmen of the Commonwealth of Nations.

The so-called alien worker is "any foreigner who lives in a country with the sole object of working there temporarily." The alien worker now has a definite status, as is shown by the various international labor treaties. These provide for the legalized importation of aliens. Due to her shortage of man power, France has negotiated labor treaties, for example, with Poland, Italy, Czecho-Slovakia and Belgium. The Italians work on the roads and the Belgians and Poles in the sugar-beet fields during harvest time. Germany also imports a considerable number of Polish workers for her sugar-beet industry.

Emigration Barriers

THE most significant of all the postwar changes, however, is in the rearing of barriers. Nearly every country has acquired the habit which brings us to the primary provocation for this article. Most of the major European restrictions have grown out of war necessity—that is, self-defense—or the postwar desire for economic security. Another contributory cause developed from the orgy of self-determination which gave birth to a whole brood of small states. They have fostered a strong nationalistic sentiment, which has found expression in immigration barriers. The experience of the past ten years shows that the smaller the country the cockier is its attitude toward its fellows. Whatever the cause, restriction is having its full day not only in Europe but wherever there is a border to beat.

There is every variety of restriction that human impulse and ingenuity can devise. One, of course, is what is technically termed the quantitative restriction, of which the most outstanding example is our quota system. This will be dealt with in detail later on, with special reference to the national-origins plan. What is termed qualitative restriction means censorship of character as well as pecuniary considerations. Here the moral eligibility of the immigrant is diagnosed. Selective restriction is a consideration of the adaptability of the incomer to the agricultural or industrial needs of the receiving country. This is becoming more and more a part of our own quota system, and deservedly so.

There is still another wrinkle in this new world immigration scheme. Some countries, such as Russia, prohibit emigration except for those officially sponsored advance agents, accelerators and capitalizers of unrest and disaster, otherwise known as Bolshevik propagandists. France frowns on the migration of her nationals, and with good reason, for her birth rate is still low. Other nations, though not altogether discouraging emigration, seek to diminish it and provide for the ultimate return of the wanderer. Poland is a case in point. She has a reëmigration department, which provides assistance to returning emigrants for settlement on the land.

Third come the countries — especially those dismembered and impoverished by the war—which definitely encourage emigration. Austria provides transportation for those of her nationals who want to go abroad. Grants were made by the state for the settlement of Austrian emigrants on land provided by Russia. It also financed a movement of agricultural workers to Canada. This is also true of overpopulated countries. Japan has subsidized her emigrants to Brazil and Peru. South America is becoming the new haven for the Japanese. With small populations such as obtain south of Panama, there is little likelihood that this type of immigration will develop into a national problem.

PHOTOS. FROM KEYSTONE VIEW COMPANY

Dr. Fridtjof Nansen (Second From Right) Inspecting Russian Refugees at Rodosto, Turkey

Britain's Distribution Problem

IN FACT, South America is the one part of the world where the gates are wide open. Brazil and Argentina welcome immigration, Brazil repaying the traveling expenses of agricultural immigrants, especially those who take permanent employment on the coffee plantations. Argentina is desirous of developing a country which has a population of, roughly, 10,000,000, when it could support ten times as many people. Belgium, Holland and Switzerland substantially aid their emigrants.

This encouraged emigration, as it is called, is not only inter-nation—that is, from one country to another—but intraempire as well. Such internal movements are more simplified than international migrations. Results, however, have not been altogether satisfactory. The most interesting illustration is afforded by the British Empire, the two major centers of emigration being Great Britain and India. Events in the former have a peculiar interest because they were devised largely to reduce unemployment, which, between 1918 and the end of 1928, has cost the British Government nearly $5,000,000,000 in doles and other charges on idleness.

This, however, constitutes only one reason. At the Imperial Conference in 1926 a definite agreement was entered into for coöperation, so as to make possible a more equitable distribution of the white populations over all parts of the empire. A glance at empire population figures reveals the urgent need of such procedure. The total white population is 60,000,000, of which two-thirds are crowded into Great Britain. This means that there are only 20,000,000 in the dominions and colonies. The population of all Australia is not as great

as that of greater London, while West Australia alone is about ten times the size of the mother country and has few more inhabitants than Bristol, England. In Australia there is an average of 1.8 persons for every square mile. About half of the population resides in five cities, the smallest of which has 191,800 inhabitants. Canada, which is as large as Europe, has only 9,700,000 people.

The movement to redistribute the white population of the empire takes the form of assisted journeys, as they are called, through which the government provides adults with fares at reduced rates to Australia, Canada, New Zealand and Southern Rhodesia. There is also financial aid for the purchase of land in these areas, for the erection of farmhouses and the acquisition of livestock and equipment. Agricultural schools are run by the various dominion governments to train the young migrant, either in Great Britain before departure, or in Australia, Canada or New Zealand after arrival. Every British immigrant becomes a member of a privileged class. New Zealand has reached the point where she admits only immigrants of British birth.

The Empire Settlement Act of 1922—the most pretentious of all the plans—represents the combined objective of reduced unemployment and distributed population. It was organized and endowed jointly by the British Government and the dominion governments, and has the aid of various voluntary emigration schemes, such as the one instituted by the late Earl Haig to provide work for demobilized soldiers. The equivalent of nearly $15,000,000 is available every year. At the outset it was confidently expected that from 60,000 to 80,000 British would avail themselves of the opportunities, which include free passage and land and loans on the easiest possible terms. Less than half of the expected number have emigrated every twelve months.

A Decline in Our Immigration

THE failure of the empire settlement scheme to initiate anything like a mass movement out of Great Britain that would relieve congestion and make for employment stability is due, for one thing, to the fact that the dyed-in-the-wool Londoner, and especially the cockney, does not want to leave his native heath.

The second is that the dole has subsidized idleness to such an extent that the habit of work has become a lost art with hundreds of thousands of people. Many British children have grown up on the dole, have never earned a penny through their own efforts, and have, naturally, lost the initiative to labor. Many authorities have pointed out that the only solution of the problem lies in assisting boys in the various English towns to emigrate. By catching them young, new habits of life can be inculcated.

PHOTOS FROM WIDE WORLD

Two Hundred Orientals in a Single Party Arriving in the United States

For many years the emigration of Indian coolies—that is, from British India—was an international problem. Parts of the empire, like the Union of South Africa, objected to their presence because they brought with them a low standard of life. They complicated an already acute race problem due to the excess of Kafirs and other blacks over the whites. The migration of coolies is now restricted to British Guiana, Ceylon, the Federated and Unfederated Malay States and the Straits Settlements.

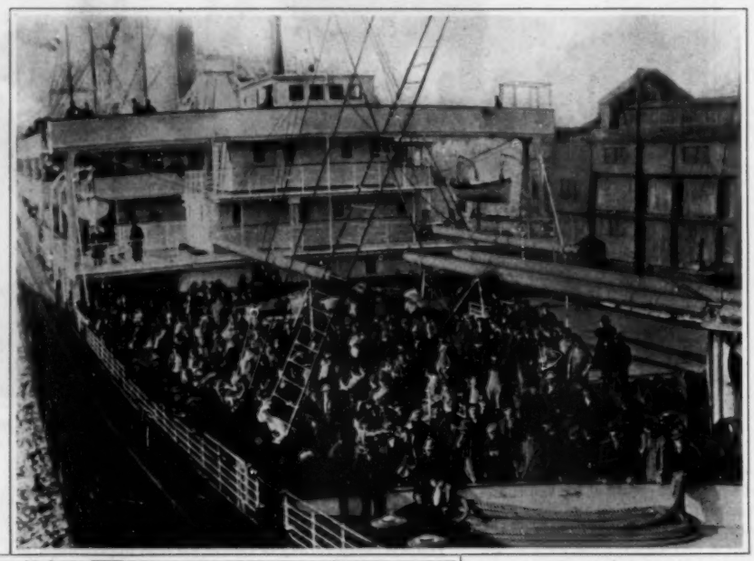
The British attempt to distribute and regulate empire emigration brings to mind the failure of another kindred effort which has a definite American end. Japan is far more congested than Great Britain, yet, like the British, the Japanese are inclined to stick close at home save where they can migrate to a congenial clime. This is why California, Washington and Oregon became the objectives of so many, in spite of the inducements that the Japanese Government has held out to her nationals to settle in Korea, which it controls, and that part of Manchuria which is under Nipponese sovereignty. Korea and Manchuria have been almost complete colonization failures because the climate is rigorous. Barred out of the United States, the Japanese have now pointed their compass, as I have already indicated, to South America, where there is no appreciable discrimination against them. Consistency is not always observed in immigration. The Japanese, for example, exclude Chinese and Koreans from Japan, yet raise a violent protest against our exclusion laws.

We can now examine the effects of postwar restrictive immigration measures. The first big fact that stands out is that prior to 1914 fully 50 per cent of the total number of European immigrants—I quote the figures of the International Labor Office—came to the United States. Between 1901 and 1910 the average number leaving Austria-Hungary, Belgium, Denmark, Finland, Germany, Great Britain and Ireland, Italy, Portugal, Spain, Sweden and Switzerland was 1,000,000, while from 1911 to 1913 it reached 1,370,000. We got half. During this 1911–1913 period, Italy led with 408,550, while Great Britain and Ireland were second with 390,292.

It is interesting to compare these big totals with the present quotas. Under the national-origins system, Italy's allocation is 5802 a year, while that of Great Britain and Northern Ireland is 65,721. That of the Irish Free State, formerly included with Great Britain and Ireland, is 17,853.

Since the war the outward stream from Europe follows a different course. That prewar half of the European exodus that flocked to our side became two-fifths in 1923, while in 1924 it went down to one-fifth, and practically remains at this point. The quota system, of course, turned the trick.

European migration continues at an increased rate from some countries. Where do the people go? One part remains on the Continent, thus stimulating the intra-Continental flow. Labor treaties, for example, are periodically sending into France thousands of Poles, Italians, Czecho-Slovakians and Belgians who would have gone to the United States if entry were possible. They are also shifting Poles into Germany. In addition, many Germans of Upper Silesia, which Poland obtained from Germany under a decision of the League of Nations, are settling in the old homeland, helping to swell the already-swollen Teutonic population.



Immigrants Seeking New Homes in the New World

The ruling passion to settle in America remains strong, however. To illustrate: In 1925 the Italian Government received 600,000 applications for emigrant passports to the United States and was able to issue on an average of only 173 a month. Without the quota system this horde would have landed in our midst, further to congest city life. The decline in movement from Southeastern Europe to the United States is matched by corresponding decreases from the northern races. British emigration has dropped from 36.3 per cent to 11.1 per cent, and the German from 80.6 per cent to 38.6 per cent of the total emigration of these two countries to our side.

An Exodus to Latin America

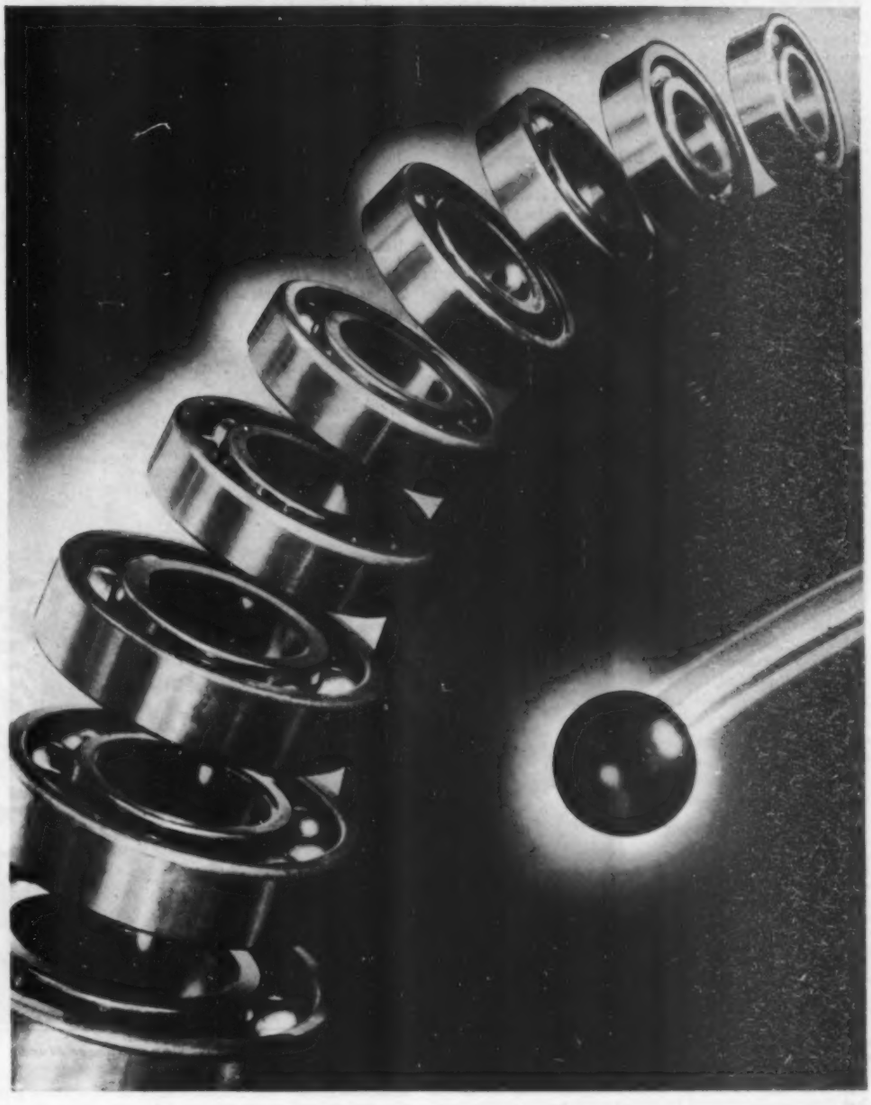
THE most interesting change is in the growing exodus to Latin America, which now absorbs the bulk of the overflow that would have inundated us. Through the influx of thousands of Germans, Southern Brazil is again reasserting itself as one of the most important of Teutonic over-sea strongholds. The long-established German colonies in Chile are also being reënforced. The Germans are also going to their old colonies such as Kenya, which was formerly German East Africa, and to other British dominions where they can get a foothold.

In this connection it may be worth while to dwell for a moment on a scheme which has been propounded by Dr. H. Schacht, president of the Reichsbank, which may help to solve Germany's emigration problem and at the same time bring about a readjustment of the world raw-material situation. Schacht has proposed that a great international corporation be formed, with Great Britain, the United States and France as the principal stockholders. This corporation is to lay out immense rubber, cotton and sisal plantations in areas where these products can be grown, to be operated by German labor. The idea is to make it an economic proposition, pure and simple, free from any political control and manipulation. The plan is projected solely to give Germany a look-in on much-needed raw materials.

The Italians have resumed their migration to South America. Their principal objective is Argentina, which in some postwar years has taken half of the total Italian emigration. The figures for 1924—the proportion still holds good—show other European trends toward Argentina. Again I use the International Labor Office figures. Nearly 25 per cent of all the emigrating Poles, 46 per cent of the Spanish, and 22.4 per cent of the Jugo-Slavs settle there. Brazil has attracted a large percentage of Portuguese, Hungarians and Jugo-Slavs. The movement of emigrants from Central European states has been toward the British dominions, especially Canada and Australia.

(Continued on Page 48)

NEW DEPARTURE BALL BEARINGS



NOTHING ROLLS LIKE A BALL

FRICTION FATHERS WEAR— wear necessitates adjustment. Proof that New Departure Ball Bearings reduce friction and wear to negligible factors is their complete freedom from need of adjustment, even after years of the most arduous service. Manufactured to standards inconceivably fine, New Departure Ball Bearings, throughout their long life, prove, in power saved, adjustments eliminated, and replacements avoided, that nothing rolls like a ball.

NEW DEPARTURE MANUFACTURING COMPANY BRISTOL CONN.

(Continued from Page 46)

Summed up, postwar European emigration, though smaller in numbers than in prewar days, is far more diversified. Instead of mass concentration under Uncle Sam's umbrella, there is a wide scattering elsewhere.

What concerns us mainly is the restrictions in countries with which we have the closest contact. In view of British sensitiveness about the immigration bars set up by other peoples, let us first see just what they are doing in the matter of alien regulation and exclusion.

I have before me a document authorized by the Alien's Order of 1920, which I obtained at the Home Office. It covers procedure regarding the entry of foreigners for employment in Great Britain and is one of the finest little restriction Bibles that can be found anywhere. American actors and musicians and some artisans have run afoul of its prohibitions.

To Safeguard British Workers

AT THE outset, the Memorandum, as it is officially designated, states that under Article 1 of the Alien's Order of 1920 it is provided that an alien shall not be permitted to land unless, "if desirous of entering the service of an employer in the United Kingdom, he produces a permit in writing for his engagement issued to the employer by the Minister of Labor." This permit requirement is in addition to any other conditions and requirements imposed upon foreigners generally. It does not apply, however, to a foreigner who enters the country to take up business on his own account, to become a partner in a business, or to accept the position of director of a company registered under the British Companies Act. All foreigners—they total 142,725 men and women and comprise 0.7 per cent of the total population—permanently resident and "gainfully occupied" in Great Britain are also immune, being considered part of the labor available in the country.

Section 4 gets to the meat of the business, for it says:

> In view of the prevailing volume of unemployment and to safeguard the interests of British workers, the admission of newcomers for employment is closely restricted. In general, the employer applying for a permit is required (1) to give a guaranty that no labor will be displaced; (2) to satisfy the following conditions:
>
> (a) He must prove that every possible effort has been made without success to find suitable labor from among permanent residents in this country, and
>
> (b) The wages to be paid to the foreigners must not be less than those usually received by British employes for similar work.

Permits are not issued to enable any employer to obtain labor from abroad to meet a seasonal demand, such as to augment the supply of dressmakers and milliners during "the season" or agricultural workers during a harvest period. They are issued with greater freedom to female domestic servants, family governesses and foreign-correspondence clerks, subject to the usual alien conditions.

There is also some degree of elasticity in what is referred to as the "entertainment industry." It is the practice to grant limited permits to performers of international reputation for performances "presenting special features of novelty or attractiveness." "Experience shows," it is stated further, "that the effect of an international exchange of entertainers is in the long run to improve the prospects of employment in this industry."

This provision, however, is not so amiable as it appears, because our actors and musicians, especially the latter, have faced a considerable degree of discrimination. England has become jazz mad, yet it has become extremely difficult for an American jazz band to break in. The United States also bars British jazz bands. An example of the conditions laid down is gained from the following quotation from the Memorandum to which I have been referring:

> If the employer desires to bring in a complete band to play for dancing, he is required to engage, or to continue to engage, a British band equal in size to the alien band. If it is proposed to augment a British dance band by the introduction of alien musicians of outstanding ability, such introduction may be permitted up to about 25 per cent, on condition that no British player is discharged to make room for the aliens. Complete bands to play symphony or national music, such as an Hungarian Tzigane company, are admitted on an assurance that no British band or British player is being displaced, and that the alien band will not play for dancing. No condition other than a limitation of the period of stay in this country is, in general, imposed in the case of concert instrumentalists and persons giving stage performances at music halls.

In connection with British restrictions against alien musicians—even tourist musicians have difficulty in playing an engagement there—is a memorandum made by one of America's most prominent orchestra leaders on his experiences in London. It was included in Secretary of Labor Davis' annual report for 1927, and reads:

> I was allowed with my band to go to England and play in the London Hippodrome, and in the London Hippodrome only, for a period of six weeks. On arriving in London, I was immediately called upon to play numerous engagements other than my theatrical booking. I was immediately informed by the Minister of Labor that in as much as I was engaged only to play a contract engagement, I could not play single engagements, thereby interfering with the work of the English musicians. It was outlined to me that if I were to play other than at the Hippodrome, I would be obliged to engage as many English musicians as Americans for the members of my band, and that I would have personally to rehearse and direct the combination. The English musicians at once said that they knew as much about jazz as I did, and refused to be rehearsed by me. Then they turned around and reported to the Ministry of Labor that I had refused to rehearse them. I have since had an opportunity to send a band to the Grafton Galleries, but the Ministry of Labor refused the permits.

PHOTO, FROM WIDE WORLD

London's Unemployed on a Hunger March

The restrictions on actors also deserve a little section all their own. No foreign Thespian can enter England with a view to seeking employment. He or she must have a definite contract. It is generally understood that any foreign player working in England—four out of every five are American—is considered practically immune from Ministry of Labor provisions if he gets a salary equivalent to $100 a week or more. Any performer receiving less is likely to be construed as a displacer of a British actor or actress and may come under the ban.

An amusing story is told in this connection. An English manager hired an American actress to play the part of an American girl in a London production at a salary of seventy-five dollars a week. When he applied to the Ministry of Labor for a permit he was told that he must cancel the engagement and hire an Englishwoman for the part.

He remonstrated, saying: "But the rôle is that of an American girl and I must have an American for it."

The Ministry of Labor official then replied, "It makes no difference. You must employ a British subject."

Whereupon the manager increased the American girl's salary to the equivalent of $100 a week and she filled the engagement. The ill wind of restriction blew her good in the shape of a twenty-five-dollar increase in salary.

It is only fair to the British to say that our nongovernment restrictions on foreign actors are much more drastic than theirs, especially for newcomers. If the play in which a British actor, for example, on his first trip to the United States, fails, even after a two weeks' run, he is not permitted to take another American engagement within six months. He must either remain idle or go elsewhere. He is, however, permitted to appear in vaudeville or work in motion pictures in the meantime. Any foreign actor who has played for 100 weeks in the United States is immune from these restrictions, which are not imposed by the United States Government but by the Actors' Equity Association.

One form of British restriction deals with occupations in which, prior to the World War, the majority of persons engaged were foreigners. The normal method of augmenting labor for such occupations was through recruiting abroad. This procedure is now forbidden, employers being required to train and employ persons already in Britain.

A concrete example is afforded by mosaic and terrace workers. Before 1914 most of them were Italians. With the postwar boom in so-called luxury building, many of these laborers were needed. Requests from employers for permission to recruit them were resisted by the Ministry of Labor. The trade was urged to train British subjects for the work. In 1926, after considerable correspondence and negotiation, the employers, the trade-unions and the ministry agreed on a scheme for the apprenticeship under indenture of British boys in the craft. A limited number of permits are now granted for further skilled men from Italy, but they are issued only to firms who subscribe to the apprenticeship scheme and in proportion to the number of apprentices engaged.

Under the Ban

ANOTHER trade under the ban is that of the hairdresser. The wartime change from long to short hair for women set up a big demand for foreign hairdressers. In practically every instance, the British Ministry of Labor has refused to permit alien hairdressers to enter the country. As is the case with the mosaic and terrace trades, all owners of British hairdressing saloons are required to train British subjects for the work. Various schools have been established.

With waiters the restriction job was not so easy. Before the World War, as most people know, many of the waiters in smart hotels and restaurants in London and elsewhere throughout the United Kingdom were French, Swiss or Italian. Scores took posts in Britain mainly to learn the language, while a smaller number of British waiters went to the Continent for the same purpose.

The Alien Act promulgated in 1920 practically excluded all the foreign waiters. France was especially aggrieved and immediately enacted a similar statute to keep out British servitors. In 1923 an arrangement for an exchange of student employes was effected by England and France. It permits a limited number of student workers to work in each country and at the same time acquire the local tongue. England and Switzerland have the same undertaking. All these student employes must be beginners in their work and under thirty years of age. They are allowed to remain for only one year. Since 1920 no permits for trained foreign waiters have been issued by the British authorities. The big hotels and restaurants are training British youths to take the places formerly held by aliens. The London County Council has established a school for waiters in Westminster and also assists employers in making their young help more efficient.

A similar system of exchanges has been made to enable young foreigners, both male and female, to take up

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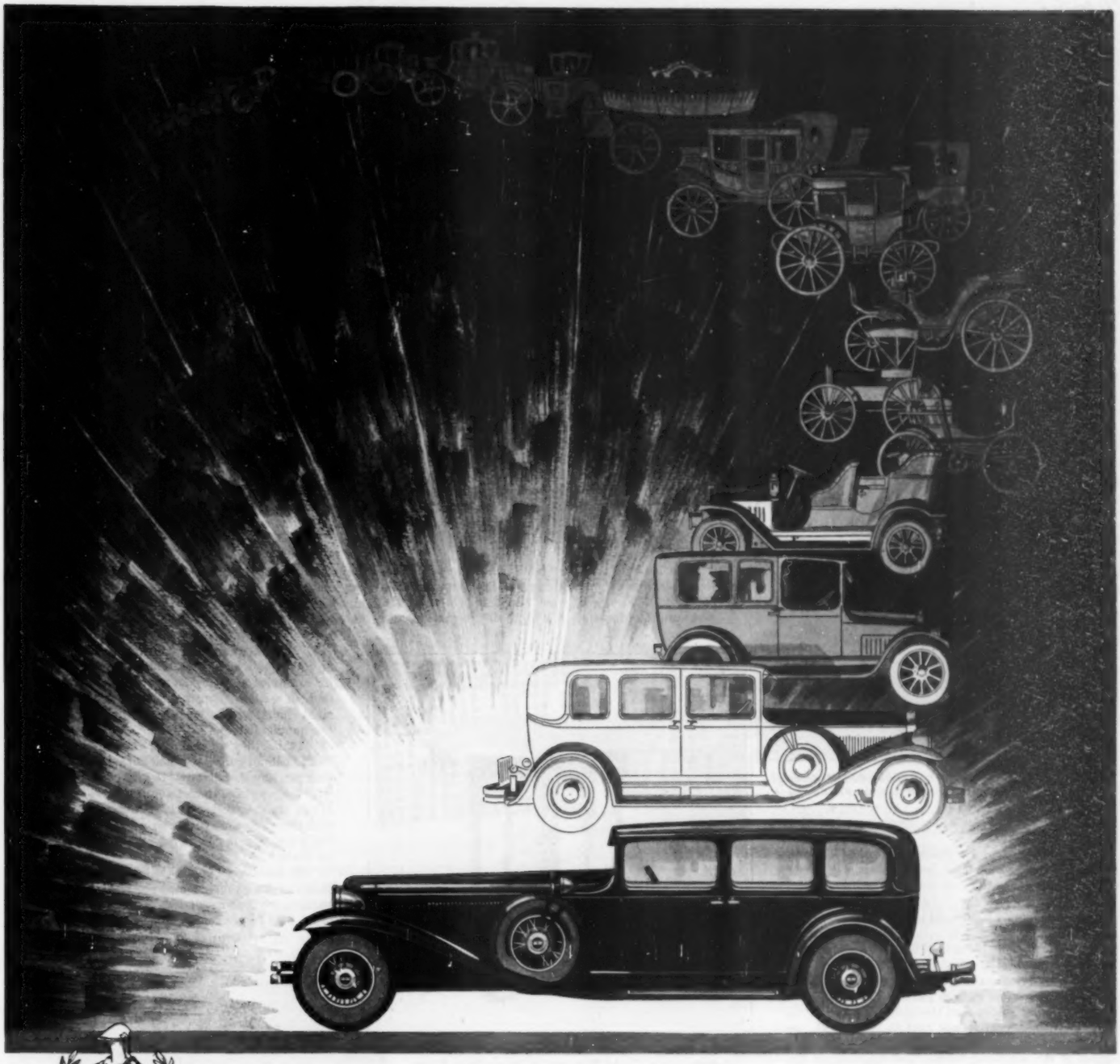

Owners tell us the Cord front-drive has brought back the thrill, long forgotten: that of driving their cars for the pleasure of driving—E. L. CORD

CORD FRONT DRIVE

SEDAN $3095 . . BROUGHAM $3095 . . CABRIOLET $3295 . . PHAETON $3295 Prices F. O. B. Auburn, Indiana. *Equipment other than standard, extra*

AUBURN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY . AUBURN, INDIANA

Arriving at a Valuation of Your Antiques—By C. R. Clifford

GOOD heavens! Has the public gone stark crazy? Imagine a highboy at an auction sale bringing $44,000! And a chair bringing $33,000!"

"My dear sir," I replied, "there never was a time when collecting was a more rational occupation. Twenty-five years ago, anyone who expressed an admiration for antiques was regarded as a nut. But not today. Your house may be filled with beautiful modern furniture, but no matter how good it is, try to sell it! And you will find it's nothing but secondhand truck. It'll not bring ten cents on the dollar. But if it's antique, there's no calculating the enhanced value.

COURTESY OF HENRY FORD

A Man in New England is Collecting Old Milestones and Well Stones Weighing 1500 to 3000 Pounds Each

"Mrs. Huntington, five years ago, paid $4500 for a lowboy. Three years later, at the dispersal of her effects, the same lowboy, in the same auction room, brought $9000.

"Two years ago, I illustrated in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST a Currier & Ives print, Home To Thanksgiving, which had brought $800 at auction. On November thirteenth, at a time when gilt-edge securities were being sacrificed in Wall Street, this same subject, in this same auction gallery, brought $1450. And, as further evidence of the increasing interest in antiques, a loan exhibit was held in New York, on October last, for the benefit of the Girl Scouts. The names of the exhibitors pretty well represented the Social Register and Who's Who. The public paid five dollars admission the first day, and two dollars subsequent days, just to look at the collection, mind you. Nothing was for sale.

"But, of course, $44,000 was an extravagant price for the highboy. It was the result of an unusual situation. The sale attracted wide attention. Five multimillionaires, and three others not so multi, had given certain agents carte blanche to acquire the piece, and these men played their hands the same as poker—till bluffed to a standstill."

The Army of Junk Hunters

I WISH it were possible for me to scatter to the four winds of heaven this warning to amateur collectors: Don't appraise your treasures by the prices brought at the big auction houses, for these houses attract huge audiences. You or I, individually, have no such market for our isolated pieces.

A woman sees illustrations of a set of eight chairs that brought $2400, and because she has one chair which seems identical, she figures its value at $300. But the chairs brought $2400 because there were eight of them—enough for a dining-room set.

Another woman writes me that she has a secretary desk that is "exactly the same as the one that is pictured in the catalogue of the Who's Who Auction which brought $2000," and she would be willing to sell for the same price, and could I tell her—and so on.

The probabilities are that it isn't the same thing in either quality, style, rarity or history.

I have seen, for instance, a bureau sell for eighty-five dollars that looks the same as another that brought $800; both were antiques, but the one was by an anonymous maker, and the other bore the label of Job Townsend, in whose shop the famous Goddard learned his trade. It had rarity and historic qualities.

But, presuming that the lady's desk was just as good as the $2000 piece, she could not get that price for it. The auction piece had the advantage of big advertising, cataloguing, and a large competitive audience; after 20 per cent expenses were deducted the seller didn't receive $2000 but $1600. Now, my correspondent, with no facilities for marketing her piece, would probably sell it to some dealer, who, realizing that he would have to carry it for some time and finally get possibly $1000 for it, would be willing to pay the lady $600 or $700—an excellent price, all things considered. If it were a modern desk, she'd get about six dollars for it.

Even Henry Ford, hard-boiled and intensely practical, has joined the grand army of junk hunters. His collection at Dearborn, when complete, will cover 125 acres of ground space. It will fill fifty buildings, and present actual living conditions of the early settlers, not only their home furnishings but the shops that they worked in from 1620 down to date—a graphic record of the development of our nation—and, as Mr. Ford expresses it, "it will convey more of history than the written book."

PHOTO. BY E. P. MCLAUTHLIN, PLYMOUTH, MASS.

"Given a Choice of All the Furniture in the World of Americana, I'd be Tempted to Select This, From the Mayflower, 1620"

Of course, where there is so great a demand, the supply is bound to be limited, and reproductions have been foisted upon the market in huge quantities.

Government advices to consular officials warn them that a large percentage of the foreign furniture, china, glassware and pewter that is foisted upon the American tourist is fake; and I would add to this that the most dangerous stuff comes from England, because, though it looks antique, it is not antique, and yet it is not faked; which may seem paradoxical, but the fact is that about 1850 England was experiencing a revival of the late eighteenth-century styles, and everybody was going in for Chippendale and contemporary pieces. A lot of it was reproduced. It was very well made, excellent copies of originals.

And this is the sort of thing that is now coming into the American market; and with eighty years of legitimate wear upon it, it is sure to fool the unwary. It's good, but it isn't eighteenth century; so look out for it.

Every year, thousands of tourists go to Europe, and with money to spend and plenty of leisure, they buy and buy, and are stung beautifully.

Just outside of Florence, in Italy, is a colony making nothing but antique furniture. Near Versailles there is a tapestry works where they patch together fragments of old pieces, with possibly a modern border. You go to Spain and the stores are full of old Spanish shawls from China. The amber necklaces of the Arabian quarters in Cairo are made from sticks of synthetic amber, and, like the oil of jasmine and the other Egyptian perfumeries, come direct from German laboratories.

The Chairs His Lordship Did Not Keep

I HAVE traveled a great deal; I have investigated a great deal; so it didn't surprise me to find the Japanese making Indian relics for the Seattle and Northwestern tourist trade. Old pewter, old brass, old china, early glass—it is all being turned out in Austria and Czecho-Slovakia; and at Herekeui, near Constantinople, they make a specialty of antiquing modern rugs by pumice-stoning and aging with acids.

"If I'm going to get gypped," said Bill Lovell on one occasion, "I want to get gypped in my own country, where I can holler for first aid, and perhaps get it; for there isn't much comeback when you've been gypped abroad, and only wake up to it a thousand miles away from your folly.

"Did you ever hear of the Spotterfield Sheratons? No? Well, Lord Spotterfield was much interested in antiques, and having searched for years and years for examples of Georgian work, he was delighted to find, in a little shop in an obscure London street, eight chairs, which bore every appearance of Sheraton handicraft.

"'I think they're genuine Sheratons,' said the dealer, "but I cannot guarantee their authenticity. I suggest that you buy them, put them into your home and live with them awhile, and let your experts examine them. If you are dissatisfied with the purchase, you can return them any time within six months. What's more, I will always give you 10 per cent more than you paid for them.'

"His Lordship bought the chairs, but his experts didn't enthuse much; so he returned them, and sure enough, the dealer sent him a check for the original price, plus 10 per cent.

(Continued on Page 52)

PHOTO. BY PUBLISHERS PHOTO SERVICE, N. Y.

Unusual Examples of Woodcraft of Early Spanish Settlers, Discovered in the Old Adobe Houses of New Mexico

CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY
Dealer Bulletin

Do Your Customers Realize How Greatly Champions Improve Performance?

(This is sales bulletin number three from Toledo to Champion Spark Plug dealers. Intended, of course, for the Champion sales organization, it is broadcast in The Saturday Evening Post because Champion policy need not be secret from the great public served by Champions.)

It is entirely possible that many of your customers do not realize that so simple a thing as installing a new set of Champion Spark Plugs leads to a pronounced improvement in car performance.

Today people are so eager for better performance, and so insistent upon it, that we urge upon you the importance of spreading this knowledge as far and as quickly as possible among your customers.

You see them every little while and you can tell them about these things in frank, man-to-man fashion.

The world for years has called Champion the better spark plug—not solely because of the way it is made but because of the better performance it brings.

And for that simple but vital reason, Champions consistently outsell throughout the world, year after year.

No need to go into the details of performance to convince those of your customers, who are not now using them, to try Champion Spark Plugs.

The improvement in power, speed, smoothness and all they imply is so marked that a driver recognizes them at once.

If it should occur to you that the customer might not be interested in Champion construction, we beg to assure you that such is not the case.

He will be glad to know, for instance, that the exclusive Champion Sillimanite insulator is the finest in the world, because Nature herself produces it, and that it is shock-proof, practically unbreakable, and sends every bit of electric energy to the sparking points.

After experience with other insulating material, he will be interested to know that Champion Sillimanite resists all the common spark plug ills of pitting and burning, carbonizing and oil absorption.

The facts about the electrodes or sparking points are impressive, because they last so much longer and resist so much more sturdily the common tendency to burn away. Champion engineering specifies its own special analysis for these little wires, in order to insure their higher efficiency and long life.

The superior two-piece construction holds any cylinder compression by means of Champion's own design of perfectly gas-tight copper gaskets.

All these things contribute to the better performance which it is the Champion privilege to bring to all motorists.

Installation of Champions insures that better performance. Although Champions will continue to function almost indefinitely, their renewal by the set at least every 10,000 miles, or every year—insures the *continuance* of that better performance.

Nothing less than Champions is good enough for the world-champions of land, air and water; and nothing less should be good enough for the car owners you seek to serve.

CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY, TOLEDO, OHIO; WINDSOR, ONTARIO

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TRADE MARK

(Continued from Page 50)

"Today, over in Long Island, there is a very delightful establishment, the home of a charming American family, and they point with pride to a set of eight Sheraton chairs.

"'I bought them,' said the owner, 'of a dealer that I met when I was over in London last year—a man not only an authority on antiques, but a personal friend of Lord Spotterfield—and it was largely a matter of friendship that enabled him to secure the pieces. I know, as a matter of fact, that they came from Castle Herselford.' And here just a pause for effect! 'You know, my boy, I have been collecting long enough to be skeptical, but in this instance, I actually saw the dealer's check, made payable to Spotterfield, and I saw Lord Spotterfield's indorsement on the back of the check. Do I want any better evidence of authenticity than that? Do I? Now I ask you? Do I? I do not!'

"Which," observed Mr. Lovell, "only shows that you can't believe half that you hear, and I am rather skeptical about half that I see; for, after all, most experts are mere guessers."

And that's about so.

They don't operate along the lines of exact science.

Back in 1879, the Marchese Torrigiani, of Florence, sold a Persian rug to a dealer, Stefano Bardini. She may have had good advisers, but they didn't guess right, and she only got thirty dollars for it.

Bardini guessed that it was worth about $6000, and that's what Baron Adolphe Rothschild paid for it; but now, according to Wilhelm Bode, also an expert, the rug is worth at least $200,000. We have some great rug collections in America—the Altman, Theodore Davis, Fletcher, Williams, Deering, Ballard, McIlhenny, Myers, Pratt, Rose and Sharpless collections—but with all the competition between these men, many of them millionaires, no rug ever brought $200,000. At the Marquand sale, the top figure was $45,000; at the Yerkes sale, $47,000; at the famous Benguiat sale last year, two Ispahans sold for $70,000 and $78,000, respectively. The highest price ever paid for a rug in America was $100,000 for a fifteenth-century piece bought at auction, December 4, 1926.

Still, while you are guessing, you might as well guess high. Mr. Bode's guess is as good as anyone else's.

I have run up against something new in antiques—I mean, new from the collector viewpoint.

A man up in New England is collecting the huge millstones that ground the corn in the grist mills, and the stones that capped the old wells. He has a storage yard full of them, varying all the way from 1500 pounds to 3000 pounds apiece.

You can't run around the country picking up these things in a car, so I doubt if there'll be much competition.

"What use can be made of them?" said I.

"Well, landscape gardeners and architects use the big six-foot-diameter stones as pivotal points in a garden. The millstone is raised a bit, like the hub of a wheel, and little paths run out from it like the spokes of a wheel; or they build one stone upon another at some point on the ground to serve as seats. One man bought a huge 3000-pound stone the other day and stood it on end, and in the center put a tablet of bronze which commemorated a certain occasion. Some of the smaller stones, particularly the well caps, are frequently sunk into the ground at the foot of the front doorway. They are all of them relics of the past."

All Around the Cobbler's Bench

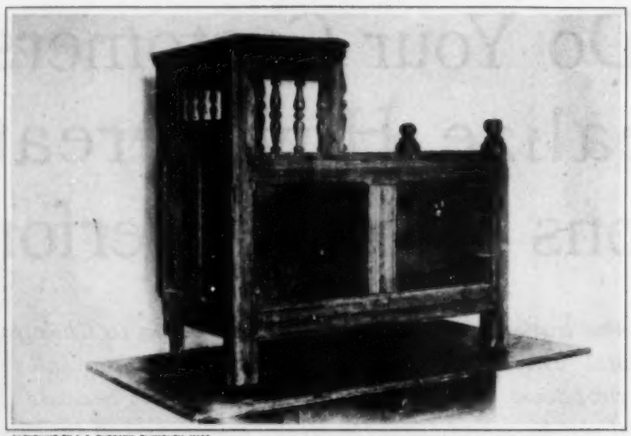
"SURE," said Mr. Lovell, "and there's an antique hound been all over the country looking for cobblers' benches. You know the kind. Every old-time shoemaker sat at one end of the bench, with the other end divided into compartments for his wax, pegs, blacking, threads and tools. Of course every shoemaker's shop had its benches and every farmer kept one up in the attic, always ready and awaiting the visit of the itinerant cobbler who traveled from village to village and into the pioneer districts. I doubt if the cobbler's bench was ever cleaned from one year's end to the other; it was a greasy, dirty affair, but it's risen now—a veritable Cinderella of furnishings—and is moving into milady's boudoir."

It has been scraped and cleaned and bleached and sandpapered and pumice-stoned down to the raw wood, and given a coat of orange shellac, and more rubbing, and lo, it has become a thing of beauty rejuvenated and restored to its pristine youth; and has climbed out of its grimy past and is received in the very best furniture circles; and Quimper ash trays, and cigarettes and candies and dainty cups and saucers have displaced the tacks and pins and wax and needles, and serve milady at her afternoon tea. Or perhaps she uses it before the pier glass as a receptacle for her powders and rouges and lipsticks.

We were sitting on the porch of the old inn at Brandon—Bill Lovell and I—and says I:

"Bill, supposing that, of all the furniture in the world of Americana, you had your choice, what would you pick? What's the thing that has left the deepest impression on you?"

"Well," says Bill, "that's some contract to answer you offhand. There's an oak court cupboard I know about, made around 1630, with a patina truly metallic, like bronze—never anything like it in this country, excepting perhaps the Irving Bush piece; and I know of a wonderful sixteenth-century refectory table with a grapevine apron front and top three inches thick—Amos Lawrence, of Boston, has one like it; and then, of course, there's the John Hancock sofa in Plymouth, and the Washington



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The Fuller Cradle That Came Over on the Mayflower's Second Trip

pieces, the Franklin chair and a number of fine things in the museums. Beautiful and valuable for artistry and association, and of course I'd like to own any one of them. So it may seem kind of foolish to say that I think, if I had my choice of everything in the world of Americana, I'd pick out the little gate-leg table that Edward Lester brought over on the Mayflower, and which stands in a corner of the Pilgrim Society Museum, Plymouth. It is only twenty-four inches wide at the top, and perhaps twenty-four inches tall, but it's beautifully made, and notwithstanding all that you hear about Mayflower furniture, it was the only table brought over; in fact, it was one of the only four pieces that have ever been traced to the Mayflower voyage—the cradle brought over to rock the first youngster born in New England, Peregrine White; the Brewster chair; the Carver chair; and this quaint little gate-leg table. You must remember that the Mayflower was a little bit of a boat—only 180 tons. Think of it!"

"How about the Miles Standish chest and the Fuller cradle?"

"Both came over later, possibly on the Mayflower by way of Boston, but not as early as 1620. The four pieces that I mention are the earliest known pieces of furniture that ever landed in America. Pennsylvania and the other colonies have nothing so early. In the Museum of the City of New York the oldest piece is 1651. I saw, last year, some Chippendale chairs sell for $2000 each. I saw a Sheraton sideboard sell last winter for $5000, and a bookcase at the Leverhulme sale for $11,500. I'll probably see some other furniture, some other time, just as good, but somehow they don't mean much to me. There's a lot of real fine stuff on the market, but I never expect to find another Lester table, and speaking as a collector, not as a dealer, I'd rather have it than any palace stuff I ever saw. It has all the essentials—quality, rarity, sentiment and condition—and, moreover, is American; and the things of greatest value in antiques are the things American."

A most unusual collection of this sort is that of a man who has gathered together a number of Spanish pieces that give evidence of having been made early in the seventeenth century. Mexico was invaded in 1519, but before the beginning of the seventeenth century, before the Pilgrims had landed in New England, the Spanish settlers had moved into the territory that is now New Mexico, and it is here that he discovered in the old adobe houses a number of unusual examples of their woodcraft.

The trite aphorism that "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing" has direct application to antiques.

It is a popular belief that marble-top tables are distinctly Victorian, and yet there is reference to marble-top tables on the title page of Chippendale's own book, and records of the marble-top table in Washington's home in Mount Vernon.

It's a popular belief that casters were only used in the past fifty years, but you will find casters mentioned in American inventories as early as 1710.

It's a popular belief that veneering is shoddy work. On the contrary, much of our own Federal furniture was veneered, and you will see Napoleon's desk at Fontainebleau in a perfect state of preservation, although it accompanied him through four campaigns. It is all veneered.

It's a popular belief that the carved floriations upon Georgian highboys, augmenting the central shell *motif*, must be carved into the wood. As a matter of fact, they usually were *in reliero*, and appliquéd with glue.

Of course the student can learn a great deal from books, but whenever I want to get down to facts in furniture structure I go to the old-time cabinetmaker—the older the better—the practical man who can translate the language of tools.

There was a Baltimore collector who was to purchase six chairs, Chippendale type, about 1780, at $500 apiece. But before doing so he submitted them to a practical man, who discovered that the legs were attached to the frame by dowel pins plugged into opposite holes that were obviously made by a centerbit, invented in 1835—the bit was the fine-tip point, permitting perfect registry. Of course, such a piece could not possibly be attributed to the eighteenth century.

Catching the Tourist's Eye

NOT long ago a discussion arose over some early Pennsylvania pine furniture—the kind made by Dutch settlers on both sides of the Delaware River—primitive, apparently antique, and bought at a prominent auction sale; but the veriest tyro could have seen it was faked, because at the base of the bench seat were unmistakable marks of the circular saw.

"Well, even so," said the lady in the case, to whom I showed the evidence of modernism, "they used to cut wood in a sawmill, didn't they? And sawmills all used circular saws; certainly there were sawmills back in the earliest days, run by water power."

"But," said I, "madam, the early sawmills did not use circular saws; the first ever made in America was made in 1814 by Benjamin Cummins in a blacksmith shop up in Bentonville, New York. It took years to produce them in quantities, and many years to find favor with the trade, and it was not until about 1830 that they were generally adopted. How, then, can you reconcile the marks of the circular saw with old Pennsylvania furniture of 1710 to 1750?"

Experts, as a rule, are too prone to identify furniture by the more obvious design characteristics.

There was a block-front bureau at a recent sale, attributed to Goddard, and one of the experts declared that it couldn't have been Goddard's because it had ball-and-claw feet, and Goddard used only the bracket foot; but I doubt very much if Goddard would have denied a customer his preference for a ball-and-claw foot; even Hepplewhite made the Pembroke table strictly according to the whims of Lady Pembroke—the little drop-leaf table with drawers at each end—and Chippendale gave his customers anything they wanted—Chinese, French, Gothic or Dutch—so why not Goddard?

It's only natural that in the old days, as now, craftsmen often felt the urge to get away from the conventional in design and do something different.

I don't buy antiques in the shops; I don't buy fish at the market; I like to go where they are, and follow them up to the deep pools. That's the sport of the thing, and it's a shame the way folks tramp the trail nowadays junk hunting. Even the farmers are onto the game and are not averse to trading a bit upon the credulity of the collector, and many a front porch is baited to lure the susceptible tourist. Nevertheless, we are optimistic, and it was with emotions that every junk snupper will appreciate that I glimpsed, as we rode down through the valley country just south of Brandon, a few interesting pieces of furniture standing out on the piazza of an old house near the roadside.

If they were planted there, it was a job cleverly done; an old carpet lying halfway down the stairs, and a broom, a mop and a wooden pail gave evidences of housecleaning, but we stopped the car, and as I neared the house I

(Continued on Page 170)

DATED COFFEE....

enjoyed by these celebrities at home

NEVER before have you had such a guarantee of fresh, full-strength flavor in your coffee!

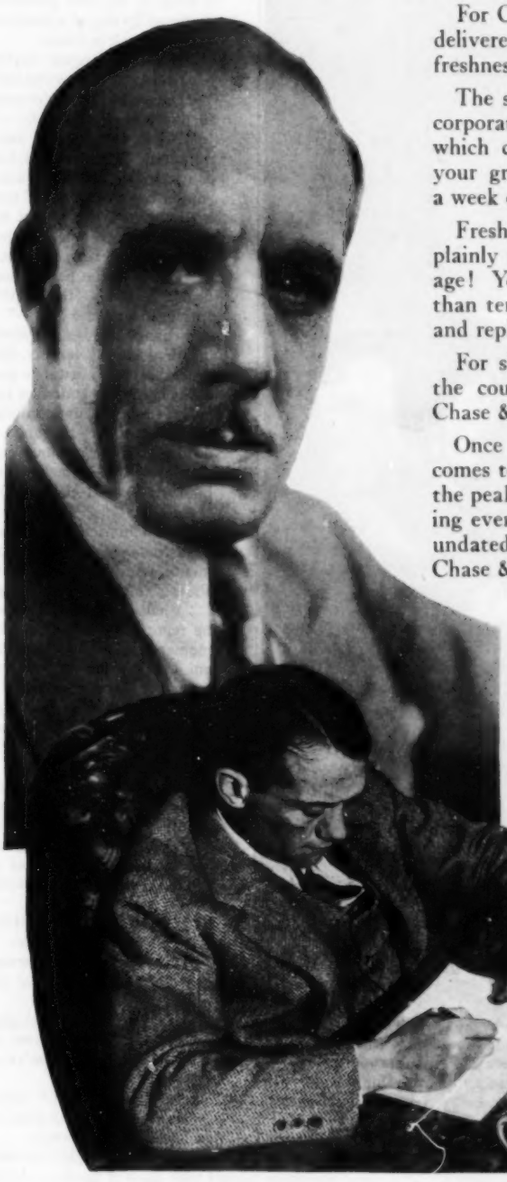
For Chase & Sanborn's is the only coffee delivered by the same method which insures freshness in perishable fresh foods!

The same fleet of "Standard Brands Incorporated, Daily Delivery" motor trucks which carry Fleischmann's Yeast fresh to your grocer bring him also two deliveries a week of Chase & Sanborn's Coffee.

Fresh from the roasting ovens! The date plainly stamped on the face of each package! You will never find one that is more than ten days old, for they are taken back and replaced by fresh.

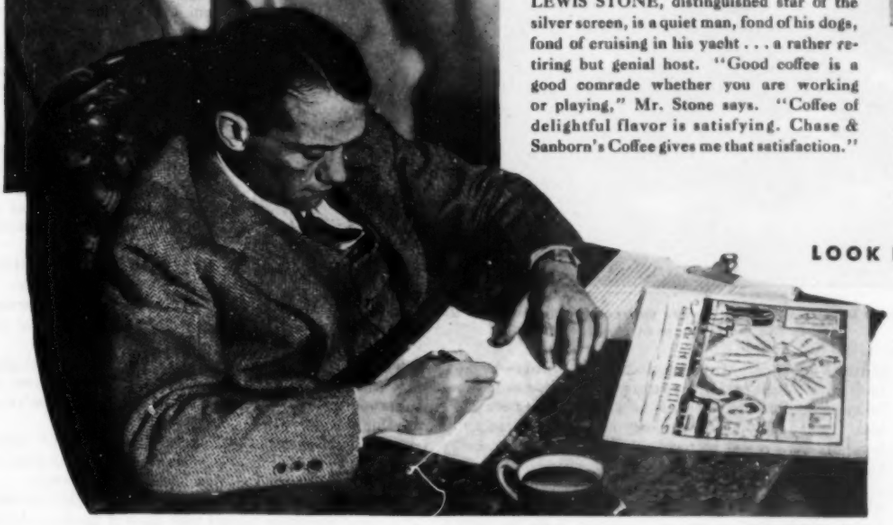
For sixty-five years in many sections of the country, coffee lovers have preferred Chase & Sanborn's mellow blend.

Once you taste this fine coffee . . . as it comes to you always fresh, full strength, at the peak of its flavor . . . you will be unwilling ever again to risk disappointment with undated coffees. Ask your grocer today for Chase & Sanborn's Coffee—*dated.*



LEWIS STONE, distinguished star of the silver screen, is a quiet man, fond of his dogs, fond of cruising in his yacht . . . a rather retiring but genial host. "Good coffee is a good comrade whether you are working or playing," Mr. Stone says. "Coffee of delightful flavor is satisfying. Chase & Sanborn's Coffee gives me that satisfaction."

GEORGE GERSHWIN, famous young composer of musical comedies and orchestral music, is vividly abreast of his time, a staunch believer in its cultural integrity. His enthusiasm embraces every forward-looking accomplishment from the development of radio to as personal a benefit as fresher, better tasting coffee. "I appreciate good coffee," he admits, "—coffee with a fresh, vigorous, nutty flavor. Chase & Sanborn's is like that; it's especially good."



JOHN HELD, JR. . . . portraitist of the American "flapper" . . . a brilliant host to gayly clever people. Chase & Sanborn's Coffee brings the exhilaration of its fresh flavor to the gatherings at his three interesting homes, whether in his ultra modern New York apartment, his home at Palm Beach, or his very famous farm. "I rate Chase & Sanborn's Coffee 'up and up,'" he says. "It has the verve, the fragrance, found only in good coffee freshly roasted."

LOOK FOR THE *date* **ON THE CAN**

Chase and Sanborn's Coffee-DATED

Copyright 1930, by Standard Brands Inc.

FROM CRADLE TO GRAVE YET

By Oma Almona Davies

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM C. HOOPLE

THE power of the press in Yings County was not so great as it might have been, perhaps, had not the press itself been such an exceedingly small one. The press was a one-man affair installed in a rear room in Yingstown, and each Wednesday it disseminated among its four pages the information that it was owned and operated by Azariah Gudekunst. Though in reality it was owned by Mr. Gudekunst, it was operated by one Milton P. Lampeter, who was at once the editor, typesetter, office boy and reporter at large.

However, if it be true that greatness resides in the eyes of the beholder, then the Clarion Intelligencer was very great indeed; for who should know better than Mr. Lampeter, who beheld it in both fancy and fact for seven days and seven nights of each week? Yes, it was great in the twenty-two-year-old eyes of Mr. Lampeter; but, even so, his imperious ambition conceded, it could be even greater.

"I tell you what it is," he confided in a burst of inspiration upon the fifteenth day after his arrival in Yingstown; "this here paper needs more su'scribers and more advertisers yet."

Mr. Gudekunst who lived, moved and had a considerable portion of his being upon a high-legged stool before a high-legged desk, rubbed, as always when amused, a storklike leg up and down, and thus made reply:

"Go and git them."

Young Mr. Lampeter's lips remained pleasurably open for a moment, as though still savoring the excellent suggestion which had passed him, then he relinquished the type still clutched in his fervent palm and betook himself into the business heart of Yingstown—the heart being three blocks long by half a block wide.

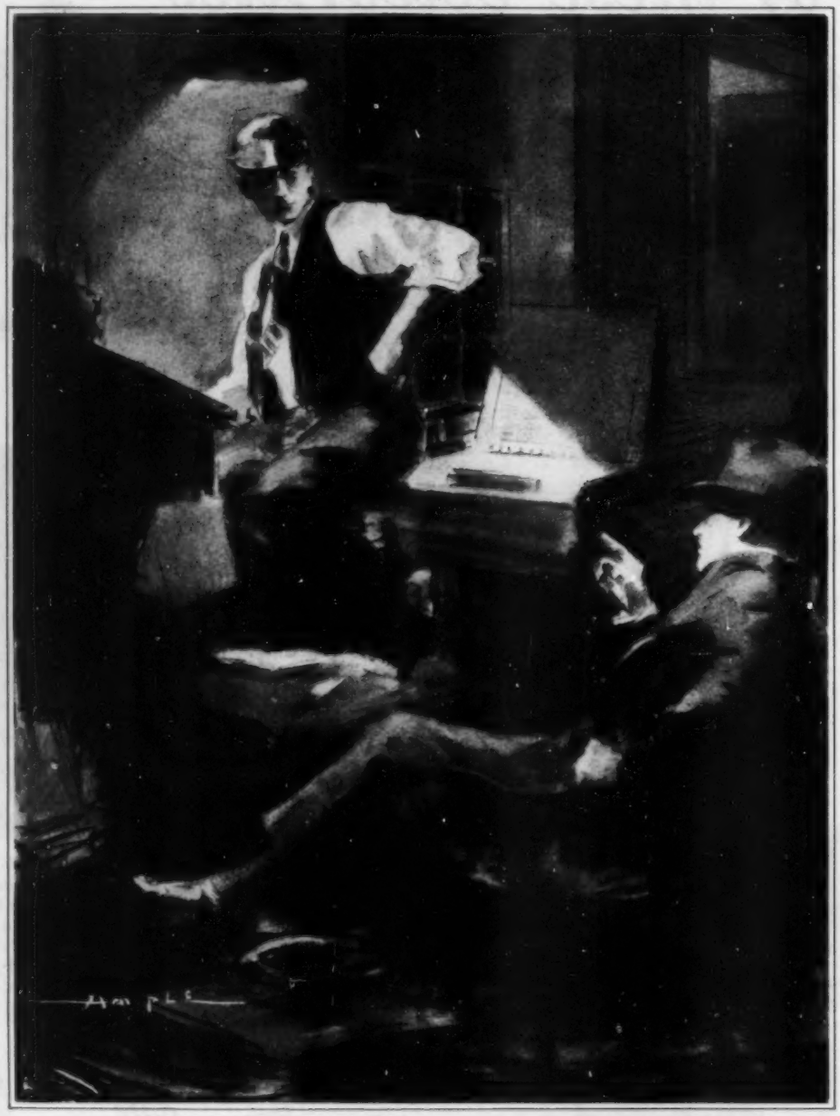
Midway of this pulsing artery throbbed the commercial valve of Yings County—the merchandise emporium of Moses Hergenrather, Inc. Mr. Lampeter struck arms opposite this vital center and surveyed its circulatory media as traced in blood-red upon its frontal:

DRY GOODS DRUGS HARDWARE GROCERIES BOOTS AND SHOES FARM IMPLEMENTS CASKETS

"Everything from the cradle to the grave yet," murmured Mr. Lampeter, and again his lips remained pleasurably open to savor the handsome phrase. What a caption for a full-page advertisement in the Intelligencer! Hergenrather he marked for his own; he must and would have him, but first he would cannily gain experience with the lesser merchants.

By the end of two hours he had gained experience, no subscriptions and an offer of a secondhand bridle for advertising; this latter he had politely declined. However, the near transaction, with its full flavor of business dealing, had its value; it furnished him with just the impetus necessary to hoist him across the Hergenrather threshold.

At first sight, the emporium was vaguely disappointing; it was neither large nor well-lighted, and much of the stock seemed to be carried upon the floor. After an assault by a box and a barrel, one became aware of the necessity for cautious advance. Mr. Hergenrather, as Milton was later to discover, dealt largely in futures; this was not because he was a gambler, but because he was by no means a gambler. In the daily necessities only he approximated a full line; for what might be termed the vagaries of the living and dead he maintained only samples.



Mr. Gudekunst Was Much in Evidence. Contrary to Custom, He Began Coming to the Press Room in the Evenings

Milton hesitated only a second between a young woman who seemed to be a customer and an old man who seemed to be a clerk; then desired of the latter to see the owner. The elderly gentleman palmed an ear.

Milton repeated loudly: "The owner! Owner!"

The other nodded in pleased fashion, led the way to the rear and gestured delightedly toward a mower. An agitated voice behind Milton pleaded: "Uncle Henry can't hear with his ears yet." Milton turned, bumped into a casket tipped waggishly upon its foot, and surveyed the young woman who had been in the front of the store. She was clasping her hands as though the crisis were great: "You're the new boy—from the paper, not?"

"Well, I'm a business man ——" corrected Milton.

"I wouldn't see pop today if I was you. He ain't feeling just so—oh!" She clapped a palm to her lips and backed.

The door of a smaller room behind them had opened, and upon its threshold stood Mr. Hergenrather. He was of medium size, but an unfettered mustache and an ambitious abdomen furnished an impression of unusual strength, even of ferocity. This latter effect was intensified by his eyes, which were capable of staring for an incredible time without blinking.

"From the cradle to the grave anyhow," Milton with a wave of the arm gracefully proffered by way of a sample of his own stock in trade.

The other swayed slightly backward. "The grave oncet?"

"I mean to say you're ready for anything. You've got ——"

"If you mean, was I ready purpared? I can tell you, I am conwerted, babtized and a deacon on the church still," menaced the owner. "What was you, anyways—one of them personal exhorters or what?"

"I'm from the newspaper," began Milton—"the Clarion Intelligencer—and I ——"

A change, sudden and alarming, had come over Mr. Hergenrather; his mustache grew an inch and his abdomen two; he was every whit a militant Christian as he throbbed in deadly accent: "Git out—and stay out!" He backed into his fastness and clapped shut the door.

Milton himself backed into a fastness of garden implements. Amid a rain of falling shovels and spades, he got out.

"I had a middling success," he reported to his chief some moments later. "I could have got a bridle for an ad, but I turned it down, of course."

Mr. Gudekunst surveyed him in mild frenzy. "You could of got sumpin and you never took it? Now you mind to this: If you kin git anything any time fur that paper, you git it. How do you conceit I keep the dang thing going anyhow? Your wages comes out of that auction I hold oncet a year."

"I'll go fetch it!" Milton laughed and rose alertly. "I got to have my wages, fur some day I'm going to buy that paper."

The long fingers clutched after him. "Have you thought into that offer I made you a'ready? Twelve hunert and she's yourn, lock, stock and barrels. Now, if you've got anything like ——"

"Till a while yet and I'll talk business with you." Milton had the twelve hundred, it is true, less nine hundred and thirty-six, but he had also an instinctive reticence.

"To be sure, if you're willing fur others to git in ahead of you ——" the owner turned with show of finality. Milton halted; his eyes studied the other in something of panic. "Of course, I might, mebbe, give you an option at. Say, three months, and a hunert down fur to bind it; and then terms ——"

Milton licked his lips. One hundred for an option, three months in which to save, and then terms—what could be safer? On the other hand, if he should lose the Clarion —— His heart lost a beat. "We could talk something more about it, anyway," he suggested thickly.

An hour later he betook himself down the street, his heart thudding hotly against a document in his left breast pocket. He entered the door of the harness maker, stepping high.

(Continued on Page 56)

EVERY GRAHAM SIX AND EVERY GRAHAM EIGHT IS COMPLETELY EQUIPPED WITH SHATTER-PROOF PLATE GLASS

Great growth earned *a car at a time, a buyer at a time*

By Theodore F. MacManus

GRAHAM

VERY GOOD CARS AT LOW PRICES

No Graham cars are ever shipped except on the order of the dealer.

This unusual policy is of untold value to buyer and dealer alike.

Instead of slowing Graham sales, it has accelerated them. The demand is a spontaneous one created by confidence in the car and the dealer.

Moreover, this policy gives the manufacturer greater opportunity to watch and guard his manufacturing—and the Grahams try to build every car with an individual buyer in mind.

Graham sales have grown, a car at a time, a buyer at a time, to large volume—but that is comparatively unimportant. Confidence in Graham cars is vastly increasing in volume—and that is important.

The Graham time-proved four-speed transmission—perfected over two years ago—is undoubtedly one of the most useful motor car developments in a quarter of a century.

Briefly what it does is to enable the Graham owner to have at his command a degree of acceleration and flexibility, a smoothness and silence, and an operating and maintenance economy far above and beyond the ordinary conception of these factors.

In the event that you have not fully informed yourself about Graham progress, particularly Graham leadership in the complete equipment of protective shatter-proof glass and in the transmission of power, we would suggest an early inspection of Graham cars and a road demonstration of their superior behavior.

Graham cars will give you value and performance — reasons in plenty for preferring them. Their crowning appeal is the safety of the shatter-proof plate glass doors, windows and windshields. The more you study that one factor of protection for yourself and your family from an all too frequent and dreadful danger, the more surely it will lead you to the conclusion that it renders all the other attractions of Graham cars irresistible

(Continued from Page 54)

"Now, our paper ——" he beguiled the latter, then paused to savor pleasurably the new enticing pronoun. "To be sure, you'll be wanting to su'scribe for our paper where your ad's coming out at."

But the harness maker here bared his strong yellow teeth in amusement and he made a remark which was destined to have profound bearing upon the future of journalism in Yings County:

"What would I be forking over fur a paper fur when I can step across to Hergenrather's and git the news before it ever happens?"

Milton P. Lampeter sat in the shop of the harness maker and stared across the street at the throbbing news center of Yings County. Even as he looked, two customers came forth, the one bearing groceries, the other a scythe. And what had they left behind? News—the latest news of their own communities, no doubt. A woman entered, carrying a basket. And what else was she carrying in? News, it might be—news. News which was the very life of the Clarion Intelligencer; and there it was, flowing in, flowing out of Hergenrather, Inc., just so easily. Why, Hergenrather got the news, disseminated the news, before the Clarion ever got an inkling of it.

Milton's eyes were wider than they had ever been, and into those wide eyes walked the girl he had seen in the store. Rather, she came forth from the door, stared at him, swung indecisively, then crooked her finger. That accomplished, she walked rapidly down the street. Milton looped the bridle over his arm and followed. They met in the post office.

She seemed more agitated than ever. "I didn't want you to follow me," she began at once, "but I just wanted you to—to ——"

"I know you never," assured Milton earnestly.

"I just wanted you to know it wouldn't ever do you any good to try to sell off your paper to pop. Pop hates newspapers."

Violent red flooded Mr. Lampeter's cheeks suddenly and becomingly. "But the powers of the press ——"

"This here one in especial. The bad friendship pop and Mr. Gudekunst have over each other," shuddered Miss Hergenrather, "it is now awful. Why, each one says he's going to drive the other one out from the town yet."

Her hair was black, her eyelashes were black, but her eyes were gray, large and tragic. Life was a large and serious matter, and the present moment was a large and serious crisis.

"So," she pleaded, "I just thought I had ought to tell you. You looked to me like the kind that might feel for going back."

"I do," declared Mr. Lampeter deeply. "Especially if you—say, do you stand on the store?"

"No, pop won't give me dare to clerk anything. Pop has awful queer notions over me."

"That ain't to wonder," Milton admired frankly.

But she was following some momentous thought of her own: "And here's something else you had ought to know—I mean, about the clerk. I mean, you ain't to think pop has always cross that way. But he's all kreistled up over his help; his clerk up and plagued him for more wealthy money, and they had words together and he up and left, and pop wants to get to Andore County to buy him a farm off such an auction, and Uncle Henry can't hear nothing." She was well nigh out of breath now, but she managed tragic climax: "And then here if you didn't take and come in on top of it and talk newspaper. Mr. Gudekunst's yet!"

The young man arrayed in the bridle was not exactly champing upon the bit, but he gave the impression at the moment of doing so. "What fur pay," he demanded hoarsely, "did that slicker of a clerk plague him for?"

"He was getting a'ready twelve and a half and that hind room to sleep on. But he plagued pop for fifteen still."

Mr. Lampeter was already loping from her. "I'll see you soon again," he called back; in the door he turned briefly: "If not sooner."

Mr. Hergenrather sold a waffle iron and turned to confront fervent eyes above a leather harness.

"I have come," announced Milton in hurried, succinct statement, "to clerk for you."

Equally succinct, Mr. Hergenrather responded, "When I say git out, I mean git out." He walked toward the rear.

"For twelve and a half!" called Milton in the tone of a bidder at a sale.

Mr. Hergenrather walked on.

"Ten!" cried Milton.

Mr. Hergenrather halted. He turned. "Anybody," he pronounced slowly, "where has got brains that weak that they would turn them loose onto a newspaper, I have got my opinions of."

Thus was Milton hired at ten dollars per week.

It was worth recording, however, that even before he had translated Mr. Hergenrather's fairly ambiguous acceptance of his services, he had flushed a sudden red and retorted in accents equally distinct: "Then you ain't realizing the powers of the press!"

The reaction of his other employer to this business coup occasioned the elated Mr. Lampeter considerable surprise. Mr. Gudekunst, upon first apprisal, leaped entirely off his stool and stood afore his high litter like a ruffled stork confronting a serpent.

"But don't you see what it means for the paper?" Milton repeated patiently. "Why, it ain't the typing out those four pages that makes—it's the getting the news that crimps us, a-trying to run here and a-trying to run there and a-trying to run over the county all. The typing I can easy do at night; it's getting the news where takes all the time. But if I'm on the spot where the news just naturally comes into—why, looky here, it ain't hardly a farmer in the county that ain't into Hergenrather's at least oncet a week, and if I'm there to pump him out ——"

"You can't work fur both that sleazer and both fur me!"

Milton seared him with hot, indignant eyes. "But you have got to set to aside your own feelings when it comes to the press of this here United States! You can't leave your own personal feelings ——" he paused abruptly; then continued cannily: "But even taking it

(Continued on Page 60)

"I Wouldn't See Pop Today if I Was You. He Ain't Feeling Just So—Oh!" She Clapped a Palm to Her Lips and Backed

DOWN THERE!

The Ford Plane

The Ford plane is planned, constructed and operated as a commercial plane. Built of corrugated aluminum alloys, it has great structural strength, unequaled durability, and is most economical to maintain in operation. The uniformity of its material is determined by scientific test. All planes have three motors in order to insure reserve power to meet and overcome all emergencies. The engines may be Wright or Pratt & Whitney, air-cooled, totaling from 900 to 1275 horse-power. Ford planes have a cruising range of from 580 to 650 miles at speeds between 55 and 135 miles per hour. Loads may be carried weighing from 3670 to 6000 pounds.

The capacity of these planes is 13 to 15 passengers and a crew of two (pilot and assistant). Planes can be equipped with a buffet, toilet, running water, electric lights, adjustable chairs.

The price of the Ford tri-motored, all-metal plane is exceptionally low because of its highly scientific methods of commercial production. Price is $42,000 to $55,000 at Dearborn.

Ford branches will be glad to give you information on the Ford tri-motored all-metal plane in all models.

The Smackover Field, Arkansas. From the air, developments have the appearance of infinitely perfect scale models . . . not a detail can be altered to please or mislead the inspecting eye!

Type of Ford plane used by Standard Oil of Indiana as a flying office. . . . Three powerful motors, and all-metal construction, assure speed, durability and safety.

THE EXECUTIVE EYE should be an all-comprehending eye. In the struggles of modern industry and commerce . . . just as in the struggles of actual warfare . . . the use of beflagged maps is essential in order that responsible leaders may sum up in swift glances the actual operations in the field. *But no map, no matter how perfectly modeled, can even approximate the brilliant clarity of an airplane view of the world below.*

The airplane has become as necessary to the commander of field operations on a large scale as the automobile is for narrower inspections.

The Standard Oil Company of Indiana is among the many industrial users of Ford tri-motored, all-metal airplanes for regular business purposes. Stanolind has employed three of these famous planes. The first was delivered in May, 1927, and the latest, "Stanolind III," in July, 1929. Between July and December last, "Stanolind III" has flown a distance greater than around the earth at the Equator.

Directors of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana have flown 97,087 miles in the Company's three Ford tri-motored planes, having used them regularly on business trips. In addition to these, many thousands of passengers have been carried.

It is because of this modern viewpoint towards the swift expansion of industry that many companies such as the Standard Oil are employing this safe, durable, well-tried and dependable plane.

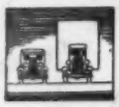
FORD MOTOR COMPANY

Visitors are always welcome at the Ford Airport at Detroit

GM GENERAL MOTORS

THIS IS

CARS AND TRUCKS



Buick Motor Division—Buick and Marquette passenger cars. Flint, Mich.

Cadillac Motor Car Division—Cadillac V-8, LaSalle and Cadillac V-16 passenger cars. Detroit, Mich.

Chevrolet Motor Division—Chevrolet passenger and commercial cars. Detroit, Mich. Manufacturing and assembly plants at Flint, Detroit, Saginaw and Bay City, Mich.; Toledo and Norwood, O.; St. Louis and Kansas City, Mo.; Janesville, Wis.; Oakland, Calif.; Buffalo and Tarrytown, N. Y.; Atlanta, Ga.; Bloomfield, N. J.

Oakland Motor Car Division—Oakland and Pontiac passenger cars. Pontiac, Mich.

Olds Motor Works Division—Oldsmobile and Viking passenger cars. Lansing, Mich.

General Motors of Canada, Ltd.—Cadillac, LaSalle, McLaughlin-Buick, Viking, Oakland, Marquette, Oldsmobile, Pontiac and Chevrolet passenger cars; Chevrolet commercial cars and General Motors Trucks. Plants at Oshawa and Walkerville, Ontario, and Regina, Saskatchewan.

FISHER BODY GROUP

Fisher Body Division—Automobile body building plants located at Detroit, Lansing, Pontiac and Flint, Mich.; Buffalo and Tarrytown, N. Y.; Cleveland, O.; St. Louis and Kansas City, Mo.; Oakland, Calif.; Janesville, Wis.; Atlanta, Ga.; Seattle, Wash. Extensive acreage of virgin hardwood timber in northern Michigan.

Fleetwood Body Corporation—Fleetwood Bodies. Plants at Fleetwood, Pa., and Detroit, Mich.

Ternstedt Manufacturing Company—Hardware for automobile bodies and Frigidaire cabinets. Detroit, Mich.

National Plate Glass Company—Plate glass for automobile bodies. Detroit, Mich. Plants at Blairsville, Pa., and Ottawa, Ill.

Fisher Lumber Corporation—(Fisher Delta Log Company, subsidiary). Large tracts of virgin hardwood timber in Louisiana and Arkansas; saw mills at Ferriday and Winner, La., and saw mill and automobile body woodworking plant at Memphis, Tenn.

Fisher Body Service Corporation—Automobile body parts, depots and body servicing plants at Detroit, Mich., and Oakland, Calif.

PARTS AND ACCESSORIES

AC Spark Plug Company—AC spark plugs, speedometers, air cleaners, oil filters, oil gauges, ammeters, thermo gauges, gasoline gauges, fuel pumps, gasoline strainers, instrument panels, tachometers, altimeters, air speed indicators, die castings and decorative tile. Flint, Mich.

Armstrong Spring Division—Automobile chassis springs for passenger cars and trucks. Flint, Mich.

Brown-Lipe-Chapin Division—Differential gears for passenger cars and trucks. Syracuse, N. Y.

Delco Products Corporation—Lovejoy hydraulic shock absorbers and integral and fractional horsepower motors. Dayton, O.

Delco-Remy Corporation—Delco-Remy starting, lighting and ignition systems for cars, trucks and coaches; Klaxon horns; Dual locks; Electrolocks and Delco batteries. Plants at Anderson and Muncie, Ind.

Guide Lamp Corporation—Automobile head lamps, stop and tail lamps, cowl and fender lamps, marker lamps and dome lamps. Plants at Anderson, Ind., and Cleveland, O.

Harrison Radiator Corporation—Radiators for passenger cars and trucks. Plants at Lockport, N. Y., and Detroit, Mich.

Hyatt Bearings Division—Hyatt anti-friction roller bearings. Newark, N. J.

Inland Manufacturing Company—Rubber and moulded products, Inlox bolts, steering wheels and battery containers. Dayton, O.

Jaxon Steel Products Division—Wood and wire wheels, rims, tire carriers and tire carrier locks, rim parts and steel stampings. Jackson, Mich.

The McKinnon Industries, Ltd.—Automobile differentials; starting, lighting and ignition systems; tool kits; spring covers; malleable castings; stampings; hammers and wrenches; drop forgings and saddlery hardware. Plants at St. Catharines, Ontario, and Buffalo, N. Y.

Moraine Products Company—Durex oil impregnated metal bearings. Dayton, O.

Muncie Products Division—Transmissions, steering gears and chassis parts. Muncie, Ind.

New Departure Manufacturing Company—Ball bearings, coaster brakes, bells and bicycle hubs. Bristol, Conn.

North East Appliance Corporation—North East starters, generators, ignition systems, speedometers, horns, heaters and cigar lighters for automobiles and motor boats; small motors. Rochester, N. Y.

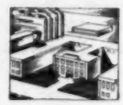
Saginaw Crankshaft Division—Crankshafts for automobile engines. Saginaw, Mich.

Saginaw Malleable Iron Division—Malleable iron castings for passenger cars and trucks. Saginaw, Mich.

Saginaw Steering Gear Division—Steering gears for passenger cars, trucks and busses. Saginaw, Mich.

United Motors Service Inc.—Provides authorized national service for Delco-Remy and North East starting, lighting and ignition systems; Delco batteries; Lovejoy hydraulic shock absorbers; Klaxon horns; Jaxon rims, rim parts and wheels; Harrison radiators; New Departure ball bearings; Hyatt roller bearings; North East speedometers, AC speedometers, air cleaners, oil filters, gasoline strainers, fuel pumps and gauges; Guide lamps. Detroit.

OTHER PRODUCTS



Delco-Light Company—Delco-Light electric power and light plants; residence water systems; Delcogas individual gas-producing units for domestic use. Dayton, O.

Frigidaire Corporation—Frigidaire automatic refrigerators; automatic refrigerating units for household and commercial use; milk cooling units, ice cream cabinets and Frigidaire water coolers. Dayton, O.

Allison Engineering Company—Aircraft power plant engineering, aviation engines, bearings, superchargers, gear and mechanical equipment. Indianapolis, Ind.

AFFILIATED COMPANIES

In which General Motors owns large stock interests.

Bendix Aviation Corporation—Aviation starters, generators, magnetos, instruments and electric equipment; Bendix starter drives; brakes and brake equipment; carburetors; automotive Diesel engines; textile devices and dyeing processes; national service for Bendix products. Chicago, Ill.

Fokker Aircraft Corporation of America—Fokker airplanes. New York. Glendale, W. Va., and Hasbrouck Heights, N. J.

Ethyl Gasoline Corporation—Markets Ethyl fluid to oil refiners which manufacture Ethyl Gasoline. New York.

General Motors Radio Corporation—Radio sets for automotive and home use. Dayton, O.

Yellow Truck & Coach Manufacturing Company—General Motors Trucks. Yellow Coaches and Yellow Cabs. Pontiac, Mich.

IN 104 COUNTRIES

General Motors Export Company—New York. Distribution in overseas territories not covered by General Motors overseas operations. Zone offices in fourteen cities abroad.

General Motors, Ltd.—Distribution in Great Britain and Ireland. Plant at London, England.

General Motors International, A/S—Distribution in Denmark, Norway, Esthonia, Iceland, Latvia and Lithuania. Assembly plant at Copenhagen, Denmark.

General Motors Nordiska, A/B—Distribution in Sweden and Finland. Assembly plant at Stockholm, Sweden.

GENERAL MOTORS

HERE are 75 different businesses associated together through General Motors. They unite their purchasing power to assure quality materials at favorable prices. They exchange engineering talent and manufacturing experience. They join every resource for producing higher values and better service at lower costs. They are the family of General Motors.

General Motors w Polsce Sp. zo. o.—Distribution in Poland and Danzig Free State. Assembly plant at Warsaw.

General Motors Continental, S. A.—Distribution in Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, Austria, Bulgaria, Crete, Greece, Hungary, Italy, Jugo-Slavia and Roumania. Assembly plant at Antwerp, Belgium.

General Motors G. m. b. H.—Distribution in Germany, Czechoslovakia and European Russia. Assembly plant at Berlin, Germany.

General Motors (France) S. A.—Distribution in France, Algeria, French Morocco, Spanish Morocco and Tunisia. Paris, France.

General Motors Peninsular, S. A.—Distribution in Spain, Portugal, Canary Islands and Gibraltar. Madrid, Spain.

General Motors Near East, S. A.—Distribution in Egypt, Arabia, Hejaz, Iraq, Italian Africa, Aden, Syria, Persia west of 56° E. L., Palestine and Turkey. Alexandria.

General Motors Argentina, S. A.—Distribution in Argentina and Paraguay. Assembly plant at Buenos Aires.

General Motors do Brasil, S. A.—Distribution in Brazil. Assembly plant at São Paulo, Brazil.

General Motors Uruguaya, S. A.—Distribution in Uruguay. Assembly plant at Montevideo, Uruguay.

General Motors South African, Ltd.—Distribution in the Union of South Africa, Rhodesia, British Southwest Africa, Portuguese East Africa, Nyasaland, Bechuanaland and the Katanga district of the Belgian Congo. Assembly plant at Port Elizabeth, South Africa.

General Motors (Australia) Pty. Ltd.—Distribution in Australia. Assembly plants at Adelaide, Brisbane, Melbourne, Perth and Sydney.

General Motors New Zealand, Ltd.—Distribution in New Zealand. Assembly plant at Wellington, New Zealand.

General Motors Japan, Ltd.—Distribution in Japan and Korea. Assembly plant at Osaka, Japan.

General Motors of China, Inc.—Distribution in China and Manchuria. Shanghai, China.

N. V. General Motors Java—Distribution in the Dutch East Indies, French Indo-China, Siam and the Straits Settlements. Assembly plant at Batavia, Java.

General Motors India, Ltd.—Distribution in British India, Ceylon and Persia east of 56° E. L. Assembly plant at Bombay, India.

Adam Opel A/G—Manufacture of Opel motor cars and trucks. Russelsheim, Germany.

Vauxhall Motors, Ltd.—Manufacture of Vauxhall motor cars. Luton, England.

Delco-Remy & Hyatt, Ltd.—Sales and service on all General Motors accessory products in the British Isles. London, England.

Overseas Motor Service Corporation—New York. Sales and service overseas on all General Motors accessory products.

FINANCING INSURANCE & ACCOUNTING

General Motors Acceptance Corporation—Finances wholesale distribution and retail credit sales of General Motors products (GMAC Plan). Including subsidiaries there are branch offices in 93 cities in the U. S., Canada and overseas. New York.

General Exchange Insurance Corporation—Provides fire-theft insurance service on cars sold at retail under the GMAC Plan. New York.

Motor Accounting Company—Supervises General Motors dealers' and distributors' standardized accounting practices. Detroit, Mich.

Motor Accounting Company of Canada, Ltd.—Performs similar service for General Motors of Canada, Ltd., Oshawa, Ont.

REAL ESTATE

Argonaut Realty Corporation—Erects and finances salesrooms, parts depots, garages and service stations for General Motors divisions, subsidiaries and affiliated companies; surveys real estate projects and reviews leases for divisions, branches, distributors and dealers. Detroit, Mich.

Bristol Realty Company—Housing for employes in Bristol, Conn.

General Motors Building Corporation—Owns and operates central office building in Detroit, Mich.

Modern Dwellings—Housing for employes at Oshawa, Ontario.

Modern Housing Corporation—Housing for employes in Flint and Pontiac, Mich.; and Janesville, Wis. Detroit, Mich.

New Departure Realty Company—Housing for employes in Bristol, Conn.

RESEARCH

General Motors Research Laboratories—Maintained for the continuous improvement of General Motors products. Detroit, Mich.

General Motors Proving Ground—A 1268-acre "outdoor laboratory" for the testing of General Motors cars and trucks. Milford, Mich.

PEOPLE

General Motors is owned by more than 225,000 stockholders. They live in every state, in many provinces of Canada and in overseas countries.

An average of 210,000 men and women are employed in the manufacture of General Motors products.

Through 20,000 General Motors dealers about 500,000 more are engaged in sales and service.

Another 500,000 are directly employed by suppliers in the manufacture of materials for General Motors.

Add the families represented by these people and by the stockholders, and the total is more than six million men, women and children who derive income directly or indirectly from General Motors.

(Continued from Page 56)

from that angle, I guess you don't feel fur leaving Hergenrather beat you at your own game, do you? And that's what he's doing—catching in the news and giving it out again before you ——"

"Beating me? That spoiled pot cheese? Beating me at games still! I want to wonder if he can beat me anything!" His long fingers began weaving intricately. "Leave me tell you sumpin. Behind three months that slinker is a-going to start to run, and he ain't going to stop till he is clean out of Yings County neither."

His tone was so eerie as he made this fell prediction that Milton for a moment stared in silent fascination at the weaving fingers. "But," he went on stubbornly, "them three months is worth something to the paper, not? And I tell you, with what I can get in the daytime, I can make the paper at night yet. Now you take it ——"

Well, now take it if some such female come in from Bearwallow and bought away some of that sleazy goods the women pleat onto their babies—what would that mean? Why, three, four lines for the Clarion at the least—delicately: "It is put out that the population of Bearwallow threatens an increase in the near future. Watch for further details via the means of this paper, which both sees all and knows all."

Or, now take it if some man come in to measure up to that coffin. Wouldn't that mean that he had good hopes of somebody dying on him? Or that somebody had fallen off already? Whatever the stage of bereavement Milton would discover, you bet! Why, with what they could get from Hergenrather, Inc.——

"What we could git from him, huh?" mused the other, and Milton, dammed once more in midflow, had a confused notion that Mr. Gudekunst had all the time been following some obscure speculation of his own: "Now, I'll make a compermise with you. I'll give you dare to make them pecooliar arrangements if you pass me your word you ain't ever forgitting you are working fur me still."

The atmosphere seemed suddenly surcharged with wariness. Milton himself breathed slowly and deeply of it before replying: "To be sure, I am working for you—by the night."

"But I hired you to work fur me by the daytime. And if I ain't breaking off that, just to say, contract among us, I guess it's standing yet, not?"

Milton laughed and twisted out of his chair. "That's too plenty deep for me! But it's one contract I won't be losing sight of, anyway—with this here double wages, I can be taking up that option all the sooner! This paper's going to be a live wire from this time forwards."

Azariah grunted and went back to his desk; for him the paper was already too much of a live wire in that it was something he had by devious means got hold of, but which he couldn't, by means devious or otherwise, seem to let loose of.

Mr. Lampeter began manipulating the type more swiftly than he had ever manipulated it before. That afternoon he would transfer his modest possessions to his new sleeping quarters in the rear of the store. Also, if Fate so willed, he would again hold converse with a lady whose gray eyes were valanced with black.

But Fate, who, in respect to the lady, he was shortly to learn, strode about under the alias of Moses Hergenrather, did not so will; and it was not until the third day thereafter that Milton found himself gazing across a mound of heavenly pink upon a vision directly opposite.

"Yes, I guess I'll take this here pink," the vision was heralding. "Five yards, please."

"But if you want to see something else ——"

"But we looked at everything twicet a'ready. My, I been here—why, it's clost behind an hour!" She glanced hurriedly toward the door.

"Your pop has gone to buy him that farm," Milton reminded, "in the next county over. Early this morning he come into that room where I sleep at and got him such papers out of his desk."

"Securities yet," Miss Hergenrather nodded wisely. "I was hearing him when he spoke conversations over the telephone. . . . Yes, five yards is a-plenty. It's fur a party dress—my eighteenth birthday."

"Gee whiz!" Milton, his eyes upon her, measured yards and yards and yards.

"With a blue sash at."

"Gee whiz!" Milton, his eyes still upon her, measured more yards. "You, in this here pink and blue—well, gee whiz!"

"Pop says still I can have the biggest party ever was in Yingstown. I can invite from Sinking Springs even, and from Mud Forks and ——"

"Wait oncet!" ordered Milton tensely, and drew from an inner pocket a pad and pencil. "Sinking Fork—Mud, what? Don't leave out nothing."

And yet, after a considerable recital, she did leave out something. She knew she left out something, he knew she left out something. Across a high, high mound of pink they found suddenly that they were staring at each other, lips open, but soundless.

"And I guess," Milton bravely hoisted the pad, "you'll invite several if not more from around here, maybe?"

In direct answer said Miss Jennie, sorrowful eyes upon him: "Well, you know pop has awful queer notions over me and—well, you know, the newspaper and everything ——"

The mound between them had grown high—oh, very high now. Milton, standing unconsciously upon tiptoe, seemed to hail her from a long distance as he swallowed valiantly: "But, to be sure, I couldn't be coming anyway, for I have got to set up the Clarion. But, gee whiz! You, in pink and blue yet!"

His customer startled him by arising suddenly. "I'll take five yards of that there," she said crisply and loudly. Toward them, upon a clap of the door, strode Mr. Hergenrather.

Milton began measuring yards—and yards—and yards ——

Mr. Hergenrather looked at him, he looked at the girl and he pointed toward the heaven-kissing hill. "Was you curtaining the whole house with that dear, expensive organdie or what?" His eyes looked as though they would never blink again.

"A dress, pop," faltered Miss Jennie.

"Hereinafter," awfully decreed her ancestor, "when you want a silly female dress, you git it off of me. Can you git that into your silly female head now? And you, you mind to this: I hire you fur to sell goods to the customers, not to stand gapin' on them from over the counters."

Miss Jennie was an exemplary daughter; she bought no more dresses from the new clerk. But, of course, her sire in his hasty dictum had specified neither hosiery, neckwear, handkerchiefs, perfumes, parasols nor other necessities of which Miss Jennie found herself in immediate need.

"And you ain't to git down on pop for acting so ugly," she pleaded, two days later. "It ain't his usual dispositions, but he has always cross around the tax times. And this year for some reason he has more nerves than I ever seen him. Ach, my, it is now awful the worried up he is!"

Mr. Lampeter in the rear of the store was kneeling before her at the time—had been kneeling and rising, kneeling and rising for some considerable space, in fact. This attitude of devotion was neither a private nor a public declaration of his sentiments—not ostensibly that, at least. It had to do with a box superscribed Kid Pink 4A which he carried rhythmically backward and forward from a shelf whereon reposed others similar in kind.

"Of course, Gudekunst being the assessor, and the bad feelings between them ——" supplemented Milton. "But, anyway, your pop's worries are over for this year. Gudekunst has been here a'ready."

"Ach, my!" gasped Miss Jennie. "And did it give spite talk among them?"

"No talk of any kind. Gudekunst come in and he says: 'What have you got that's assessionable?' And your pop he waved his hand that way and he says: 'Well, look oncet for yourself,' he says. But the looks he give Gudekunst when he went schnaufflin' around! He did now stand like such a statute or what with his eyes onto Gudekunst."

But Miss Jennie shook her head. "No, pop has got the right to worry yet a while. For, you mind, Mr. Gudekunst is what folks call a tax weasel—if he can find out something somebody ain't paid on, he gets exter money for it. And the trouble he can make, it is now awful! Ain't you ever hearing about Deacon Kornblower? Ain't not, you ain't? Ach, my, Mr. Gudekunst chased him off the county a'ready! Mr. Kornblower made his head stubborn and wouldn't pay for something, and Mr. Gudekunst put him to the jail yet. Think anyhow! A deacon on a cell a-settin'! But the worst was that Mr. Gudekunst kept printing him out in the paper—ach, it was for months a'ready—and Mr. Kornblower got so badgered over it that he up and got out of the county."

"The powers of the press ——" began Mr. Lampeter solemnly; but at the moment the powers of Mr. Hergenrather's automobile horn were heard from without and Miss Jennie tripped with dainty haste through the door which opened upon an alley in the rear.

Mr. Lampeter had grown somewhat haggard during the fortnight he had held his two jobs—the strain of garnering items by day and of translating them into type by night was greater than his optimistic soul had visioned. But, even so, it was a joyous strain, and the double-headed arrangement was working out more successfully than he had even visioned. Why, he could have filled eight large pages each week instead of the four small ones had he had the time, the strength, the wood pulp and the ink. From customers he gleaned with ridiculous ease the news of their various communities; between customers he arranged and composed the items; by night he was ready to transfer them to type.

And the arrangement was working out, too, in a manner he had not even foreseen; he overheard Mrs. Tillie Gaufenleiter of Hog Ridge bubbling to Mr. Hergenrather one day: "That new clerk, now—all us Ridgers do like him so good. The interest he shows in a body! The questions he says us yet! Ach, yes, it goes good fur your store that you have got such a pretty young man standing."

Mr. Hergenrather's reaction to this burst was not precisely encouraging; consisting, as it did, of a grunt and an accurate hiss of expectoration toward the cuspidor. However, Milton P. Lampeter was not the sort who knew how to relinquish visions which he had fully conjured; he did not, even in this doubtful interim, relinquish his vision of a full page of Hergenrather, Inc., in the Clarion; nor, as a companion picture, the vision of Hergenrather himself arriving finally at a realization of the fearful powers of the press.

In the third week of his employment he was moved to shout into Uncle Henry's amiable ear one day: "The powers of the press would be even greater in this country of ours if every editor had him a store yet, or either every storekeeper had him a paper. It's a day for mergers, and such a merger had ought to be worked out for the good of the public."

Uncle Henry doubled with laughter. "Gudekunst and Hergenrather in mergers oncet!" He sobered and sidled up to Milton. "Has it come into your notice that Moses is kreistled up over something? What could it be anyhow?"

Milton shook his head. It was true that his employer seemed more and more distraught as the days passed. More and more often he absented himself from his place of business for a day at a time. He was prone to start at an unexpected sound and to glance quickly over his shoulder. He seemed a man hunted and haunted. Hunted by whom? Haunted by what? One morning he warned Milton before leaving for the day:

"If anybody comes schnaufflin' around here, saying questions about anything, you ain't to say nothing, fur you don't know nothing. You don't know nothing about anything anyway, ain't that so?" Milton dazedly nodded. "Well, then," summarized Mr. Hergenrather darkly, "just keep it good in mind that you don't know anything, because you don't know nothing."

Mr. Gudekunst, on the other hand, was much in evidence. Contrary to custom, he began coming to the press room in the evenings; he would sit for some time in silence, then suddenly thrust forward a leg and a pertinent question at the same time. Milton could avoid tripping over the leg, but not always over the questions.

The leg shot forward one night as soon as the owner seated himself. "I hear where Hergenrather's bought him a farm."

"So?" countered Milton.

"Don't you so me! Good enough you know he's bought him a farm, and I bet you know how he paid fur it too. Did he pay out the cash money or what?"

Milton examined a lead closely. "I ain't seen him pay out fur it. You got to remember I'm only working for him and ——"

"Working fur him? Yes, I guess you anyhow was. I been thinking that here lately. And who was it hired you first?"

"Ain't I keeping my contract with you?" cried Milton in hot surprise. "Ain't I increased the su'scriptions 25 per cent a'ready? Ain't I getting items from seven more neighborhoods than ever you ——"

"I ain't talking about the swang paper. What I'm saying, was you working fur my interests or ain't you? And I say you ain't. Not here lately you ain't. You're playing dumb on me. Here I ask you an innercent question and you go fetching me around in circles." He paused, then continued slowly: "You was mentioning of contracts a minute back. I guess you ain't forgitting we got another contract together?"

"No, I ain't. But it's written out in writing that I was to have three months and then terms. And the first month ain't up yet." Milton stared at him, wide-eyed.

"Terms," repeated his chief. "Terms. That there's a word where could mean most anything, not? It could mean, now, cash down on or before the expirations of them three months, or it could mean so much per the month, or ——"

"Terms ain't whole money down!" gasped Milton. "Terms can't be ——"

"Ain't you ever heard that expression: 'The terms is cash'?" queried the other. "Terms can be anything. Terms, in this case, can be anything I feel fur to name them. That was one little item we forgot to remember to put into the contract. And what I feel fur to make them—well, that will all depend. That will all entirely and deliberately depend." The long fingers began weaving intricately.

As before some visible calamity, Milton had unconsciously backed against the wall, but even so he had the confused sensation of being drawn—drawn—by those weaving fingers ——

"Now, about that farm," suddenly cracked the other. "You know how Hergenrather paid fur that. Was it cash money or was it some such securities now? Or either did he give a mortgage yet?"

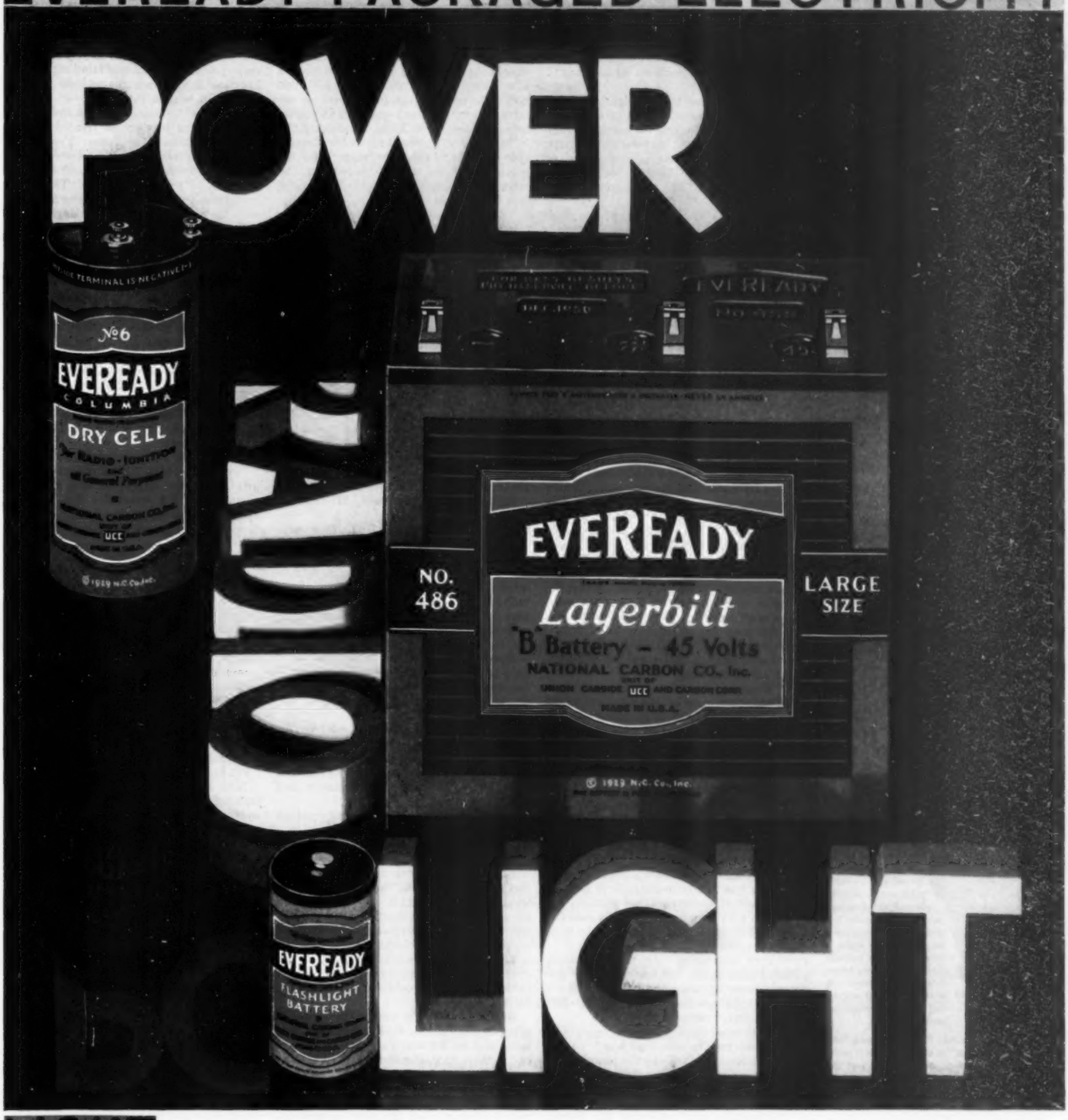
"I ain't fur telling," said Milton.

"That means to say, then, you know, but you ain't telling. Playing dumb again," summarized the other. "And it means to say, too, that he is paying out in cash or securities, and that he never give a mortgage, or you wouldn't be acting so slinky over it. Hah! You told me a'ready the heft of what I want to know!"

Silence so vital that it seemed fairly to throb with a heart of its own pervaded the small room. Azariah sat wiggling his toes in pleased fashion. Milton stood, his thoughts winding and winding about him like a sticky web. What had he told? What difference did it make how that farm had been paid for? And for himself—if Azariah

(Continued on Page 169)

EVEREADY PACKAGED ELECTRICITY



LIGHT You'll find enough bright, bright daylight crowded into one of these husky little cells to last you for months and months! Dazzling light! Light like daylight. Let a couple of these cells freshen up your flashlight today!

POWER These spark-spitting batteries are known all over the country for their electrical punch. Full of sparks. And how these packages of compressed power love doorbells, buzzers. Man! They simply can't be beat for dry-cell jobs.

RADIO Round cells waste space. The new Eveready Layerbilt principle uses flat cells. Flat cells cuddle up close to each other. They put new harmony in that radio of yours. Flat cells mean ALL energy—no waste; all honey—no comb!

All Eveready are dated—your guarantee of fresh, full-powered batteries

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Watch This Column

Universal's Weekly Chat

"ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT"

This picture will stir your interest to an unwonted degree. Such a picture of the war has never been made. You are looking behind the scenes, into the very heart of the German army. You are hearing the other side of the case. The many thousands who have read Erich Maria Remarque's remarkable book will stand amazed at the faithful and thrilling reproduction of the incidents and scenes described in this story.

Paul Whiteman

"The King of Jazz"

A dancing specialist in "The King of Jazz"

This great volume of beautiful, musical sound will soon be sweeping through America. It is a type of entertainment that has no counterpart in stage or movie history. Whiteman's wonderful band has never had such a chance as this and has responded in a way that will make it infinitely more popular than it has ever been. Paul is surrounded with America's most engaging dancing celebrities and specialties.

The picture entitled **"The Cohens and Kellys in Scotland"** is the latest of this series of Universal comedies, and when you feel like laughing, see it and hear it. GEORGE SIDNEY, CHARLIE MURRAY, VERA GORDON and KATE PRICE are in the cast.

Are you one of my volunteer correspondents in your town? If not, why not? Why not write me today and tell me what kind of pictures are popular in your neighborhood.

Carl Laemmle,
President

If you want photographs of LAURA LA PLANTE, JOHN BOLES and JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT, or of your favorite UNIVERSAL STARS, send 10c in stamps for each.

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

"The Home of the Good Film"
730 Fifth Ave. New York City

BROADWAY BEAUTY BETRAYS BIG BUSINESS

(Continued from Page 9)

"Twenty-five, rich, white and—apparently in his right mind," repeated T. Tattersal Byrd slowly.

"What are you going to do about it?"

"About what?"

Mr. McAndrew took a cigar from his pocket and waved it helplessly about between his pudgy fingers. "This—this crazy idea he has about making corset advertising all sweet and old-fashioned again."

"But is it crazy? Long skirts are back. The bob is gone. Why not a corset comeback?"

"I can give you a dozen good reasons," McAndrew began, but Byrd held up a hand.

"Don't," he commanded. "Write them. Chart them. I realize just as you do that the old days in Fort Wayne are gone forever. But we cannot afford to just come out and say so." T. Tattersal Byrd took his pipe out of his mouth and held it up in his best lecture-platform manner. "We must wean this young man from his folly. We must free him from these curious complexes. We must not laugh at him. We must lead him. We must send him back to Detroit a young man with a truer perspective on life, a young man better equipped to cope with the problems his wealth burdens him with. Do I make myself clear?"

Mr. McAndrew nodded enthusiastically. "Great stuff, chief," he applauded.

T. Tattersal smiled complacently. "There are more ways of killing a cat than stuffing it to death with hot butter," he observed cryptically. "By the way, as you go out will you tell Miss Allyne that I would like to see Mr. Petrie at once?"

Payton Petrie was art director of the Atlas, and described by William Alexander Brodie, vice president and account executive, as an earnest man with nervous glasses. He fluttered into the office of his principal, nodded, removed his glasses, rubbed his nose and coughed before the first question shot across the desk.

"What do you know about corsets?"

You cannot question the morals of an art director, especially an unmarried one. Mr. Petrie's manner said so plainly as he stared uncertainly into the light which fell across the broad shoulders of his chief.

Mr. Byrd hastened to explain: "From an advertising point of view, I mean. We have a chance to get the Argo account. But there are—er—certain handicaps. Perhaps, if you will read this letter ——"

Mr. Petrie accepted the letter gingerly, as if the indicated subject matter, though probably acceptable from a business point of view, was hardly to the taste of a single gentleman of unimpeachable morals. He fumbled with his glasses. Then he read the two closely typed pages. Finally he nodded approvingly.

"Very interesting. An unusual young man, I should say. My brother Waterbury would enjoy knowing him. He feels like—with Mr. Jellicoe that we are going too far; that modern women are ——"

T. Tattersal Byrd nodded dryly. "But can we sell merchandise that way? In this day of color and glorifying the product and smart competition, can we hide goods under the counter and whisper their merits into the ear of the customer?"

"P-perhaps not," admitted Mr. Petrie. "I was speaking more of ideals."

"People that admire your ideals and buy somebody else's merchandise are poor customers," Mr. Byrd reminded him in his best manner. "I don't object to young Mr. Jellicoe's ideals; in fact, I applaud them. I have written liberally on that point, as you are perhaps aware." Mr. Petrie nodded. "We must be practical. We must—diplomatically—turn this young man's mind into practical channels. In short, we must agree with him, and then get him to agree with us. Do you follow me, Petrie?"

"Y-yes, but ——"

Mr. Byrd went ahead briskly: "Ellison is making a complete statistical report. McAndrew is preparing a market analysis. Now, you"—the head of the Atlas leaned across his table desk—"I want you to prepare a series of layouts that will help to change the young man's ideas about modern advertising. Put all your art into it. If you decide to use photography, spare no expense to get the most beautiful and attractive models in New York. Understand?"

The artist within awakened. Mr. Petrie's eyes glowed. "Take the vulgar and the commonplace and turn it into pure art," he murmured dreamily. "Turn base metal into beaten gold."

"Exactly," assented his chief vigorously; "and then I'll have Mr. Mudge do the copy in his best La Belle Cliquette manner. Short, but filled with simplicity and charm."

In his haste to begin turning base metal into beaten gold, Mr. Petrie dropped his glasses twice before reaching the door.

II

MISS ELAINE DE LAINE carelessly crossed one chiffon-silk knee over the other and sank back into the leather chair which faced the desk of the art director of the Atlas Advertising Agency. The art director, after one fleeting glimpse at the high expanse of chiffon, stared fixedly toward the higher altitude of the window.

"Bunson sent me," she explained with a bored smile. "He said you were looking for the most beautiful model in New York."

Still gazing window-ward, Mr. Payton Petrie nodded rapidly.

"Here I am," said Miss De Laine simply.

The girl was beautiful. Even the tail of an eye revealed the unusual texture of her skin and hair—warm white running into an ocher as smooth and as shiny as molasses taffy; black brows, as beautiful as they were artificial, etched daringly across the general effect. A neck in a pocket of black fox without a single hard line or one ugly hollow. Even the scarlet finger tips—scarlet of skin as well as nail—could not mar the beauty of the slim fingers that toyed with the grinning little head of the scarf.

"For lingerie, Bunson said."

Mr. Petrie brought his eyes back from his high north window. Sternly he reminded himself, as he so often reminded himself where models were concerned, that business is business. He took off his glasses and rubbed his nose.

"But very chaste," he hastened to point out.

"Chased?" murmured Miss De Laine. "I don't get you. I'm not a runner."

Blushing, Mr. Petrie rushed on: "Not just common pictures," he explained, "but unusual effects. That is why I am seeking an unusual type. I want to make women conscious of the artistry and poetry of the—er—human body. Nothing bald ——"

A touch of the glacial crept into hazel eyes. "As far as my hair is concerned," said Miss De Laine coldly, "it is unusually thick."

But Payton Petrie was in the throes of artistic composition. He brushed the words aside with an impatient wave of his glasses.

"Is there anything distasteful about the early Greek?" he demanded. "Is there anything about the elusive, tawny reds and luminous flesh tints of Titian to command anything but the most sincere admiration?"

"I'll tell you," said Miss De Laine frankly, "I don't know this boy Titian that you speak of, but Greeks leave me out. I danced for a grease ball once in a night club. See?"

"I'm speaking of art."

Miss De Laine shook her head firmly. "No matter what the racket is, I won't have anything to do with a Greek."

Mr. Petrie pinched his glasses back into place. "The Greeks I am referring to," he explained coldly, "lived thousands of years ago."

"Listen," interjected the most beautiful model in New York with a touch of finality; "you don't know Greeks the way I do. Age don't make any difference to them."

A twenty-four-carat body and a gilt mind! Mr. Payton Petrie sighed. "You don't understand. I was merely attempting to point out the state of mind with which I propose to approach this problem. Not—not just a woman in an—an—er—undergarment, but the spirit of youth and beauty with the—the product so treated that it does not dominate the theme. You see"—Mr. Petrie leaned forward and lowered his voice to a more confidential tone—"there is a twofold problem to solve. There is a young man to consider. The young man who owns the company whose—whose garments we hope to advertise. This young man has never had much experience with women. He believes in modesty and reserve—and that sort of thing."

"How quaint," observed Miss De Laine.

The art director of Atlas swung around to the old-fashioned roll-top desk behind him and picked up a black portfolio. "So you will have some idea of what we hope to accomplish, here are some of my roughs—pencil layouts—you know. You will see the same thought runs through the entire series. Spirit furnishes the continuity. Here is The Spirit of the Dance. Here is The Spirit of Modern Youth. The next one is The Spirit of Chic. Lastly we have The Spirit of Romance. Do I make myself clear?"

"Sure," said Miss De Laine, and yawned, with her scarlet fingers tapping her small mouth. "I did something like that in Spegel's Revue last year. I was the Spirit of Autumn. I was dressed in leaves and a red spot."

"Spot?" echoed her listener.

"Light," explained the Spirit of Autumn, and stifled another yawn. "I danced and my leaves began to fall off. Then when it got interesting I lost the spot an' Winter came on. See?"

Mr. Payton Petrie gathered his roughs hastily together and picked up his glasses from the desk blotter, where they had fallen with the falling leaves. Miss De Laine arose and sighed.

"When do we start?"

"Tomorrow morning."

Miss De Laine nodded indifferently. "An' the quaint young man," she wondered—"will he be here?"

Mr. Petrie replaced his glasses and frowned. "Our clients only see the finished work," he announced severely. "Why?"

"Why?" Miss Elaine De Laine arched her black brows in tired wonderment at such crass ignorance. "Why?" she repeated slowly. "Why, because every smart girl in New York is looking for that kind of a young man—rich and dumb."

III

T. TATTERSAL BYRD ushered young Mr. Shortbridge Jellicoe into his private sanctum with old-fashioned courtesy. He beamed upon him with old-fashioned friendliness. So did Hubert J. K. Sparks. So did Maxton Fuller Ellison. So did Alvin Ashley Mudge. So did Payton Petrie. So did Mr. McAndrew.

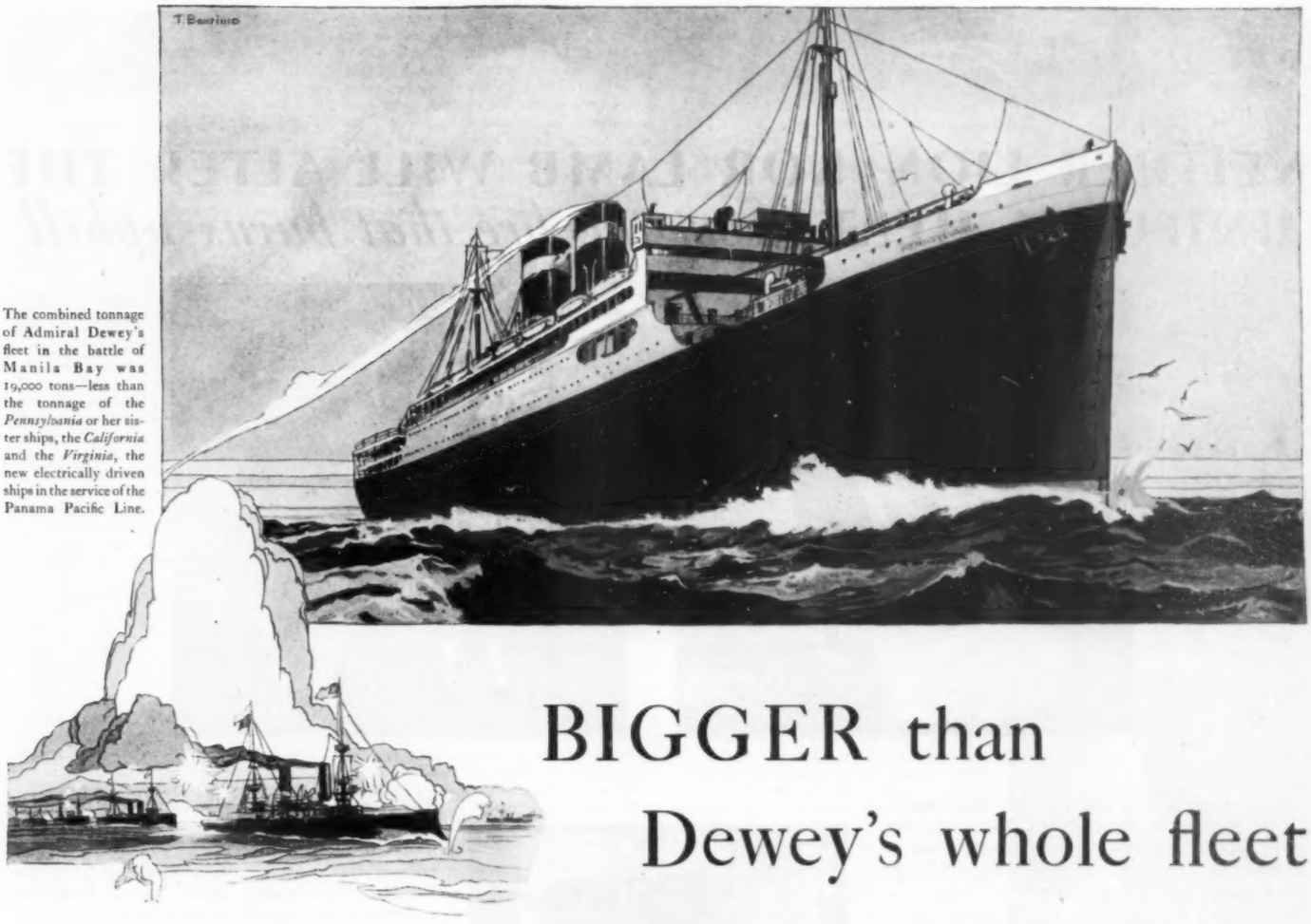
Young Mr. Shortbridge Jellicoe sat on the edge of his chair and smiled wanly. He wore pepper-and-salt gray and there was a touch of it in his neat lisle hose and his neat black shoes and his neat black knit four-in-hand. A thin brush of light crept across the room and dabbed his neatly parted mouse-colored hair with a dull saffron high light.

T. Tattersal Byrd produced a box of cigars and a tin of cigarettes. "Smoke, Mr. Jellicoe? No?" Then he picked up his pipe and caressed it almost lovingly. "I'm an old-fashioned man," he said with an apologetic smile, "so perhaps you won't mind if I smoke an old-fashioned pipe."

"I like a pipe and a cigar, but I hate a cigarette," said Mr. Jellicoe. "They are at the bottom of many modern problems."

Hubert J. K. Sparks, whose hand was hovering over the cigarette tin, passed swiftly on to the cigar box.

(Continued on Page 65)



The combined tonnage of Admiral Dewey's fleet in the battle of Manila Bay was 19,000 tons—less than the tonnage of the *Pennsylvania* or her sister ships, the *California* and the *Virginia*, the new electrically driven ships in the service of the Panama Pacific Line.

BIGGER than Dewey's whole fleet

BUILT not for war but for peace, the 35,000-ton *S.S. Pennsylvania* is not only bigger than all the ships of Dewey's heroic squadron put together, but far more efficient than any of them. Her 17,000-hp motors have enabled the *Pennsylvania* and her sister ships, the *California* and the *Virginia*, to cut the coast-to-coast schedule of the Panama Pacific Line to thirteen days, and have set a new standard of noiseless, vibrationless ocean travel.

General Electric engineered and built the electric equipment of these magnificent new vessels. Other General Electric research scientists and engineers are doing equally important pioneer work on land and for the new traffic of the air. The G-E monogram appears on thousands of electric products and appliances as a symbol of research, an assurance of advanced electrical correctness, dependability, and service.

FOR THE HOME—General Electric and its associated companies manufacture a complete line of electric products and appliances, including G-E MAZDA and G-E Edison MAZDA Lamps, G-E refrigerators, G-E fans, G-E vacuum cleaners, G-E wiring systems, Edison Hotpoint ranges, percolators, toasters, and other Hotpoint products.

FOR INDUSTRY—Several thousand electric products and appliances, including generating and distributing apparatus, motors, electric heating apparatus, street lights, floodlights, traffic lights, airport lights, Cooper Hewitt lights, X-ray equipment, motion-picture apparatus, electric locomotives and equipment, street-car equipment.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

JOIN US IN THE GENERAL ELECTRIC HOUR, BROADCAST EVERY SATURDAY AT 9 P.M., E.S.T., ON A NATION-WIDE N.B.C. NETWORK

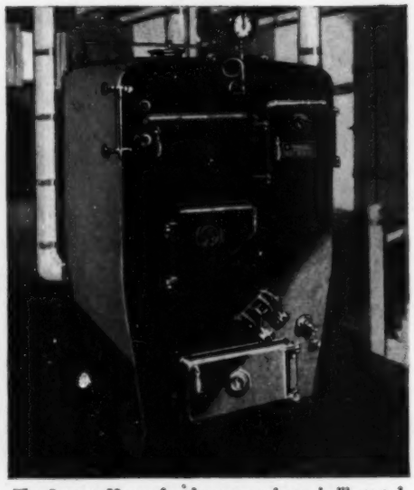
NEITHER LION NOR LAMB WILL ALTER THE UNIFORM HEAT *from the fire that burns uphill*

"March comes in like a lion, goes out like a lamb"—and the old proverb applies to every March day. The biting wind that starts a day with overcoats may be a balmy breeze by noon, inviting the indiscreet to take off wraps and take on pneumonia.

It is changing temperature that makes March so deadly—but in the home that's Spencer heated, outside weather can change its mind as often as it likes. A fundamental difference in boiler construction gives the Spencer its ability to provide, automatically, heat of unusual uniformity at less expense.

Instead of flat grates that must be fed frequently by hand, the Spencer has Gable-Grates that slope down from a magazine where fuel is stored. The natural way for fire to burn is up—and in the Spencer fire does burn up-hill. The natural way for things to fall is down—and fuel rolls down from the Spencer magazine to feed the fire below.*

This fuel feed is truly automatic, for gravitation needs no motors or machines to make things roll down hill. It gives unusual uniformity of temperature, for fuel flows only as fast as the fire burns. As changing temperatures require more fire or less, the fuel feed is automatically controlled by the fire's demands.



The Spencer Heater for the average home is illustrated above. Spencer Heaters are made in cast iron sectional and steel tubular types, for any size home or building. Sold and installed by all responsible heating contractors.

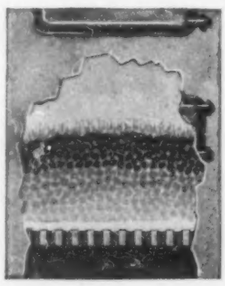
The Spencer adds economy to convenience because its magazine and Gable-Grate permit the efficient use of small size fuels. These fuels are low in cost because ordinary heaters are not designed to burn them satisfactorily. The Spencer burns No. 1 Buckwheat anthracite at half the cost of larger sizes.

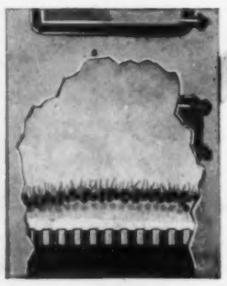
Where anthracite is not available, small size by-product coke, in a Spencer Heater, will give a more uniform heat, at a cost no greater than soft coal—and generally less.

Write for the Spencer book, "The Fire That Burns Up-hill." It describes in detail how the Spencer Heater, for steam, vapor or hot-water systems, can save as much as half your annual fuel bill. SPENCER HEATER COMPANY, WILLIAMSPORT, PA. Division of Lycoming Manufacturing Company.

*Everybody knows that ordinary heaters require refueling frequently as the fire burns to ash. With a Spencer, fuel is put only once a day into the magazine—illustrated below at (A). Fuel covers the grate to a sloping level controlled by the magazine mouth (B). The fire bed stays at the level shown at (C), for as fuel burns it shrinks to ash (D) and settles on the Gable-Grate (E). As the fire bed shrinks more fuel feeds down automatically from the magazine, which holds enough fuel to feed the fire for as long as 24 hours, with only one shaking of the grates.

FLAT GRATE HEATER
Showing how burning fuel shrinks away to ash—heater must again be refueled





FIRE BURNS UPHILL .. FUEL ROLLS DOWN ..

SPENCER
Magazine Feed
HEATERS
for steam, vapor or hot water

SPENCER MAGAZINE FEED HEATER
The shrinkage of burning fuel lets more fuel feed automatically from the magazine

(Continued from Page 62)

In a twinkling, as it were, the room became modern-problem minded.

"Quite right," agreed Mr. Sparks loudly.

"Exactly," assented Mr. McAndrew heartily.

"Positively," contributed Mr. Petrie, and rubbed his nose vigorously.

T. Tattersal Byrd leaned forward. "Do you know," he confessed, "I've never been able to get over my prejudice against women smoking? I know that may sound funny to you, Mr. Jellicoe, coming, as it does, from a man in the most progressive profession in the world, but ——"

"What is progress but a fluttering in the dark?" demanded young Mr. Jellicoe. "What is modernism but a gesture that ends in infinity?"

"I am relieved to hear you say that," admitted the head of the Atlas Advertising Agency frankly. "To be quite candid with you, Mr. Jellicoe, I was a little bit afraid that you would find us a little bit—what shall I say?—too conservative for a young man."

"The mind of youth is only sterile if the seed of knowledge has been withheld," observed Mr. Jellicoe earnestly.

"How true," agreed Hubert J. K. Sparks admiringly, and brushed away the ashes his enthusiastic indorsement had scattered over his vest.

T. Tattersal Byrd beamed. "In that case we can get down to the subject in which we are all interested—namely, Argo Products—though"—here Mr. Byrd hesitated warningly—"I want to warn Mr. Jellicoe in advance that what we are about to say is in direct conflict with many modern merchandising ideas in regard to displaying the—the feminine form in the intimacies of—er-r ——"

Young Mr. Jellicoe shuddered gently.

"We don't believe," Mr. Byrd went on, "that it is necessary to forsake the reserve, the allure of mystery, the old-fashioned modesty of beautiful womanhood to sell the modern corset."

"Mr. Byrd," said Mr. Jellicoe earnestly, "I wish my mother was alive to hear you utter those words."

"She must have been a beautiful woman," suggested Hubert J. K. Sparks gallantly. Mr. Byrd continued:

"We will take our ideas up in the following sequence. A, The Product, B, The Market, C, Trends in Allied Lines, D, Proposed Merchandising Plans and Advertising. Mr. McAndrew will first give us his ideas, as an expert in marketing, on the problems which confront us."

The head of the Argus Advertising Agency indicated his marketing expert and the large chart which stood behind him.

Mr. McAndrew arose and bowed in his best brass-tacks manner. A little black pointer appeared, as if by magic, in his chubby right fist. This was at 10:17. At 11:05 he sat down with a little bow, the red and green lines on his chart dancing a jig to the vigor of his sitting.

"Mark my words," he had warned them, in closing; "this year marks the renaissance of the corset. By that I do not mean we are going back to the bone-bristling variety of 1912, but it does mean that the brief girdles of the past five years are a thing of the past. We must give heed to the modern silhouette in dress if we are not to be left at the wayside."

Young Mr. Jellicoe blinked.

"And now we will hear what modern research has to say on the subject."

Mr. Byrd smiled in friendly fashion on Mr. Ellison as he arose, and smiled again when he sat down, three-quarters of an hour later, having filled the interval with a rapid fire of Department of Commerce, media, moire, rubber inserts, taffeta faille, elastic, and the survey made in twenty-one representative American cities by the Inspirational Monthly on the relationship of earned income to buying power in homes in the ten-thousand-dollar class and under.

"Very comprehensive," murmured Mr. Byrd. "Quite conclusive, I should say. Eh, Mr. Jellicoe?"

Mr. Jellicoe started to cough, decided to nod, and then blinked again. "A—that is—of course. Very."

Mr. Ellison was hurt, but he managed a friendly little nod of thanks. Being a modern, the head of the research department believed in frankness. And frankness in this case called for some such remark as this: "Listen, you poor sap! You didn't understand a word I said. If you picked at your brains the way you pick at your vest, you couldn't even start. What do you know about trends, or buying power, or the relationship of specialty selling in the style field to modern distribution? Nothing! And mighty little of that!"

But Mr. Byrd was already speaking: "And now Mr. Petrie will interpret the things of which we have just been speaking into advertising forms. Are you ready, Mr. Petrie?"

Mr. Petrie said that he was, but dropped his glasses as he stooped to pick up the black portfolio of layouts which had slipped from his knees. "Quite," he continued, and brought his easel forward. Then, with the tenderness of your true artist, he folded back the tissue cover of the first layout and disclosed an elusive, elfin spirit of romance dancing into a shimmering dawn; face alight with the joy of youth, softly modeled against the glow of the coming day, the Argo Silhouette playing hide and seek through the silver gauze which floated on the wings of the morning. Mr. Petrie said so in a controlled voice. "Here," he went on, "we have not just a product but the attributes of that product. The Spirit of the Dance is not just a photograph of a cor—thing with—er—a lot of intimate—er—things dangling from it, but Grace—Youth! The cor—the product is there, but its presence does not force itself upon you, if you understand what I mean."

"Of course we do," said Hubert J. K. Sparks enthusiastically.

Young Mr. Jellicoe leaned forward, his thin elbows on his thin knees. "It is wonderful," he whispered, and gulped.

T. Tattersal Byrd shook hands with himself mentally. After all, Old Petrie was a wonder. The best art director in New York! Aloud he said: "When Mr. Petrie first showed it to me, I thought you might think that we were keeping the product too much in the background, depending too much on the appeal to modesty and beauty, but ——"

"I love modesty and beauty; it—it ——" Young Mr. Jellicoe was still whispering.

"It is the keynote of our series," Mr. Petrie rushed on, his face aglow. "Here is the Spirit of Romance. See how we have carried the same poetic theme into the magic of moonlight? Here is the Spirit of Youth. See ——" When he finished and retrieved his glasses from the carpet, the prospective client was still sitting forward on his chair, still staring with rapt admiration at the examples of possible Argo advertising.

When he spoke, it was in the hushed tones of one deeply stirred.

"You are a wonderful man, Mr. Petrie." Hubert J. K. Sparks nodded. "You have purified Babylon."

The recipient of this praise bowed. "You might be interested to know," he explained, "that this girl—I mean this art—which you admire so much was evolved from a model with a twenty-four-carat body and a gilt mind." It was a well-turned phrase, and Mr. Petrie repeated it. "A twenty-four-carat body and a gilt mind. It illustrates what Art can do with common clay. Here was a common little dancer in the Club Broadway. A cheap, little ——"

T. Tattersal Byrd, master of the minds of men, sensed the breach that had been opened in the Jellicoe fortification. He cut in: "It is typical of our entire thought on Argo. What do you think, Mr Jellicoe?"

Young Mr. Jellicoe seemed to shake himself mentally. Finally he spoke.

"I think she is wonderful," he said simply.

IV

"H. H. Calvert,
"Carson, Hinds & Co.,
"Detroit, Mich.

"*DEAR CAL:* I am sending this in care of the Detroit office, just in case you have not left for Cleveland. I met your prize package as I agreed. As you suspected, the old man is still sick. A lucky break for the company, as he might have boggled at my quick thinking.

"I thought you wrote me that the boy was a pure little ray of ultra-violet? He met me, as he had promised you in Detroit, for dinner. He had spent the day with the Atlas crowd, and Old Byrd had him out to lunch with some of the cockeyed intelligentzia that the boobery like to talk about afterwards. I took him to a nice tea room where they have candles on the tables and only the most refined food—including, so help me, Hannah, sugar colored in arty red and yellow cubes—and then we went to a nice violin gambol at Carnegie Hall. After this orgy, I thought of taking the lad into some genteel soda fountain for a spot of banana split and so to bed. But no! The first thing he asked me when we got outside—with a gulp—was if I knew where the Club Broadway could be located. He said 'could be located.' Naturally I piled him into a taxi and began to wonder. Know what little U.V. wanted? To meet a little gal in one of the ensemble numbers. It cost me twenty to Leon, the head Greek, but I produced. And the fall thereof? Spare me the retailing of the sticky details. The gal knew who he was. Let us skip all that. We sat through two shows, and then U.V. asked permission to escort her home. While he was getting his hat, I put Carson, Hinds over, and I don't mean maybe!

"'Listen baby,' I said as swiftly as I could, 'this Mr. Jellicoe ought to be a customer of mine. Here's a hundred. There's four hundred more for you when Carson, Hinds gets the Argo business.'

"If Carson knew about it, his ethical pressure would be triple his age. But the gal got it quick enough. She has promised to write to me as soon as possible. I will wire the good news upon receipt.

"Sincerely, "WALTER.

"Dic/W. L. Dunforth/df"

(Continued on Page 66)

CELLOPHANE WRAPPED

Your old friend, the 2 for 25¢ MURIEL . . . exact same size and quality . . . is now priced at 10¢ and individually sheathed in a moisture-proof case of cellophane. How did we do it? By installing marvelous new cigar making machines. By getting rid of waste motions. And by placing huge contracts for the world's finest leaf. Ask for the 1930 MURIEL today . . . perfecto size . . . cellophane wrapped . . . 10¢.

the 1930 MURIEL

© P. Lorillard Co.

NEVER GETS ON YOUR NERVES

OFFICE MEMORANDUM
ATLAS ADVERTISING AGENCY

To: Sparks
From: Byrd
Subject: Argo Account

What is new in this situation? We have not heard anything from Mr. Jellicoe. I felt that he was tremendously impressed by our presentation of the facts, and yet it is now three days since we have heard from him.

OFFICE MEMORANDUM
ATLAS ADVERTISING AGENCY

To: Byrd
From: Sparks
Subject: Argo Account

I have tried several times to get in touch with Jellicoe, but he has always been out. However, I did meet Walter Dunforth of Carson, Hinds on the street the other day, and he seemed very pleased with himself about Argo. You know, of course, how he talks. He said that getting a new account was a good deal like playing bridge—one peak being better than three finesses.

v

A YOUNG lady sat at a writing desk in one of the public rooms of the Hotel Belecourt. As she bent forward over the glass-topped surface her little black hat seemed buried in a bank of purple orchids. On one scarlet-tipped finger of the left hand a diamond glittered like a street lamp on wet asphalt.

Beside this laboring confection stood a young man. A young man who leaned upon a yellow cane. A young man dressed in a light gray double-breasted suit and a light blue shirt. A young man who sported fawn-colored spats and a white carnation in his buttonhole. Lastly, a young man who smiled down tenderly at the patiently laboring confection.

The letter read:

"Mrs. Bertha Mueller,
"78 Vine Street,
"Fort Wayne, Ind.

"*Dear Mom:* Do you remember that Judge Elsasser that used to live in that big house painted yellow and white on Washington Street? Well, listen, mom; I am going to marry his grandson. Maybe you remember his mother before she went to live in Detroit? Well, anyway, I will be Mrs. Shortbridge Jellicoe and we will own a big corset works in Detroit. Listen, mom; you will like to know that my engagement ring cost over three thousand dollars and I have sixteen dollars' worth of flowers pinned on my coat.

"Before we get married and go away on our honeymoon, I wish you would write to me and tell me the address of that advertising company that Cousin Charlie is with. I want to give him some real business and I would like to do him this ——"

A little frown wrinkled the white brow of the confection as she suddenly looked up.

"Lissen, baby," she commanded; "do you spell favor with a *o* or a *e*?"

The young man beamed down upon her.

"Spell it any way you please," he implored eagerly.

SUGAR IN CORN BREAD!

(Continued from Page 5)

to fry a half of a chicken, or even a quarter, at one time and in one piece, and if the governor ever runs up against what restaurateurs call fried chicken he will probably pop someone on the schnozzle.

The thing that has crossed up most of the boys behind the pots and pans is that mouth-watering rime to be found on properly prepared fried chicken. It has hypnotized them, as well it might. There are few other things like it. To accomplish the effect they have rolled their chickens in all kinds of batter, in bread and cracker crumbs, and probably in mica, whereas the old-time fried-chicken cook rolls hers simply in flour—plain old flour, the same stuff that comes in barrels at any grocery store. Odd, isn't it?

Waffles à la Johnson

An interesting point about this is that generally the incorrect cooking of these dishes actually calls for more effort and labor than the correct way. The chef really has to go out of his way to be so completely wrong. And a part of this excess effort issues from a mad obsession on the part of restaurateurs for pouring sugar into everything in sight.

Through some kind of effeminizing impulse, emerging perhaps from the tea rooms and ice-cream parlors that freckle the land, sugar is rampant in American restaurant food. It goes into biscuits. It goes into the cooking of green vegetables. It goes into griddle cakes, into waffles. Leave the average restaurant chef alone in his kitchen with a barrel of sugar and he will run berserk.

Even now—and it's only Thursday—half of the urban population of the country—the population that has most to do with restaurants—has forgotten, if ever it knew, that the pastry in strawberry shortcake, as native a dessert as we have, was originally and correctly made of biscuit dough. Yes, biscuit dough is what I said. Today, as a result of kitchen politics, there are actually two schools of thought on strawberry shortcake—the cake-dough school, completely ignorant of the nobler biscuit-dough pastry, and the old civilized biscuit-dough school, complacent in its superiority and contented, apparently, to permit their more unfortunate brothers to go on forever eating away at their devitalized provender.

This is fundamentally wrong, and if the governor were here he'd bear me out in this. To mince no words about it, there is not room in this country for two kinds of strawberry shortcake. Offering cake dough is raising up false ideals for the youth of America. It is culinary corruption of the worst character, and, besides, cake-dough pastry is for sissies.

What has happened to waffles, in this same connection, practically defies description. In the original formula for waffles is no more mention of sugar than there is of Senator Smoot. I give you this recipe, or a close copy, as it has been handed down, generation to generation, in the Johnson family for nigh on to two generations.

Two cupfuls of flour are mixed in a sifter with two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, a half teaspoonful of baking soda and a pinch of salt. Beat this lovely conglomeration into a batter with milk, using the latter as needed for a fairly thick consistency. Add four tablespoonfuls of melted lard. Toss in an egg and continue to beat until the iron is good and hot.

At the end of five minutes one of the handsomest waffles you ever saw will emerge from this iron and, served with butter, will make another man out of you.

Now, that sounds fairly simple; too simple, apparently, for the dizzy talents of restaurant cooks. Oh, no, indeedy, that would never do for those babies! They've got to fancy it up a bit, make it hard to do. To judge by the taste, they do this by using Cologne water instead of milk, with the result that the waffle served with great pride in most public dining rooms tastes like something rejected by the cake department—and very wisely rejected, too, if you ask me.

But the appearance of the waffle illustrates another interesting point in the credo of the average chef. To the naked eye that waffle is flawless; it looks good enough to eat.

And that is the sinister part of it. The belief has risen in restaurant kitchens that if a thing looks all right it is all right. Yes, sir, that's exactly what those fellows believe!

So it is with biscuits and griddle cakes, to continue with a list of a few of the familiar American dishes that have been crucified at the hands of ignorance and carelessness. In nine cases out of ten, it is not even necessary to taste the biscuit served in a restaurant to know that about the best you're going to get is a bad break. Merely touch one. If it is cold, as usually it is, take gluten bread. That restaurant is just bluffing, and what you have before you is a snare and a delusion; for the first, the one inflexible law of the biscuit is that it shall be served hot or not at all. An establishment that does not even know how to serve biscuits, obviously cannot know how to make them.

As for griddle cakes, I am sure that you have heard homely gossip now and then about how Charlie, or Ed, or Joe was so hungry the other morning that he ate twenty-two wheat cakes for breakfast. I trust that I do not have to call your attention to the fact that you have never in your life heard of a man who was so hungry that he could eat twenty-two restaurant griddle cakes for breakfast, unless by chance you happen to know a man who could eat twenty-two Turkish towels for breakfast. Charlie's cakes, or Joe's, or Ed's, were eaten at home.

Restaurant men have a vague consciousness of this, for they never serve more than four, and often only two cakes. A husband who was served but four cakes for breakfast in his home would be in his attorney's office by ten o'clock of the same morning, assisting in the draft of a petition for absolute divorce on the grounds that his wife was beginning to lose her reason. If restaurant men do not know why nobody seems to be able to scoff their griddle cakes with avidity it is for the same reason that the eating of old blotters out of country post offices has never made much headway in this country. They just don't taste good.

As far as I can find out, the governor has issued no statement on the ham situation, but that is one that I have no doubt makes him see red whenever mention is made of it. Back when I was a boy, around the time of the coronation of Queen Victoria, ham had a distinct flavor and bouquet—a flavor and bouquet that linger yet like rosemary in my memory. I am sure that just a moment of meditation will bring them back to anyone—the sharp, salty aroma, the thin, red gravy, the crisp, curling edges, slightly burned.

What I would like to know—and probably the governor as well—is: What's become of that ham? Where is that fragrance, that gravy, that flavor? It happens that in this case the answer lies not in the cooking of the dish but in the kind of hams that are bought.

The Complex Culinary Complex

In concluding this pout, I wish to point out again that when the governor and I brood over the presence of sugar in corn bread and other heathenisms concerned with the dishes mentioned here, we do not feel that we are dealing with any esoteric quantities, eh, governor? We feel—the governor and I—that these are the simple dishes of the American home, that it was in the home that they were first served and that they received a clear definition of preparation and taste, and that in even the best restaurants these days they are being abused and maltreated and distorted in a way that is absolutely inexcusable.

For another thing, and on my own hook, I suggest that the explanation of all this is the preponderant influence of foreign schools of cooking in our restaurants. They are mainly French, of course. In the realm of salads and fish and sauces they are artists of the first order. But ambition eats at their innards. They can't abide for an instant a simple dish.

The sight of a solitary slice of ham resting innocently on a white plate has been known to throw a French chef into either a torpor or delirium, and muscular men must restrain him from concealing it under a rich sauce composed of herbs, spices and a breath of garlic.

Putting such men to the matter of preparing such simple American dishes as I have mentioned here is clearly refined torture. For a few days or weeks they may be able to resist the temptation of tampering with our native recipes, but presently the old itch gets them, and the next thing you know they are sneaking back to the kitchen in the dead of night, attempting to alter or improve on our humble rations. A dish is nothing to these babies unless it is complex.

The way the governor and I look at these things is that our dishes were simply started and should simply continue, that there is a right way to do a thing, and a wrong way, and never a compromise, and that the proof of the wisdom of such a sturdy way of looking at life is that today he is governor of a Southern state and I am practically broke and the mortgage due a week come Thursday.

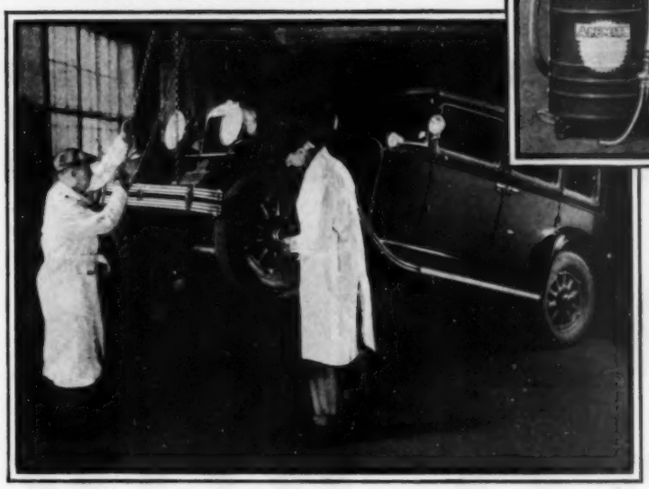
DRAWN BY NATE COLLIER

The Contact Man Meets a New Customer

Have Your Car Alemite-ed Regularly This Year

And Notice the Difference in Repair Bills . . . Improper Lubrication, Even Though Regular, May Ruin a Good Car

"Yes, Madam, Regular Alemite-ing has kept your car out of the repair shop besides preventing trouble on the road"



"That's right, Bill, a few repair jobs like this and he'll be more careful to have his car Alemite-ed"

THIS warning is going out to car owners against the evil effects of improper lubrication. Neglect to have your car lubricated every 500 miles measurably cuts down performance. Having it lubricated with unknown and inferior "greases" may be even more costly.

Automobile repair records show 80% of all repair bills are due to careless and improper lubrication. The first sign may be a warning squeak or rattle. Or rasping, grinding gears. Next, a costly repair bill on a car you've lost your pride in.

Avoid the Unknown

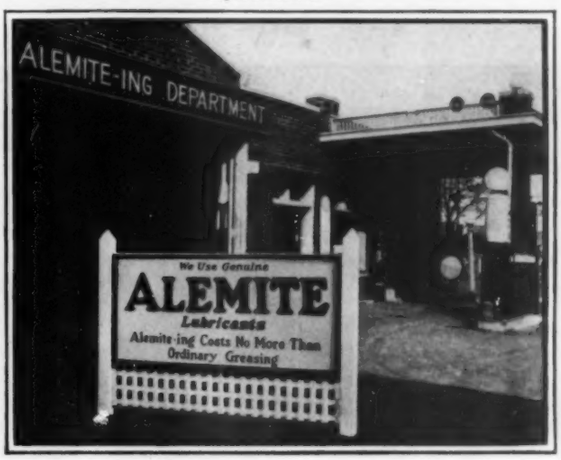
To keep a good car in good condition avoid haphazard greasing at irresponsible stations. Avoid greases you know nothing about. They may be totally unfitted for the Alemite High Pressure Lubrication system on your car.

Permit none but the best lubricants in your car. To be sure you get them go to a station displaying the sign pictured here. These stations you'll find everywhere in convenient locations. They use only genuine Alemite Lubricants for chassis, gears, and other moving parts. They are run by efficient mechanics who thoroughly know the location of the Alemite fittings on your car. And they'll use the proper pressure and the correct equipment.

Increase Resale Value 10%

Furthermore, at Genuine Alemite-ing Stations, you can secure Recorded Alemite Service—a new idea to increase the resale value of your car approximately 10%.

"Guiding motorists to Genuine Alemite Lubricants and expert service"



Every time you have it Alemite-ed a certified record of all the services performed is given to you. That is your car's pedigree showing the careful attention it has had to make it more valuable when you wish to trade or sell.

This protection for your car costs no more than ordinary "greasing". Besides giving a better riding car, longer car life and fewer repair bills. Compare the following services with ordinary "greasing".

100% Alemite-ing Means:

1. BEARINGS: Alemite High Pressure Lubricant forced into every vital chassis bearing with Alemite equipment by expert Alemite mechanics—every 500 miles.

2. GEARS: Differential and transmission thoroughly flushed out by a special Alemite process. New Alemite Gear Lubricant forced in—every 2,500 miles.

3. SPRINGS: Springs sprayed with special Alemite Vesuvius Graphite Oil—every 500 miles. Eliminating ALL spring squeaks and making the car run immeasurably smoother.

Wherever you see one of the signs shown here, just drive your car in and try this service. You will notice an immediate difference in the way your car runs.

You'll keep out squeaks and prevent costly repairs. And you'll multiply the enjoyment of driving by keeping your car at peak performance.

Alemite Corporation, Division of Stewart-Warner, 2646 N. Crawford Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Canadian Address: The Alemite Products Company of Canada, Ltd., Belleville, Ontario.

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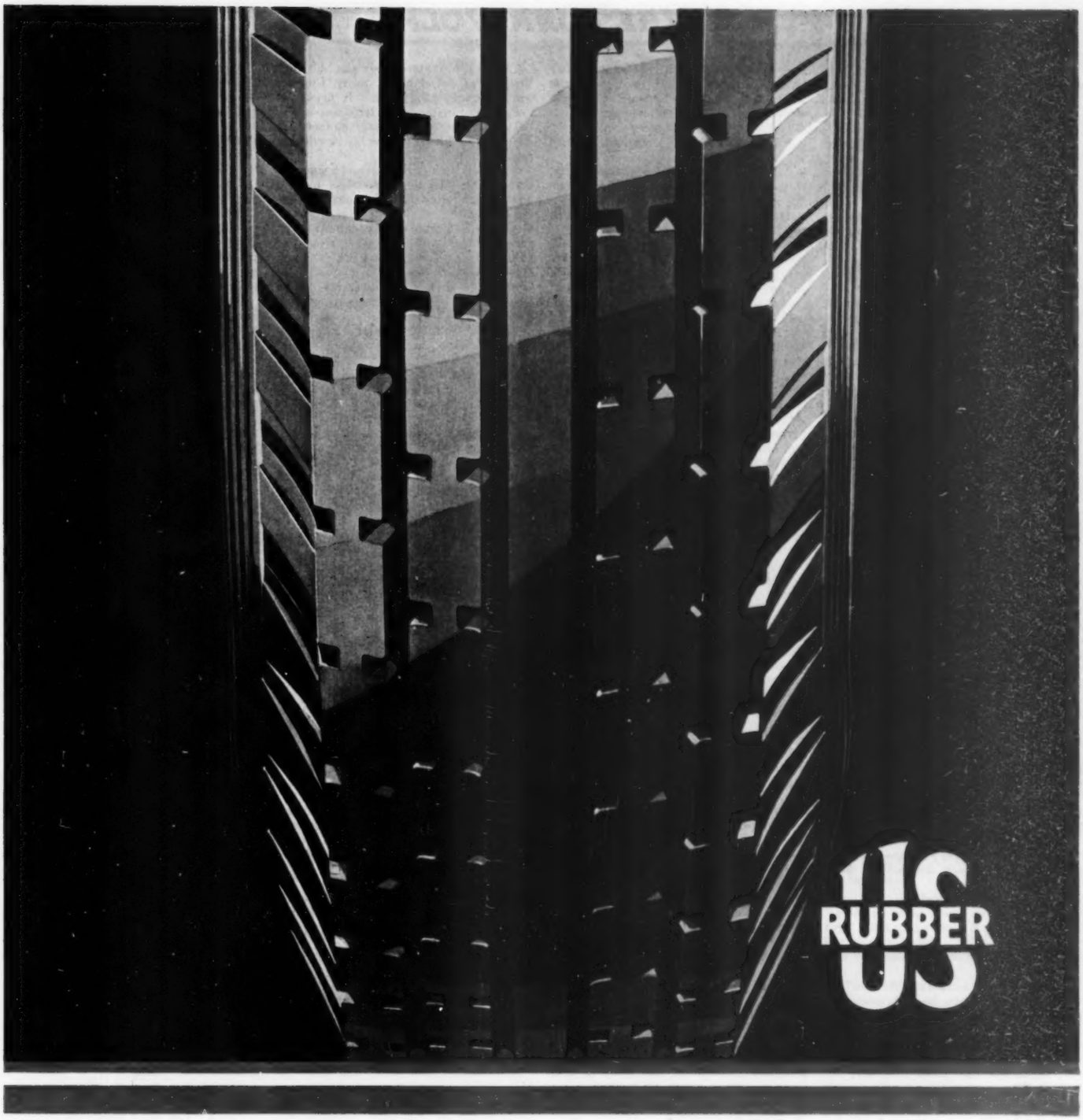

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United States Rubber Company ***World's Largest Producer of Rubber***

THE LOAN WOLF

(Continued from Page 33)

"Oh, gal! But Ise crazy 'bout you, Chromo, an' a feller which woul'n't take some chances fo' the gal he is crazy about, just ain't no kind of a man, tha's all."

She moved very close to him and conveyed the information that she considered him very much of a man indeed; which adulation served to fire the usually diffident Mr. Wattles with additional courage and high purpose.

The lady of his choice was accompanying him to the dance that night and she was to sparkle in a gown which would dim the luster of the next best, even as the brilliant light of the sun can cause the moon to look pallid.

Fortunately for Percy's peace of mind, he was unconscious of the fact that Cater Jones, the night watchman, had overheard the little scheme. And Cater was happy.

Mr. Jones understood that he was not popular with the rank and file of Midnight employes, and that Percy was. Only the insignificance of the watchman's job had caused Cater to retain it this long—that and the fact that he had in Welford Potts a powerful friend at court. If Welford chose to intervene in his favor, then it wasn't worth President Latimer's time to discharge him.

Yet Cater Jones understood that if he ever happened to run afoul of Latimer or lose the friendship of Welford, he would be summarily dismissed and Percy Wattles put in his place. Wherefore he hated Percy enthusiastically and was ever on the alert for information which might be used to discredit the little man and cause his dismissal from the organization.

Later, therefore, Mr. Jones went into executive session with Welford Potts.

"Where you gwine be at tonight, Welford?"

"I dunno." The skinny little actor was languidly bored.

"Goin' to the bridge party at Lawyer Chew's?"

"Me? Waste my good brains playin' bridge? That is the most thing which don't appeal to me."

"Then," inquired Cater, "how about goin' to the Over the River Buryin' Sassiety dance?"

"Why?"

"You know that gal you was askin' me about—the one which doubled fo' Sicily Clump?"

"You mean Miss Bridal?"

"Uh-huh. Well, she's gwine be there."

"No!" Then Welford's face fell. "But what does that differ? She most likely will be 'scawted by that wuthless, no-'count Percy Wattles."

"Ain't you said somethin', Welford?"

"I has. An' when he is present, she ain't gwine have no eyes fo' me."

"Who says?"

"I does!"

"Modesty is the most quality you has got, Brother Potts. Does you crave her fo' a partner, she won't dance with nobody else."

"Fumadiddles!"

"'Tain't no such of a thing. Ise speakin' truth."

"You is utterin' foolishment. If a gal is crazy 'bout a feller, she's crazy, an' tha's all."

"But this is diff'ent," explained Cater. "'Cause if you handle it proper, Percy woul'n't even dance one dance with Chromo."

Mr. Potts gazed at his friend and saw guile in the eyes of Mr. Jones. He demanded an explanation.

"In the fust place," said Cater, "Chromo is gwine be the swellest-dressed gal at that dance. 'Cause why? 'Cause she is gwine be wearin' the dress which was made fo' Sicily Clump to parade th'oo this pitcher in. I heard Percy tell her he was gwine borry it as soon as Sicily had finished fo' the day. None of the movie folks is gwine be at that dance; and was you to tell Percy you reckernized the gown an' didn't he stay away fum Chromo in yo' favor you would tell President Latimer, then you would have things all yo' own way."

Welford's beady eyes were shining.

"Hot ziggity dam!" he exulted. "Ain't you doin' me a favor!"

"Doin' nice things fo' you, Brother Potts, is the fondest thing I is of. An' I got one mo' event to suggest."

"Go ahead, Cater. Be as suggestive as you like."

"At this dance, you promise Percy that you won't say nothin' 'bout him swipin' that dress previded he don't interfere with yo' enjoyment. Only tomorrow mawnin' you sort of forget that you promised him such."

"You mean no matter what happens, I should, anyway, tell President Latimer that Percy borried Sicily Clump's dress out of the wardrobe depahtment?"

"Sholy."

"Why?"

"'Cause then," snapped Cater, "Orifice Latimer immedjitly discharges Percy away fum Midnight, an' I won't always have to be worried fo' fear he's gwine git my job. It seems like to me, Welford, that it ain't much fo' you to do after all the happiness I has fixed up fo' you at that dance."

Welford nodded. "Tha's right, Cater. An' I'll do it. By tomorrow night Mistuh Wattles will be tellin' folks that he useter work at Midnight."

"Hot dawg, Welford. You sho is a kindly man."

Mr. Potts strutted off down the street. He was highly elated at the prospect, but he could not even fathom the depth of exultation which flooded the bosom of Cater Jones. In one fell stroke Mr. Jones had established himself still more firmly in the affections of the influential Welford Potts, and at the same time arranged the complete and permanent discomfiture of his archenemy.

The arrival of Mr. Potts at the dance created a sensation. Though the Over the River Burying Society was a large organization, its social affairs did not customarily attract the élite. In particular, the important members of the Midnight organization had, in the past, given these dances the go-by as being rather too tawdry.

But Mr. Potts had a complex. He delighted to be a very large frog in a very small puddle. At Lawyer Chew's tonight, for instance, he would have been merely another guest; his luster dimmed by the casual presence of such notables as Opus Randall, Director and Mrs. Julius Cæsar Clump, Director and Mrs. Edwin Boscoe Fizz, Author Forcep Swain, President Orifice R. Latimer, Sound Mixer Callous Deech, Dr. and Mrs. Liljah Atcherson, and even Florian Slappey.

Welford presented a wondrous sight as he rambled insouciantly down the hall and mounted the rostrum, ostensibly to hold converse with Professor Aleck Champagne, whose Jazzphony Orchestra was furnishing the music for the affair.

Mr. Potts was in full and immaculate evening dress. But he had not stopped with the conventional garb. Across the white front of his shirt was draped a large red ribbon, representative of something, though nobody knew what. From his breast pocket the corner of a lavender handkerchief peeped like a small orchid, and to the right breast of his coat was affixed a large and gleamy medal which had been awarded him by the Birmingham Colored Arts and Domestic Science Society. And he wore spats.

He surveyed the joyous throng through amused and half-closed eyes. A few of the men wore dinner jackets, but most were garbed in their Sunday suits, and they stared rapturously at Welford's scintillant elegance. The girls, though—Mr. Potts became acutely conscious of the fact that some of them were astoundingly attractive.

Then a vision entered the room. Chromo Bridal was ravishing in Sicily Clump's white satin evening gown. It fitted her luxurious figure perhaps a trifle too snugly, but there was no gainsaying the fact that she stood out like an Easter lily in a field of turnips.

The music started and she and her gentleman friend—Mr. Percy Wattles—toddled off with much enjoyment and a severe clacking of heels.

At the conclusion of that dance and its encore, Mr. Potts descended from the rostrum and ambled across the ballroom. He approached Percy and Chromo and ignored the obvious dislike which flashed from the eyes of the wardrobe-department sweeper.

"Percy," said Mr. Potts, "I crave to make talk with you."

"'Bout which?"

"Nemmin' 'bout which. I aim to see you alone in private."

Mr. Wattles experienced a moment of apprehension. He thought—although he couldn't be sure—that Welford's eyes had dwelt long upon the gown which Chromo was wearing. For a moment he thought of refusing Mr. Potts' request for an interview, then discarded that idea as being tactless. If Mr. Potts suspected anything ——

In a corner, standing next to a melancholy geranium, Welford favored Percy with a supercilious smile.

"Pretty gal you is with tonight, Brother Wattles."

"Says you."

"Uh-huh. Awful pretty. I sort of crave to dance with her."

"I got all her dances."

"I crave to dance with her heaps," pursued Welford. "In fack, I think you might dance with her one mo' time an' explain that ev'y other dance this evenin' will be with me."

Percy was furious. "Mistuh Potts," he snapped, "this is the fust time I has ever believed that anybody could be as crazy as you look."

"How come?"

"'Cause Miss Chromo Bridal is my gal an' she ain't gwine dance ev'y dance with you, nor neither even one dance."

"Oh, yes, she is," corrected Welford mildly. "Or else."

"Or else what?"

"Else," said Welford sternly, "you an' her is bofe gwine find yo'selves swimmin' aroun' in a puddle of trouble."

"On account ——"

"—— of that dress Chromo is wearin'!" Percy winced.

"What about that dress?"

"Oh, nothin'. On'y I reckon neither her nor you would crave fo' me to telephone Orifice Latimer right now an' have him check up on where Sicily Clump's gown is at."

Mr. Wattles was sunk, and knew it. Mournfully he took Chromo in his arms as the next jazzy tune spurted from the brass instruments of Professor Champagne's peppy band.

"Honey," he announced, "we is ruint."

"What you mean: We?"

"Welford has reckernized that dress."

"No?"

"Yeh. An' what's mo', he says that you is in as much trouble as I is, on account of how could you prove that you wasn't in cahoots with me when I borried it."

"I coul'n't," she confessed, "'cause I was."

"An' he 'lows furthermo', sweetness, that he likes yo' looks an' craves to dance ev'y other dance with you. An' me, I either got to say yes or else invite him outside an' sterminate him."

Chromo pressed the arm of her gemmun friend reassuringly.

"Don't you worry none, sugar-foots. You just turn Mistuh Potts over to me an' leave me do the rest."

"Which rest?"

"All the rest. An' don't git jealous if I is sweet to him, 'cause tha's the on'iest way us keeps out of trouble. Once he dances lots of dances with me, ev'ything will be all right."

Dark thoughts penetrated Percy's brain.

"You ain't crazy 'bout him, is you?"

"Gosh, no, sweetness. You is the most man I love."

But despite her assurance of loyalty the ensuing four hours were difficult for Mr. Percy Wattles. He stood mournfully on the sidelines watching his best girl cavorting about the floor in the arms of the self-satisfied and resplendent Mr. Potts.

He was smitten with a keen consciousness of the difference in their stations in life. Welford Potts was one of Midnight's two foremost stars; his salary was reputed to be one hundred and twenty-five dollars per week, fifty-two weeks in the year. He was widely traveled and superbly confident of himself. Percy, on the other hand, was distinctly insignificant. He earned fourteen dollars a week, and his ambition extended only to the job of night watchman with Midnight, which employment carried with it a weekly emolument of eighteen dollars.

Who was he, indeed, to compete with Mr. Potts? Better gals than Chromo had fallen for less, and as the evening wore on, Percy became more and more certain that Welford was unpopular with him. In fact, he hated Welford. For three copper cents he would have annihilated the cocky little actor.

Some of his mayhemistic thoughts must have conveyed themselves to Chromo through the medium of his eyes, for she begged Mr. Potts to let her have one more dance with Percy. Welford, considerably dazzled, and eager to please, agreed. She clutched Mr. Wattles and dragged him onto the floor.

"You got to snap out of it, Percy."

"Out of which?"

"This slump of jealousy you is in."

"Well, woul'n't you be jealous?"

"Tha's diff'ent, honey. Ise bein' sweet to Mistuh Potts 'cause Ise tryin' to save you. An' same is exackly what I is gwine do."

"How?"

"Well, in the fust place, I has agreed to let Welford take me home after the dance," Chromo said.

"Hmph! That sho proves that you love me."

"Now, honey. . . . Anyway, he's gwine take me home. An' then Ise gwine give him my dress."

Obviously, the idea did not appeal to Percy. He merely nodded, and she continued:

"An' he is gwine take it back to Midnight fo' me!" She gazed triumphantly into Percy's eyes. "Don't you see how that settles ev'ything?"

"Yeh," he gloomed, "I most posolutely do."

"Shuh! You don't understan'."

"If I understood any better I'd commit suicide."

"You got the wrong idea." She was exasperated by his obtuseness. "Now, listen at me: The minute I git Welford to take that dress back to Midnight, 'stead of you, he's in on the deal same as us is, an' then he can't open his mouf, no matter how he wants to. Oh, Percy, why don't you bring them brains of yours back fum their vacation? Can't you see what I has done fo' you?"

For several moments he did not answer. And then a slow smile creased his lips.

"Welford knows all about that bein' Sicily Clump's studjo dress?"

"Sholy."

"An' he knows that I borried it out of the wardrobe room?"

"Uh-huh."

(Continued on Page 75)

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The General Tire and Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio.

The **GENERAL**
Dual-Balloon 8

(Continued from Page 70)

"An' when he carries it back tonight that'll make him our partner, so he won't be able to tell Latimer nothin'?"

"Ezackly."

Percy understood then, and was overawed.

"Chromo," he confessed, "I ain't half good enough fo' you."

"But you is," she defended hotly. "At least."

The dance ended and Welford came forward to claim the fair Chromo. He motioned Percy away.

"Git you gone, tripe. An' don't always be under my foots."

"Yassuh, Mistuh Potts; whatever you say."

Welford turned triumphantly to Chromo.

"You see," said he, "how I handle fellers like him?"

"You is wonderful, Welford."

"Oh, not so awful wonderful."

"But I say you is—awful."

"Well, you ain't so wuss yo'se'f. What you need, Chromo, is a husban' who could afford to buy you dresses like that fo' yo' ve'y own."

"Gosh, Mistuh Potts, no gemmun with all that money would look at a gal like me."

"I would."

"Oh, Welford, you ain't preposin', is you?"

"We-e-ell, not ezackly," said Welford hastily. "But that don't say I ain't reflectin' on it."

Having assumed the task of captivating the elusive Mr. Potts, Chromo proved herself an artist. Long before the first hour of a new day, long before the saxophones had sighed out the last notes of Home, Sweet Home, Mr. Potts had determined to think things over for one full day and then—if nothing occurred to change his mind—commit matrimony with Miss Bridal. The idea that she might refuse him never occurred; which was not unnatural, considering the worshipful way she stared at him and the honeyed compliments which dripped from her lips.

At one o'clock the dance ended and he bundled her into his little coupé. He suggested a ride through the valley, but Chromo negatived the idea rather abruptly. She insisted that she must return to her boarding house, change her dress and have it taken back to the studio before anything happened to it.

"Golla!" said Welford magniloquently. "Don't you worry 'bout that dress. Was anything to happen to it, I'd buy you seven or eight which was each twice as good."

But she insisted on being driven straight home. She left him sitting in the car, and less than ten minutes later emerged from the house carrying a bundle under her arm. Welford noticed that the dress she was now wearing was a plain and simple affair, but that she looked not one whit less delectable.

"Is you gwine take this straight down to the studjo?"

"I won't do nothin' else. An' will I see you tomorrow?"

"Uh-huh. Ise got to be at Midnight to git paid fo' singin' Sicily Clump's song."

He waved a cheerful farewell and drove off, whistling. As for Chromo, she stared after him, then returned to the veranda of her home. A figure detached itself from the shadows.

"Sugar gal," applauded Percy Wattles, "you is puffeckly marvelious!"

"Oh, Percy, it makes me so happy to heah you say such." She came close to him in the gloom. "How long you been waitin' heah?"

"Fifteen, twenty minutes."

"Well, you got to go now, an' tomorrow I sees you at the studjo. Ise so glad, honey, that ev'ything turned out good."

"It sho did, Chromo. But this wasn't the happiest evenin' I ever had."

"Nor neither me. But when I think of what could of happened to you an' yo' job ——"

Meanwhile Mr. Potts was driving blithely toward the Midnight lot. He sniffed the clear, biting air of very early morning and his thoughts were in the clouds.

This had been distinctly a successful evening. Being considerable of an egotist, he did not pause to reflect that Chromo Bridal might have spurned his advances had she not been actuated by a desire to save her man's job. He only knew that she was one of the best-lookin' cullud gals he had ever met and that he agreed passionately with all the nice things she had said about him.

Just inside the gate of the Midnight lot, Mr. Cater Jones was making plans. First he extinguished the light over the entrance. Then he turned off the bulb which glowed in his sentry box. He unlocked the iron gate and left it ajar.

Mr. Jones was tired and grim. Midnight demanded unreasonable hours—five in the afternoon until five in the morning. Wasn't no sense to that, but they insisted that one man must be on continuous duty so as to check in the units engaged in night work.

Cater held in his hand a small but efficient instrument. It was perhaps eight inches long and made of leather. One end fitted snugly into the palm of his hamlike hand, and the other end bulged over a lump of lead.

"I ain't gwine take no chances," Mr. Jones murmured to himself. "Sposin' Welford refused to tell Orifice Latimer tomorrow 'bout Percy stealin' that dress? Nossuh! Ise gwine slug Mistuh Wattles when he comes to return it, an' then tomorrow mawnin' he gits fired fo' what he done an' I gits a reward fo' bein' such a good watchman."

Welford Potts stopped his car a half block away from the studio gate. The night entrance was up an alley and Mr. Potts was surprised to see that no light was burning. But he tucked the dress under one arm and walked spryly into the abysmal gloom.

The crouching Cater Jones could see nothing but a slim figure just about the size of Percy Wattles. This figure had something under its arm. It must be Percy, and Mr. Jones gave his blackjack a preliminary waggle.

And then as Welford Potts turned in at the partly open gate a mountain crashed against his skull. Mr. Potts emitted a pained and surprised Oof! and went quietly to sleep.

Cater grabbed the bundle and stepped into his booth. One swift glance informed him that there was no mistake; this was the white satin dress which belonged to Sicily Clump, and outside was the prostrate figure of its borrower.

Cater took from the wall a piece of rope, which had been held in readiness for this particular moment. He returned to the side of his victim and prepared to truss him soundly.

In the glow from his box, Mr. Jones saw something—something which struck terror to his heart. He was gazing into the face of his only friend on the Midnight lot—and it was an extremely unhappy face.

Welford Potts struggled back to consciousness. His eyes fluttered open and came to rest on the countenance of his attacker.

Sharp pains were splitting Welford's head, but they were trivial beside the pangs of anger which suffused his heart. He sat up weakly and glared at Mr. Jones.

"You hit me!" he accused.

"But, Mistuh Potts ——"

"Don't but me. You slugged me, an' you done it deliberate."

"I didn't mean ——"

"I don't care what you meant." Welford's head was clearing and the agony was becoming momentarily more exquisite. "You ain't nothin' but a low-down, wuthless hunk of tripe, an' me an' you ain't friends no longer. Furthermo', tomorrow I most likely informs President Latimer of what you done."

"Oh, Welford ——"

Mr. Potts raised himself to a standing position.

"Take that dress back into the wardrobe room!" he commanded. "I is goin' home with my headache."

Cater was appalled. He pleaded and argued, but Mr. Potts refused to listen. And the stricken gateman stared after the slender figure of the actor as it lurched down the alley.

"Oh, whoa is me!" he wailed. "Misery is the onliest thing I has got."

Dazedly, he returned Sicily's dress to the wardrobe room, and at five o'clock in the morning, when his relief arrived, Mr. Jones walked home to a troubled sleep. When he arrived at the Midnight lot the following afternoon a smiling young man accosted him.

"Who goes where?" inquired Percy Wattles.

Cater stared.

"Wh-what you doin' heah?"

"Ise the new night watchman."

Cater's fury mounted.

"I crave to see Welford Potts."

Mr. Wattles' face twisted into a sneer. "You better had not, Cater. 'Cause fum what I gather, if my good friend Welford was to see you hangin' roun' heah, he'd mos' likely git the law on you fo' how you slugged him last night."

Cater was whipped and knew it. He shook his head sadly and rambled away. And as Percy turned proudly back to his booth, a glorious young colored woman emerged from the sound stage and came to him.

"Oh, sweetness," said Chromo, "Ise so proud of you."

"Well," confessed Percy, "Ise kind of proud of myself."

"I heard all about it," she continued. "But there's just one thing I don't understand."

"What is it, Chromo?"

"Welford Potts tol' me that when he got to the lot all the lights was out an' Cater never said nothin' a-tall—just slammed him on the head. What I want to know is: Why did he do such?"

Mr. Wattles glanced about and lowered his voice.

"Somebody suggested somethin' to Cater last night."

"Who suggested what?"

"About one o'clock this mawnin' somebody telephoned Cater Jones an' said it was Welford Potts. He told Cater that I was coming down pretty soon with that dress an' that if he slugged me, he'd git in awful strong with President Latimer."

"Yeh?" Chromo was dazed. "But sholy Welford Potts didn't tell Cater any such foolishment."

"Of course he didn't," chuckled Percy triumphantly. "The feller that did the telephonin' to Cater Jones was me."

DRAWN BY NATE COLLIER

"I' Know, Mame, This is th' First Real Meal I've Had Today"

The velvet feel of a

double action

shave

YOU'LL have an extra feeling of comfort when you shave the Squibb way — the *double-action* way.

Comfort *while* you shave. The first action of Squibb's guards your face from the razor's pull. Shields it with an anti-friction balm.

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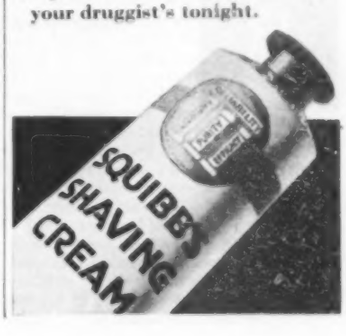
A Squibb shave always gives a velvet comfort that lasts all day long. And a spruce appearance above average.

Get your first double-action shave tomorrow. Get a tube of Squibb's Shaving Cream at your druggist's tonight.



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In 48 states motorists turn to TEXACO

TEXACO

GOLDEN MOTOR OIL

EAST, WEST—

(Continued from Page 17)

let that cry escape him. Never again would it cross his lips. He closed them firmly.

"What girl would have interest then?" his mother crooned. She rubbed her fork with its piece of white fat briskly over the smoking griddle. "Somebody would," she said mysteriously. "Somebody come fur four months into your room in the Jasonville hospital still. With flowers she come, with fruit and with jelly, with broth and with little pies she come." She stole a glance at him. Never before had she dared to speak so.

His head was down. He was silent.

Tillie chewed with conscientious rhythm, her reddish lashes resting on her cheeks. They were playing another Somebody game. She moved her head in small wise nods.

"A white face like a ghost Somebody had on her each time that they cut in onto you," Mrs. Diehl pressed on. "Fur news of you the telephone kept belling till I was some kreistled with her. And when you had got some better, how she ——"

"Her pity I don't want!" Emil flung the words from him savagely. "Nobody's pity I want, now or no time! A chance fur to work is all I want. A chance fur to work hard and to work slow. But no girl will I ask to wait fur me, with maybe nothing at the end to wait fur even. Not anyhow one"—his voice was suddenly stifled—"where has the finest farm in the county waiting by fur her. And I don't want no more words to be spoke on it in this house," he finished.

Tillie raised her lashes. She swallowed and her mind made one of its astonishing leaps in the dark. "Miss Oberholtzer is keeping company with such a John Litzinger," she essayed sociably. "Engaged to each other they are, Merna Funck says, but Bertha Behm says she has not yet give her promise over, or otherwise such an engagement ring she would have on." Tillie's eyes shone for a moment with adoration, then went bleak. "To teach no more she would come, if by him she went to live," she remembered unhappily.

The ruddiness went down in Emil's face, leaving it a queer, strained white. He got up, took his hat and coat down from their hook, and went out.

Mrs. Diehl buttoned Tillie firmly into her coat. "Don't ever mention off the name of Louisa Oberholtzer in the front of your Uncle Emil again," she said sternly. "Now go. It'll bell on you."

Tillie's early-morning happiness was dimmed. She swallowed two or three times. At the doorway she had a new thought and she came back with it. "From the arm up the laugh comes maybe," she said solemnly, nodding her head. "From Emil they have maybe cut the laugh off with his arm, grandmom."

"Och!" Mrs. Diehl pressed small cheeks quickly with her broad, warm palms. "Such ideas you got in your head always," she said helplessly. "Go now." She gave her a slight push. "Come early home too. The kitchen knives you got to clean tonight."

Tillie ducked her chin into her shabby coat, clutched her lunch basket tight and ran. There was this thin line of cold to be followed each morning between two bright warm places. At one end of the cold line was the kitchen, at the other the schoolroom with its hand-colored Kris Kringle frieze around the blackboard, with its red-bellied stove sending out waves of heat in one corner. At the far end of the cold line was Miss Oberholtzer's smile, and Tillie hurried toward it.

In the cloak room she wasn't able to contain her love. With numbed fingers she lifted the lid from her basket, and searched about in it. She placed something round and yellow and cold on the scarred desk in front of Miss Oberholtzer. "An apple it gives fur you," she said, her voice almost choked with adoration and shyness. Miss Oberholtzer did something which increased that adoration and shyness to the strangulation point. She placed an arm about Tillie and drew her nearer.

"Your grandmom, Tillie," she said, "how is she this morning?"

"Right good," Tillie choked.

"Your Uncle Emil, too, how is he now?" Miss Oberholtzer's free hand moved things about on the desk, arranged them and rearranged them.

"Right good." Tillie achieved a smile.

"Good luck he has with his farm these days, I have heard." Miss Oberholtzer looked now, not at Tillie but out the window, and her voice was low and strained. "New land he will be buying by spring even, I have heard." Her hands moved books from one neat pile, placed them in another.

"Och, no." Tillie laughed. "Too hard it presses down the debts on him, Miss Oberholtzer," she said seriously. "Up to the roof even it gives bills by our house." She laughed again, a small rueful sound. "Emil keeps getting behind of himself with some payments always."

Miss Oberholtzer seemed to forget that she had made the desk tidy. She began again, tearing down her neat rows of books, building them up.

Tillie slipped away. She sat down in one of the wriggling rows and stared at a column of figures in her tablet. The warm, early-morning smells of Room 3 rose up about her and a drowsiness induced by her breakfast of batter cakes closed down. She wasn't aroused from it until a low whispering and nudging set up in her aisle. A paper, much finger marked, was working its zigzag way down the line. From Vera to Emma it passed, from Emma to Martha. It finally reached Tillie, and she stared at it, heat and sleepiness weighing down her eyelids.

"Such Christmas gifts fur Miss Oberhulzer," she read. "Vera Burkhart," she read, "a doily of lace; Emma Rutter, a box of painted top for gluves; Martha Hoffmeister, a pitcher; Viola Rarder, 3 handkercheefs; Clara Wertzberger, a glas of such spiced pairs." Tillie thought and the pink burned to scarlet in her cheek. She bit the end of her pencil until it became a soft pulp. Not until impatient whisperings sounded about her and Bertha Behm reached across the aisle to give her an excited nudge did she begin to write. "Tillie Diehl," she wrote slowly, and painfully then: "a sekret."

John Litzinger sat solidly in the little front room of the Oberholtzer home and seemed to fill it with his bulk. His not tall, heavy-set figure was concrete evidence of the plenteous acres that lay behind him, of the square solid house that sat on his acres, and had sat there, the original stone kernel of it, for more than a hundred years. He had much to offer a girl, and it gave him assurance.

"Enough of time maybe we have already fooled away with this courting business, Louisa," he said. There was a heavy playfulness in his manner, but there was in it a touch of shrewdness too. The Litzingers were not the sort thoughtlessly to fool away either time or money.

"At New Year's then I will give you my word," Louisa said faintly. For this moment she had been bracing herself, had been staring for countless long twilights out to the fields beyond the schoolhouse windows. She twisted her fingers a little, that was all. "Till New Year's yet I will belong to myself only." She clung to this respite.

"Why then do you set off New Year's fur the day?" His playfulness increased. There hadn't ever been any fear in his eyes, only a slight impatience at her delay.

"It seems maybe" —— Louisa's voice was more faint. Her eyes sought to escape out the window and across the dark safe fields of her father's farm —— "it seems maybe a promise is more solemn like if it is give off on the turn of the year."

"Och, you have maybe right," he said easily. He settled a little more comfortably into the encompassing heat of the Oberholtzer parlor and looked around with obvious self-satisfaction. What girl within a twenty-five-mile radius of his prosperous farm would have been fool enough to refuse John Litzinger? This conviction might have been discerned in his bland, encircling glance. "Of course, a female has sometimes to be a little kittered to," he would have admitted, in the privacy of his own thoughts. "At the turn of the year, then," he conceded generously.

He bundled himself into his overcoat and went out to his car. Louisa watched the lights of it from her bedroom window. They disappeared now behind a hill, shone now upon a flat expanse of farm country. They picked comfortable houses, quiet barns, out of the darkness, let them slip back into it again. She felt none of the elation a girl should feel when her future is practically settled, when security is at the next bend of the road, waiting to enfold her. She stood very still, her hands locked. "Two weeks yet I will belong to myself only," she comforted herself dully. For two weeks yet she could, at times like this, permit her treacherous thoughts to slip over the dark, winter-tightened fields to the Diehl farm. Until the turn of the year she could entertain this strange pain in her throat without disloyalty. She had as yet given her promise to no man. The lights of John Litzinger's car had disappeared now. She undressed quickly and crept, chilled, into bed. There was no feeling at all in her now. She was numb.

That strange pain burned up then higher in her throat; it forced tears into her eyes. "Och!" She had to turn to bury a stifled sob in the pillow. "If Emil hadn't changed over so towards me! If he hadn't got this stiffness into him where won't let him look even in my direction!" She bit her lips, striving to keep back the tears. Was it pride that had got into Emil, or was it something else? How was a girl to know ever?

"A girl herself can't speak out to a man! She has got to wait and wait always. So long I have waited and he comes not. Forwards I have put myself and he will not see. Or he sees, and cares not. He—he cares not. Love fur somebody else he has even maybe." This thought quieted her, and she stared into the darkness with dry, burning eyes. "Forwards I put myself till I have maybe kreistled him even," she thought. "I—I got to put him out from my head now. Marriage with one where don't want me ——" She stiffened under her blankets. "I will not think about him even."

Tillie's woolen sleeves were rolled into tight little wads on her upper arms. Her person was incased in a blue-checked apron with a pink-checked border. Her arms were immersed in a shiny pan filled with warm soap suds, and now and then a small mound of the white froth was pushed over the edge of the pan and fell with a soft, plopping sound on the scoured table.

"*Ihr Kinderlein kommet, O kommet doch all*'——" Tillie sang in a thin, absorbed voice. She lifted colored bits of glass out of their warm wash and set them carefully upon a soft drying cloth.

"Everything it gives clean for the Christ Child," she crooned softly. "Vinegar cruets it gives clean. Jelly glasses it gives clean. Mustards it gives clean, the three egg glasses and the two mugs." She handled them with conscientious care. They sparkled on their white bed of soft old linen, and soap bubbles stood on them in iridescent, light-catching globules. She stood back at last and looked upon her work with admiring eyes, head held to one side, eyes narrowed in appreciation of this brightness of color.

"Grandmom"—she approached her grandmother then diffidently. Her hands twisted themselves into a roll of blue-checked apron and her voice was scarcely audible—"could I maybe wash the picture plates too?" she asked.

"Och, don't higgle at me so." Mrs. Diehl rocked placidly, setting her needle in and out with deft, quick stitches.

"Could I not, maybe?" Tillie's voice went thin with longing. "Not one I would break. So careful I would be they could be made out of soap bubbles even and I ——"

"Och, maybe then," her grandmother relented.

Tillie's delight burst from her in a low, ecstatic laugh. She drew a chair up to the high old cupboard and balanced a footstool upon it. She climbed gleefully up. Three times she climbed and three times came down hugging a round disk to her breast.

"*Ihr Kinderlein kommet, O kommet doch all'!*" she sang. The reds, the greens, the whites, yellows and blues of the picture plates disappeared into the frothy white bath, were lifted out, disappeared again. Tillie's hands fondled them, her eyes feasted upon their colors.

"The picture plates it gives clean for the Christ Child." She took up her soft sing-song again. "The tulip plate it gives clean. The peacock plate it gives clean. The man-and-lady plate it gives clean, even." Tillie's hands and her voice lingered here. The man-and-lady plate was the most beautiful of all. It was the most beautiful thing in the Diehl home, in the township, in the world. Ten long years had shown Tillie nothing more beautiful. She held it dripping in the air and set it down, lingeringly, beside the others.

"Hurry then," her grandmother urged. "Dry them off now, Tillie. The table I got to have fur the supper."

Tillie polished and rubbed. She sang no more now, but worked in earnest silence. It began to get dark, and with the darkness came a cloud of unhappiness into her eyes.

"Poor we are, grandmom, ain't?" she inquired at length in a small voice.

"Enough we got to eat," her grandmother said sharply.

"But fur Christmas gifts no money it gives, maybe?" Tillie had carried a blue cruet to the window. Her head was bent over it.

"Such a muffler you are knitting up fur Emil," Mrs. Diehl reproved. "No money it gives fur foolishness, certainly."

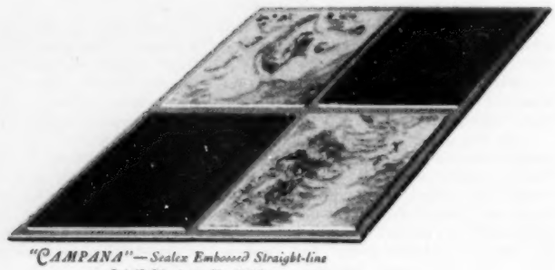
No money it gave for foolishness. No money for boxes with painted tops for gloves. No money for doilies of lace, for handkerchiefs or pictures. Tillie's head bent still farther over her task. A muffler she was knitting off for Emil, certainly. Three dish cloths she was weaving out of soft red-and-white cord for grandmom. But—the cloud of unhappiness hung lower—for Miss Oberholtzer she had nothing. A secret—she had written it down, but there was no secret. Or, rather, the secret was that she had nothing to give. She took her colored glasses one by one and crept with them in to the glass-doored cupboard in the middle room. Slowly she arranged them in their accustomed places. Christmas would find everything in the Diehl home wearing a bright, particular shine. But Christmas could be a sad time, too—a time for unhappiness.

Tillie stood very still in the center of the darkened middle room and rolled her arms tightly into her apron and thought about it. There was a feeling in her eyes that was suspiciously like tears. She had nothing for Miss Oberholtzer. Bertha would know, and Martha Hoffmeister; everybody would know. She climbed back to her perilous perch at the big kitchen cupboard three times. The tulip plate was set back in its place, the peacock plate and the man-and-lady plate.

Emil came in and they had supper. Wrong it would be to higgle Emil or grandmom about money, certainly. Wrong it would be to ask Emil for money, with his arm cut off from him and the bills pressing down.

(Continued on Page 80)

For your approval NEW



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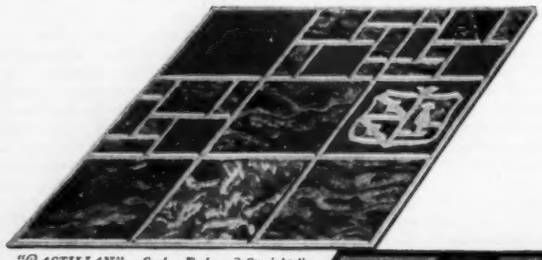

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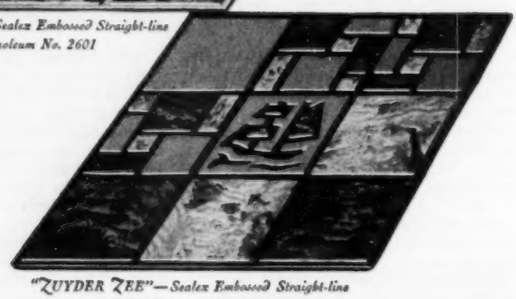

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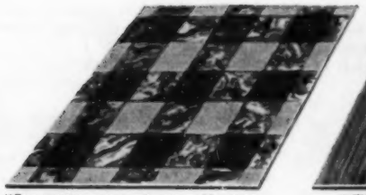

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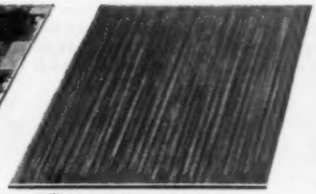

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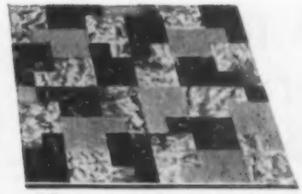

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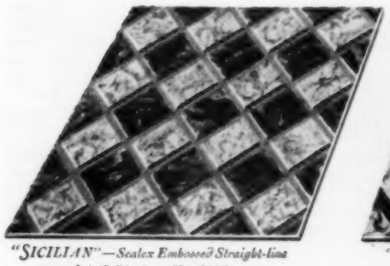

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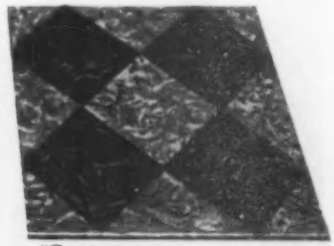

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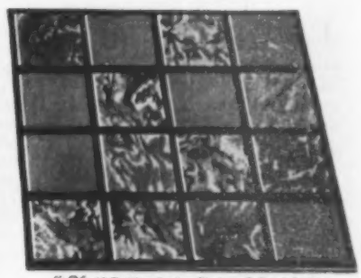

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MOTORISTS WISE –
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EASILY APPLIED WITH A CLOTH

(Continued from Page 77)

"Christmas it makes in four days only, Emil," she said timidly, in an effort to lighten her own too heavy heart.

Emil didn't reply. He ate silently and looked out of the window at the darkness. "The laugh is all gone out from him," Tillie concluded sorrowfully. The laugh was all gone out from her, too, it seemed. Unless—unless ——

Tillie's lashes rested on her cheeks.

It was the last day of school before Christmas vacation. Miss Oberholtzer had given to everybody a stocking made of red mosquito netting, and bulging with nuts, oranges, pieces of homemade candy wrapped in colored waxed paper, bright pencils. She had opened her own gifts and had exclaimed over them. It was time to go home.

"Tillie." Everybody else had gone now. Miss Oberholtzer had drawn Tillie out of the line. "Tillie"—her fingers played nervously in the curious red grooves of an old yellow dish—"this is a very beautiful gift. A very beautiful gift and a very old one it is."

"Beautiful it is, certainly!" Tillie clasped her hands and the leash of shyness fell from her tongue. "The most beautiful picture plate that we got by us it is, Miss Oberholtzer. Old it is too. So old it was give over as marriage gift from my great-great-grandpop to my great-great-grandmom even." Her voice went high with pride. "His picture is on it! Her picture too! High hats they got on them. Breeches to the knees he wears, and such a flowered dress she wears. See"—Tillie pointed excitedly—"they hold onto each other's hands! Doves it gives, too, and such flowers! Such an old marriage plate by our family it is, Miss Oberholtzer. That grandpop has made it himself even!"

"An old, old marriage plate it is," Miss Oberholtzer said, and her voice was strange. Before Tillie's astonished eyes she began to gather about it again the pink tissue paper which had come about a blanket from the mail-order house. She began to tie it up with the tinsel string which Tillie had taken from the Christmas-tree box at home. "Back to you to take home I must give it," she said in that queer voice. "Such things do not go out from a family, ever, Tillie." Miss Oberholtzer's eyes were strangely bright. "I'm afraid you didn't have the dare to bring it."

Tillie saw her gift being set apart from the others, being rejected. A great pain came into her throat and would not be swallowed.

"Miss Oberholtzer!" she choked.

"In your family it should stay always," Miss Oberholtzer said. "From the Diehl men onto their brides it is give over always, I think. Sometime"—her voice could scarcely be heard—"your Uncle Emil could give it over to such a girl as he would want to marry."

The picture plate was back in Tillie's hands, tied with the tinsel string. Her gift was cast out!

"Miss Oberholtzer," she said desperately. Her heart beat now suffocatingly in her throat. "The dare I had certainly, Miss Oberholtzer," she stammered. "Emil"—she seized upon this name—"himself has give me the dare! Indeed he has. He—he himself"—she fibbed despairingly now—"has taken it down from out of the high cupboard and has handed it over to me. 'Fur Miss Oberholtzer,' he said even." Tillie fought down a choking sense of sin. "From the both of us with Merry Christmas. Och, yes, the dare I had."

Miss Oberholtzer took the picture plate from Tillie again. She unwrapped it and her fingers trembled a little over the tissue and the tinsel string. She caressed the surface of it over and over again, even as Tillie herself was wont to caress it. She let her fingers follow the outlines of the grotesque little man and lady who were Great-great-grandpop and Great-great-grandmom Diehl. "Such a marriage plate." She laughed softly now, and the shine of her eyes was even brighter than before. "Such an old, old marriage plate. One where a Diehl could give over to such a girl as he would want to marry. One where a Diehl with a stiffness of pride on him could send. Och, Tillie—Tillie ——"

"Anyhow," Tillie agreed, puzzled. She watched. A fierce rapture seized her, and a fierce despair. She had brought this happiness into Miss Oberholtzer's face. She had lied.

Miss Oberholtzer was turning the picture plate about now, was trying to decipher its strange, rude script. "Cadarina Haller, her dish," she translated haltingly. "East, West," she read gently, "my wife is best. Och!" Her bright tears overflowed.

Tillie crept closer. She forgot her sin. "It makes you some sad, even, to look at it?" she inquired wonderingly.

"Too happy, only," Miss Oberholtzer whispered. "Too much of happiness it makes for me, Tillie. Tell Emil"—her voice went softer, softer than ever Tillie had heard a human voice before—"tell him to come, and I will speak out to him how much of happiness it makes."

"Yes, ma'am," Tillie promised slowly. She was frightened, gathering up her books. There was no end to the number of lies you had to tell when once you started. She could tell Emil nothing, of course. Nothing about the picture plate she had taken. Nothing, certainly, about Louisa Oberholtzer. Grandmom did not give her the dare to mention off that name in front of him again. She pursed her soft lips determinedly. She glanced back at the door. "Anyhow, she likes it!" This thought brought a lightening of her guilt and she ducked her head down into her shoulder, watching. "Her cheek she has put down onto it," she exulted. "She talks some to it even!"

Under the cheering influence of warmth and supper her fears faded. Grandmom was fat now, and rarely climbed to the topmost cupboard shelf. Tillie thought of the bright pink that had come up in Miss Oberholtzer's cheeks, of how blue her eyes had looked. "Pretty she makes," she crooned softly. "Sad she makes, and happy. Happy and sad. Pretty she makes, and will have a big ring. A red one, I think, maybe."

"Who, then?" her grandmother inquired alertly.

She remembered in time. "Somebody," she said. She pursed her lips into a firm red knot and smiled mysteriously.

"I come over," John Litzinger said sulkily, "to see if you was sick or something. Three nights you have give me the no on the telephone, and I come to see if ——" He eyed her truculently. "You don't anyhow look sick," he said.

"A cold I have caught only," Louisa said.

She was in a dress of soft blue color and small gold beads lay on her creamy neck. The truculence died out of her visitor's eyes as he looked at her.

"Bad weather it does give for going out," he said in a milder tone, "but you could of give me the dare to set in with you some, Louisa."

Louisa was looking at him nervously. She was twisting her fingers. Her eyes were making quick, anxious trips from the phone to the window and now and then she seemed to be listening for something.

"Is somebody coming then?" Slow red forced its way up into John Litzinger's face.

"No," she said faintly. "At the least, I don't know. At the least, I am not expecting someone. It is however better that you go now." Her nervousness increased. "Such a fever I have on me from the cold or whatever."

"Och." He settled himself deliberately in a chair. "I don't mind," he said. "You will be maybe some interested in this." He winked ponderously and drew a small box from his pocket. "Such a Christmas gift, or whatever."

"It ain't—it ain't a ring box, is it, John?" Louisa's eyes were fastened upon it, fascinated.

"Maybe it is and maybe it ain't." He advanced upon her, wagging his head playfully.

She retreated. "No right you had to buy such a ring before I had give you my word even." She bit her lip.

"But inside a week's time only you are going to say it." His eyes opened a little. "Did you think maybe"—suspicion dawned in them—"two presents I would buy? One fur the Christmas and one fur the engagement yet! Say! That was it. Such a trick yet! Till New Year's even you would not give me the word. Two presents you wanted off me ——"

"Och!" Louisa made a troubled gesture. "No presents I wanted off you, John," she said. She walked openly to the window and looked out, and anxiety lay now heavy in her eyes. "Only the ring you should not have bought till I say the yes once," she said absently. "Home you must go now, anyhow. I got to go out." Decision came into her voice. "Get out the car once, Leonard," she directed. She brushed past her bulky caller, scarcely seeing him, and took her coat and hat down from their closet nail.

"Wait," John Litzinger said. "Look here oncet!"

Argument availed him nothing, however, and he had to climb back into his car. "Queer ideas a girl could get in her head before she is married sometimes," he muttered ominously, putting the ring box safely into his pocket again. "Marriage will maybe change them over fur her some."

His car shot north on the Hallersburg road; Leonard's car went south. "Where anyhow to?" Leonard inquired sulkily.

"To the Diehls'," Louisa said.

"Are you crazy yet?" Leonard brought the car to a slow halt and stared at her.

"To the Diehls'," she repeated dreamily.

"Three days I waited, and you came not, Emil." She stood in the warm middle room, fragrant with its little fir tree, and looked up at him. "I remembered then you could not maybe drive so easy to come over," she added softly, "so I had Leonard to bring me."

She'd dropped her coat. She'd pulled her hat off. She stood in the soft blue dress and gold beads, and Emil stiffened, his eyes upon her. His mouth twisted painfully.

"Say something once, Emil." She moved closer to him. She laughed gently. "Speak out some words to me, can't you?"

Anger freed his tongue at length. "Why anyhow do you come here?" he inquired quietly. "What then do you want here? You"—his voice was less quiet—"where will marry John Litzinger!"

"Emil ——" Her lips trembled. "Och, no, Emil. John Litzinger and his ring I have sent off from me. Tonight even I have sent them off."

"Why—why anyhow do you come?"

"The plate you have sent, Emil"—her fingers twisted now—"the old marriage plate. Only to—to a girl you could maybe think to marry would you send such a plate, surely." Her lips trembled more now. A tear splashed down.

"Plates!" he said roughly. "I don't know nothing about plates neither here nor there. Only"—a spasm of pain caught his voice—"that you should leave me alone is all I ask."

She saw anger in his eyes. She looked steadily, and saw in them love and a fierce longing. "Emil." She came close to him. She drew his head down between her two hands. "Emil—Emil," she crooned, tears in her voice now, "tell me you have sent the plate over to tell me I—I could be yours. Yours always. Always, always yours."

"Och"—the stiffness went out of him suddenly—"plates matter nothing if you could wait, and wait, and maybe in the end be always poor, Louisa."

"Wait I could not," she murmured close to his shoulder. She caught his left arm and placed it about her. "Poor I could be easier than to wait, Emil. And plates matter something if they are so old they

(Continued on Page 82)

Montgomery Ward & Co. announces SENSATIONAL INCREASES in RIVERSIDE GUARANTEES

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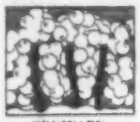

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Ordinary, big-bubble lather (greatly magnified). Note air-filled bubbles which can't soften the beard efficiently. Only water can do the job. Only small bubbles permit sufficient water.

WHEN you finish a Colgate shave, rub your fingers over your face—note that you have a closer shave than with ordinary lather—it's a shave that is bound to last longer.

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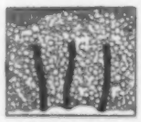

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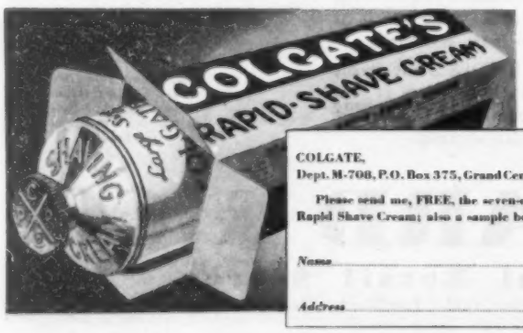

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(Continued from Page 80)

can be sold off for money to pay such debts. Old glasses maybe matter, too, such as your mother has there in her corner cupboard, Emil. Like a Christmas tree it shines with the colors on them even. Och, doppelhead, doppelhead," she breathed fondly, stroking his cheek, "such old things you could sell easy."

"Could I, Louisa? Could I then?" He drew her close now and kissed her hungrily.

"One only you could not sell," she told him at length. "Such beautiful words it has said on that old marriage plate, Emil," she murmured. "'East, West,' it reads off, 'my wife is best.' Say—say over such words to me once, Emil, could you?"

"East, west," he said, "my wife is best."

"Do old plates matter some, Emil?"

"Some, maybe."

She stood on tiptoe and held her lips for him. "Do kisses matter, Emil?" she said.

The door opened softly, and softly closed again. In the kitchen Tillie ducked her head down into the hollow of her shoulder and twisted one side of her bright face into a wise wink.

"It gives Somebody," she reported mysteriously, "in the middle room with Emil, grandmom."

POST SCRIPTS

(Continued from Page 26)

Going Abroadening

SHE: Oh, my dear, I think going abroad makes all the dif'rence in the world in one's cultural horizon, sort of, don't you really?

HE: Undoubtedly.

SHE: Honestly, my dear, until I went abroad I was abs'lutely uncultured—a perfect little barbarian effect—you know the type.

HE: Well, what impressed you most on the Continent?

SHE: Well, my dear, of course I loved the ruins. I mean I just stood there frantically gazing at them for hours, until people thought I was perfectly insane.

HE: What ruins?

SHE: Oh, those divine ones—in Italy, aren't they? Anyways, I adored them, my dear, and then of course the art galleries and things—I got an awful kick out of the art galleries because I think they're perfectly amazing, my dear, don't you?

HE: What galleries?

SHE: Oh, we did the usual ones, of course. Actually, my dear, I looked at pictures until I was cockeyed, no less, but I simply adored it!

HE: What pictures?

SHE: Oh, the usual ones one sees, my dear. I mean those divine things in the Louvre and all—aren't they perfectly heavenly, my dear? Honestly, I just stood there gazing at them for hours, until people thought I was perfectly insane!

HE: What pictures seemed especially significant to you?

SHE: Oh, my dear, I adored them all, because anyways I get an awful kick out of paintings—I mean masterpieces and all—do you know what I mean?

HE: Naturally. What else did you find stimulating?

SHE: Well, my dear, of course I think you get loads just out of the atmosphere if you're an intelligent person and sort of aware of things, because, I mean, when you see all these quaint places simply reeking with traditions and everything, I think you get a tremendous kick out of it all!

HE: What places?

SHE: Oh, the usual ones, you know. I mean they're so unusual, don't you think?

HE: Especially the Ritz bar and Zelli's.

SHE: Oh, my dear, I know them intimately. Don't you adore Zelli's? There's really nothing like it in America, you know.

HE: You seem to have done Europe pretty thoroughly.

SHE: Well, my dear, I honestly think you have to if you want to get anything really cultural out of it—I mean I actually do!

—LLOYD MAYER.

There You Are

A MIGHTY man was William Pym,
A man of stern and coarse power;
A mountain waterfall to him
Was just a waste of horse power.

A mighty man was Jacob Nym,
Whose name was known to all;
A waste of horse power was to him
Only a waterfall. —*Morris Bishop.*

DRAWN BY GRAHAM HUNTER

"I'll Black Yer Eye!"

Taste be happy!

"THERE'S A REASON"

"An Ace of a Reason"

Grape-Nuts supplies vital elements you need to keep you healthy and vigorous.

"Another Reason, Madam"

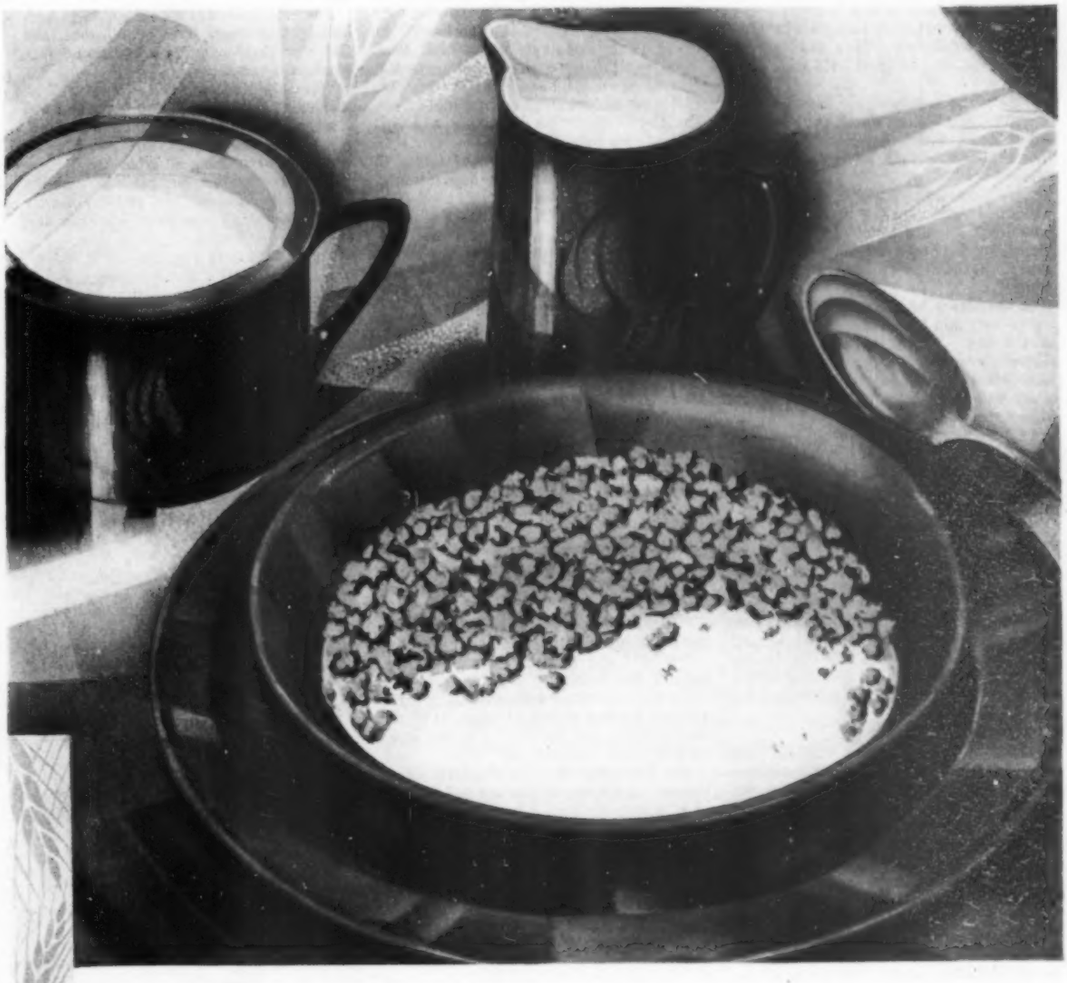
Grape-Nuts, served with milk or cream, makes a light breakfast a safe, nourishing one.

"Oh, What a Nice Reason"

Grape-Nuts makes delicious, different salads and desserts.

"Ahoy! Here's a Reason"

Grape-Nuts encourages proper chewing, thus helping teeth to keep sound and beautiful.



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D—G. F. P 9-30

VOTES

(Continued from Page 38)

When they returned to the house dusk had gathered and the crisp fall evening was beautiful. Morton was lighting the hall fixtures, and he admitted the two and smiled happily as he looked upon their faces.

"Meet Mrs. Fennister," the secretary bowed happily. Morton made no verbal answer. He took Pat in his arms and held her there a long moment, and in this simple way made manifest his contentment.

"If you're really married at last," he said, "I'll have no more fears. But I don't think I'd tell Old Tim, if I were you, until after the election." Then he added doubtfully, "His strength don't come back like it used to. He's still in bed."

"That's probably the best place for him," Fennister answered. "He's tired out and the rest will do him good. I'll go in to see him now."

"He's broken-hearted over young Timmy," Morton answered, "but he's tickled to death about Spurgeon and Glench. The statements they made in the paper please him."

"He's certainly got the election won, which will please him a lot more," Fennister answered. Then he caught Pat's hand and kissed her. "You'll be down for dinner, dear?" he said. "In the meantime I'll work."

In the library he found Miss Toland, and she quickly laid before him the happenings of the day. "That bristling little man, Glench, made me promise to call him just as soon as you returned," she finished. "He must see you, he says, on a matter of first importance."

"I'll go up now," Fennister answered, "and see Mr. Callahan. Just as soon as I come down I'll be ready to see Glench."

Old Tim glanced upward as Fennister stood again beside the bed.

"Well," he snapped, "what were you able to do?"

"We didn't do a thing for your son," the secretary answered frankly.

"That's just what I told you you'd be able to do," Old Tim cackled. "He's no good—that boy. He's jockeyed himself into a bad spot. If it wasn't for him, Booley wouldn't get a vote. It'll give Gilhooley a lot of satisfaction to take a shot at me through the boy."

Fennister made no reply.

"Your work here is about finished," Old Tim snapped suddenly. "I suppose you can hang around here until election is over, but everything is pretty well set. You don't have to stay if you don't want to."

"I—I thought we'd be very busy," Fennister said, mystified. "You told me this morning I'd best plan not to leave the house again till the primaries are over."

"Hell's bells and gingerbread!" Old Tim rasped. "If I couldn't change my mind I'd still be a stevedore. You don't know enough about counting votes. I've arranged for smart fellows to come in and file the returns by districts. In that way I can keep records that will be valuable in the election itself, though we can't lose that."

"Just as you wish," Fennister shrugged.

Old Tim glared at him.

"Every once in a while," he snarled, "you get a little highbrow. I don't like you for that."

Fennister bit his lip and remained quiet. His own guilty conscience engendered a thousand thoughts in his mind. He wondered for the moment if Old Tim, in some magic manner, had come to know of the marriage. He decided, however, to bluff things through, and this was more for Old Tim's sake than for his own.

"I can leave whenever you say," he said slowly. "Mr. Glench wanted to see me tonight on something he said was very important. I've promised to see him, but that's all that might keep me."

"Glench?" Old Tim squawked. "John Glench, you mean?"

"Yes, sir, the alderman," Fennister replied.

"What does he want to see you about?"

"If I knew that," Fennister answered sharply, "he wouldn't have to come here."

Old Tim smiled suddenly, and into his eyes animation crept. "I guess you needn't go after all," he muttered. "I'll feel just as well if I have you around."

"My understanding of the position, when I took it," Fennister explained, "was that it was temporary. I think Mr. Trago is expecting me back in his office within a week or two."

Old Tim cackled a delighted laugh. "Think of Norman as chief magistrate," he chuckled. "The poor fellow. Right out on the end of a limb he'll be, surrounded by a lot of nitwit society bugs. You know," he added in an amazingly confidential tone, "you've picked up a trick or two about politics since you've been in my house. On that account, you might prove mighty valuable to Norman. He don't know a blessed thing about them."

Fennister once again sought safety in silence. Old Tim regarded him intently, then he laughed again.

"You've got good qualities," he appraised voluntarily. "You're a nice boy. You'll probably never amount to a whole lot, but you'll always be nice." In spite of himself, Fennister laughed, and Old Tim, in sudden friendliness, joined in.

"Your motto," Fennister said, "has always been, Mr. Callahan, to go after what you wanted. Isn't that true?"

"Hell's bells and gingerbread!" Old Tim shouted. "You just bet it's true!"

"I don't suppose, then, you could find it in your heart to criticize another for doing the same thing?"

"Not if he gets it," Old Tim snapped.

"That's all I wanted to know," Fennister nodded. "That policy will affect my whole future life."

Old Tim grunted. "In the first place," he speculated, "you don't know what you want. And in the second, you haven't got sense enough to get it if you did."

"Just remember that remark, Mr. Callahan," Fennister smiled.

"Why?" Old Tim shot at him, his eyes aglitter once more.

"Well," Fennister smiled casually, "the greatest wisdom of youth is to profit by the experience of age, isn't it? I'm just planning to follow your advice."

Old Tim laughed in delight. His hands slapped on the side of the bed and his face twisted into mirthful wrinkles.

"I'm a smart man," he avowed. "You'll never meet a smarter one, young fellow. It'll never hurt anybody to follow my lead. Just to prove I'm not asleep at the switch, I want the truth about you and Glench. What deal is there between you?"

"Deal?" Fennister gasped in surprise. "I have no deal with John Glench. Except for the one time he's been here, I've never even seen the man."

Old Tim's eyes were hard and bright as shoe buttons. All the mirth was gone from his face and he gazed accusingly at Fennister. "It's about that appointment," he guessed. "What does he think you know about appointments?"

"I haven't any idea what he wants," Fennister protested.

"You're going to see him tonight?" Old Tim asked.

"I am." The secretary nodded. "Just before I came up here, I asked Miss Toland to call him on the telephone and tell him that I'd be in all evening."

"Very well," Old Tim snapped suspiciously. "When he gets here you'll bring him up to my room. I'll have a word with both of you."

"As you wish." Fennister shrugged.

"That man Miller," Old Tim went on, "that detective that was here last night. Did he leave the name of the man Timmy killed?"

"He did," the secretary answered. "I have it on file downstairs."

"Who is the man?" Old Tim queried suspiciously.

"He was a salesman in a retail shoe store. He lived in one of the suburbs."

"Married, was he?" the boss asked.

"Yes, sir. He leaves a widow and two children."

Old Tim's fingers worked convulsively on the coverlet of the bed. "It's lucky for them," he muttered. "This man sold shoes all his life without ever a chance to save a dollar. Now his kids can be well educated and his wife can live in comfort without worrying about rent and clothes and shoes."

Fennister looked at the old man as though he might suddenly have gone insane, and Old Tim cackled and his emaciated face wrinkled deeper.

"You didn't know that, did you?" he cackled at Fennister. "You thought I was a mean, hidebound old tightwad I guess. Hell's bells and gingerbread! Ask Morton what he's been doing all afternoon."

His voice trailed off into the cackling laugh once more, but this ended abruptly and his left hand clutched at his heart and he gasped for breath.

Fennister leaned over the bed as though to aid him, but Old Tim found strength to wave him aside, and when he had recovered, he took a particular delight in finishing his statement.

"Just ask Morton," he piped. "The only way that man ever would have got a hundred thousand dollars was standing in front of a drunken fool's automobile!"

"You gave the widow that sum?" Fennister asked in amazement.

"Sure I did," Old Tim answered. "She had it coming, didn't she? People are sure to claim that I gave it to her because it would cost me twice that much if she ever got me into court. But that's a lie. It's a rotten lie. Timmy's accidents are for the insurance company to worry about, not me. I saw to it that his premiums never lapsed."

At this juncture, Morton appeared, bearing a dinner tray. Old Tim greeted him with: "I'm hungry. And you listen to me, Morton. If that ale's warm, I'll part your hair with the bottle! I told you a cold one. One right off the ice."

He struggled to sit up in bed, and Fennister assisted him and propped pillows at his back. Morton brought the tray close and laid it on a table.

"The soup's too hot," Old Tim growled as his black eyes swept over the contents of the tray. "I'll have to wait until that cools off or I'll burn my tongue."

"It'll cool right away," Morton answered.

"Of course it will," Old Tim piped, "and so will everything else."

Morton busied himself adjusting the tray and pouring the soup from a silver tureen into a cup. "Here's the salt," he said.

"How do I know if I want it till I taste the soup?" Old Tim asked. "Hell's bells and gingerbread, Morton! Ten years ago you didn't know anything; now you don't even suspect anything." However, he seized a spoon and sipped at the soup.

"It's good," he grunted. "Where's the salt? . . . What's under that cover?" He pointed his shaking finger at a silver dome.

"Chops," Morton answered.

"Hot chops?" Old Tim queried.

"Certainly," the butler responded. "Broiled lamb chops."

"Well, take that cover off."

"They'll get cold if I do," Morton pointed out.

"Take it off," Old Tim snarled. "They'll get soggy as a haystack if you don't. . . . Do you like lamb chops, Fennister?"

"Very much," the secretary answered.

"Then you'd better get out of here or you'll be eating mine," Old Tim snarled. "On your way out, ask Pat to come in and see me. . . . And don't forget, just as soon as Glench gets here, you come upstairs with him. All the talking that's done, I want done in this room."

Fennister laughed in spite of himself and walked out into the hall. He went to Pat's door and tapped gently. Mrs. Knowles was there with the girl, and her eyes were wide as she listened to every detail of the elopement. Briefly Fennister explained that he had told Old Tim nothing of the marriage, and then Patricia went along the hall to her father's room and the secretary returned to the library. John Cato was there. The customary dead cigar hung from his fat lips and bobbed as he spoke to Fennister. The man looked greasier and more repulsive than ever.

"How's the old guy?" he grunted.

"He's having dinner now," Fennister returned shortly.

Cato laughed and his fat stomach shook. "We're under the wire, kid. We win in a walk. That old hellion is the smartest guy in town. When I read that Spurgeon and Glench stuff today, I just naturally hooked my spurs on the desk and said to hell with the war, it's won."

"I don't suppose," Fennister said under sudden inspiration, "there's anything you can do for young Timmy?"

Cato bit viciously at the moist end of his dead cigar. "I was afraid the old man would put that up to me," he mumbled. Then his fat hands sprang upward. "What can I do about it?" he gestured. "I won't be inducted into office for four months. If I was already district attorney it would be a push-over. I'd just nol-pros the case and let the reformers yowl. But," he added hopelessly, "as it is now, what can I do?"

"I don't know," Fennister sighed. "Young Tim ought to be punished, but I hardly see where he can get a fair trial at this time."

Cato leaned forward from the hips and with a fat, stubby finger poked Fennister's chest. "We aren't licked entirely," he whispered huskily. The rank odor of his cigar lay heavy in Fennister's nostrils and the secretary drew back from the man. "Gilhooley'll try this kid, get a conviction," Cato went on, "and Williams, the chief magistrate, 'll see that he gets the limit. Then Young Tim can appeal. In that way we can stall off till Trago is on the bench, and no doubt Trago will play along with Old Tim."

Fennister laughed shortly. "Mr. Cato," he said simply, "you don't know Norman Trago."

"No?" Cato sneered. "Well, get a load of this, kid: Trago will be just as big on the bench as I want to make him, and no bigger. No chief magistrate can do anything to a man that the district attorney won't bring to trial, can he? The highbrows can yowl their head off about Norman Trago, but inside three months he'll be eating out of my hand." He laughed throatily and his dead cigar bobbed up and down. Faint traces of ashes showed on the lapel of his coat.

"Now take a jump upstairs, youngster," he sneered, "and ask the boss if there's anything more he wants of me." He jerked a thumb toward the door. "Make it snappy. Tell him there ain't a chance in the world for anything to slip. The votes are already in for us as thick as soot in a foundry. Tell him that. And tip him off that I just dropped in on the chance of being able to do somethin' more for him."

Fennister suddenly took things upon himself.

"I've just left Mr. Callahan," he said. "We talked at some length of the preparations you've been making. I asked him if he wanted me to communicate with you and he told me that he didn't. He'd rather you'd just stand by in readiness. We'll call you if we need you."

Cato laughed again. "I guess the old guy's discovered that when I start arrangin' things they get arranged," he suggested smugly. (Continued on Page 89)

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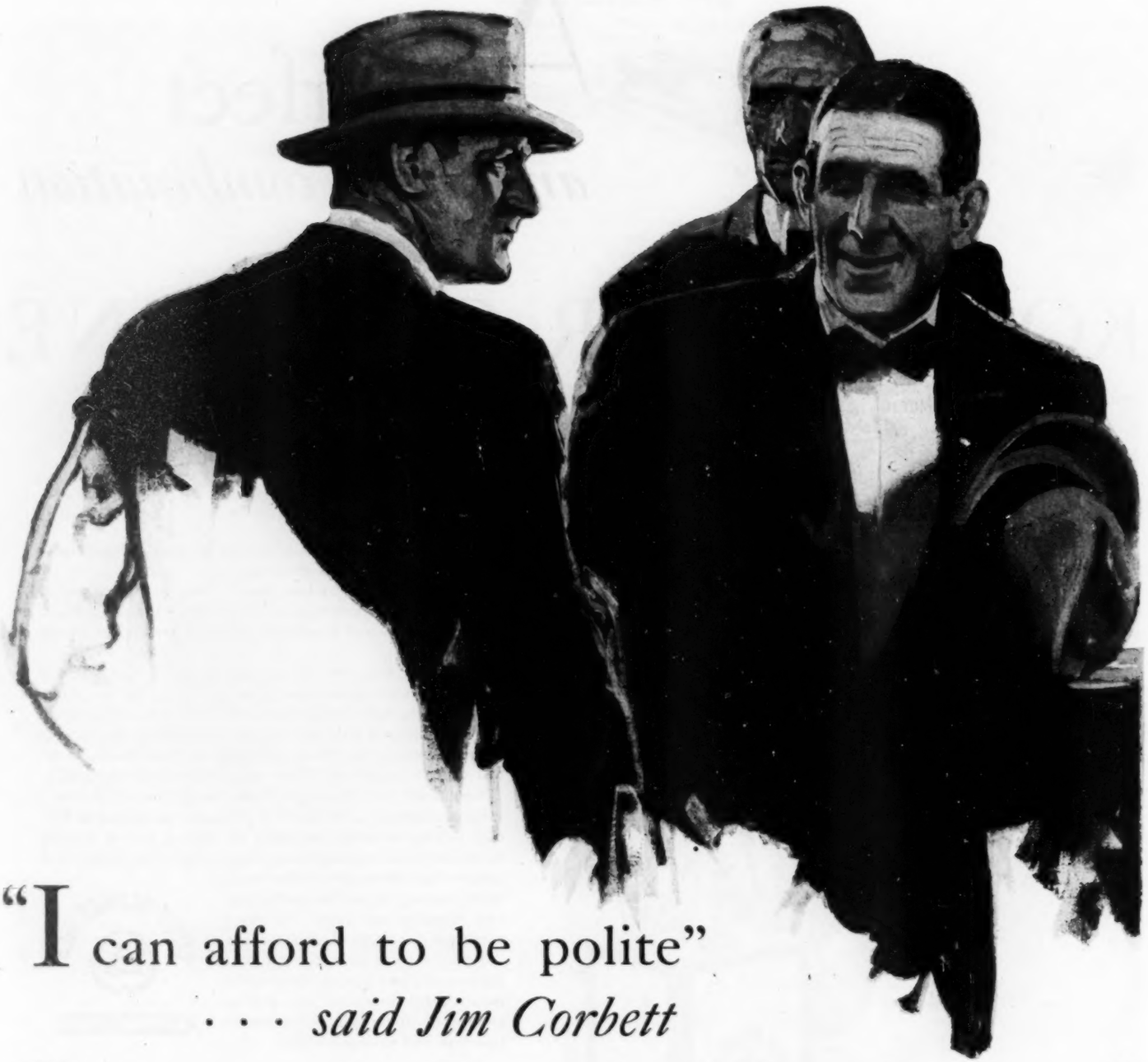
THE EMANCIPATION OF THE AMERICAN BUSINESS MAN



"I can afford to be polite" . . . *said Jim Corbett* "I've got the Punch to back it up."

They were passing through the corridors of a downtown club. A well-known manufacturer and his friend, Jim Corbett.

Wham!—*Someone bumped into Corbett, almost knocking the "Ex-King of Fistiana" breathless.*

Corbett bowed with Chesterfieldian grace and smilingly excused the clumsy offender.

"Jim," exclaimed the astounded manufacturer, "you're the politest man I ever knew."

"I can afford to be," was Corbett's good-humored reply, "I've got the punch to back it up."

. . .

That very afternoon, in his offices, the manufacturer overheard a clerk make a surly retort to an important caller. And Jim Corbett's remark came back to him with new and pointed significance.

"I wonder," he thought, "if we have to use rudeness here as a sort of protective shell for our weaknesses. Surely this business is big enough to be able to afford courtesy. '*We've* got the punch to back it up'!"

Quietly, he started an investigation on the manners of his organization. He eavesdropped on every department. He questioned outsiders. He disguised his voice and 'phoned in to his own office, listening hopefully for "the voice with the smile." He dug into correspondence files to see whether all inquiries were handled with graciousness and care.

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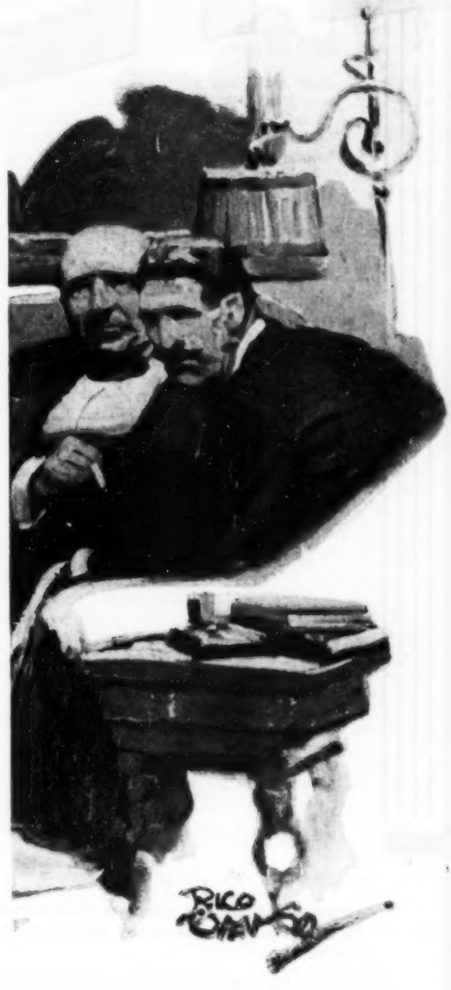
THE EMANCIPATION OF THE AMERICAN BUSINESS MAN

But the revelations were far from reassuring. The whole organization seemed to be suffering from sore-thumb or toothache. The air was tense with fretfulness. Nerves were touchy . . . dispositions overwrought.

And it didn't take him long to find out why. The girl at the information desk, for instance, had been working overtime for weeks, helping the bookkeeping department on belated work. The telephone girls were doing odd jobs for other overcrowded departments. The office manager, ordinarily an affable personality, was becoming an irascible driver. Everywhere he found a surly, distraught morale. With both clerks and superiors chafing under the irk of overtime and office confusion.



The investigation pinned the trouble right down to where it belonged—to antiquated, cumbersome and inadequate business methods for handling the day's office routine.

It may seem a far cry from the problem of increasing a corporation's good will to the problem of handling office operations in a smooth, automatic and orderly manner. But the two problems are dovetailed and inseparable.

Good will is dependent on genial and gracious service and contact. But courtesy cannot thrive in a hectic and disordered atmosphere where overstrained nerves and worried minds are the rule.

The task of securing modern methods and machinery to take the friction out of office operation, speed up the day's routine and abolish overtime, is today a comparatively simple task.

For no longer need a business man consult a number of sources and listen, in confusion, to the conflicting arguments of various "special pleaders" for different devices. Today there is one headquarters, one central source for the finest of business machines, devices and methods, which he can turn to for a complete and harmonized system of business control.

That headquarters is Remington Rand. With a coast-to-coast network of 4,000 Remington Rand business analysts at the disposal of business men everywhere, it is only necessary to go to your telephone and call the nearest Remington Rand office to have one of these impartial and qualified counsellors of business control in your office tomorrow morning.

Or, if you prefer, write to Remington Rand headquarters direct, stating the particular phase of business operation of most immediate interest to you. That will bring a man with special experience on your particular problem. A conference with Remington Rand on any phase of your office or business problems. It is merely a costless way of making sure you are right or of discovering just where you are wrong, if at all.

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You should have this book. It might be the means of giving your product an advanced quality. You will facilitate matters by kindly sending blue prints and sample casting with your inquiry. Let Bohnalite engineers work out your specific problem. But—write today for this booklet.

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DETROIT, MICH.

New York Chicago Philadelphia Cleveland Pittsburgh

(Continued from Page 84)

He had dropped his derby hat on the library table. This he now picked up and started toward the door. From the breast pocket of his coat he pulled a long black cigar. "Smoke this and get a night's sleep," he grinned at Fennister. The secretary declined and stood in the library door watching the fat Cato until he had left the house.

There were several letters requiring his signature, and these Miss Toland, now ready to leave, brought to him. As he seated himself at his desk, the girl rested her hand on his shoulder.

"Congratulations, Walter," she whispered. Then: "I presume the day after election I'll report for work back at our old office?"

"I haven't talked with Mr. Trago about it, but there's certainly a good position there for you," Fennister promised. "I'll let you know what arrangements are to be made."

He had finished signing the letters when Morton announced dinner. And the dinner hour with Patricia was cut all too short by the appearance of John Glench. Fennister excused himself and personally led Glench directly to Old Tim's room.

The red-haired alderman was all friendliness.

"I'm mighty sorry to see you sick like this," he said to Old Tim.

"I'm not sick, you jackass," the boss snapped. "I'm resting."

Glench wet his lips and his glance darted about the room. Suspicion was in his eyes, and this seemed to become more alive when he regarded Old Tim's broken figure. His crispness of manner amounted now to nervousness. No man could long stand beside Old Tim and not realize that for him the end was near.

In the case of Glench, this was serious, for he had sold his loyalty for a promise from Old Tim Callahan, and should Callahan die before that promise was made good, Glench's political aspirations would suffer accordingly.

"What do you want of my secretary?" Old Tim demanded suddenly.

"I didn't want to bother you," Glench returned defensively.

"Why should you bother either of us?" Old Tim interrupted. "Hell's bells and gingerbread! You know we're busy."

"I thought," Glench answered, "I'd report to you the effect of my statement in the papers."

Old Tim cackled in delight. "It was a good statement, wasn't it?" he demanded. "A regular bomb, eh? Don't you think I know more about the effect it had than you do?"

"It's defeated Booley without a doubt," Glench returned tersely.

"Booley was defeated before you were ever heard of," Old Tim snapped.

Fennister studied the boss as he lay there in bed, for he had grown now to know him well enough to read something of his thoughts. In the glittering eyes he saw contempt of this alderman, almost hatred of him. Old Tim had the look of a cat which plays with a mouse.

"Why do you come here, Glench?" he asked querulously. "Why do you want secret conferences with my secretary?"

"There's nothing secret about it," the defeated alderman rejoined. "You and I have done a little business together, Callahan, and I couldn't see any objection to having it confirmed by letter."

"Hell's bells and gingerbread!" Old Tim shrieked. He fought himself into a sitting position and shook his finger violently at Glench. "You wanted it confirmed by letter, eh? You think I'd be jackass enough to put anything like that in writing?"

Glench wet his lips and was on the point of making some reply, but Old Tim cut him short, his finger still shaking.

"You're a fool, Glench," he snarled. "You're an absolute idiot. A bigger fool than Martin Spurgeon." His voice trailed off into shrill laughter, and he finished: "At least Martin Spurgeon got himself a hundred thousand dollars!"

"I'd rather have the fire commissionership any day," Glench answered, "than I would a hundred thousand dollars."

"Of course you would," Old Tim shouted. "Who wouldn't? It ties you in with the administration so that you can make three times that amount!"

The old man suddenly drew his knees up under his chin and beat at them with his withered palms. Laughter seized upon his entire body. "The point is, Glench," he said at last, "Spurgeon got his hundred thousand."

Glench's jaw set and his cheeks paled. He wet his lips three or four times, then: "Meaning just what, Callahan?"

"Meaning just that," Old Tim answered. And he repeated, "Martin Spurgeon's already got his hundred thousand."

Slowly the truth dawned upon John Glench. He stood perfectly motionless for several seconds. But so square was the set of his jaw and so hot the fire in his eyes, that Fennister stepped between the two men to guard against a physical attack upon Old Tim.

"If I get you right," the tricked alderman said at last, "I don't get the appointment?"

"I'll say you don't." Old Tim nodded in delight. "I wouldn't appoint you fire commissioner in Siam!"

"Then your promise isn't worth a snap of the fingers?" Glench asked.

"Not to you," Old Tim snarled.

"You're an out-and-out liar, Callahan?" Glench insisted angrily.

"I'd lie to you," Old Tim cackled.

"You're a double-crosser, that's what you are!" Glench roared. "And I'll put it in the papers within the next hour and tell the whole story! You can't put that stuff over on me!"

Old Tim beat his knees again and laughed in delight. "Go ahead, Glench," he urged. "Go right ahead and do that. Spill it to the papers. That's just what I planned for. It'll give me an election-day story just exactly like the one I ran today on Martin Spurgeon. I'll swear we never had an agreement and Booley's used you as a cat's-paw to try and offset the Spurgeon story."

Glench snarled some profane exclamation and with clenched fist tried to step around Fennister.

The secretary caught his arm and pushed him back.

"Morton!" Old Tim screamed. "Come a-running, Morton!"

In a matter of seconds Morton stepped through the door. He took in the situation with scarcely a change of expression.

"Throw this redhead out," Old Tim howled. "Throw him right out, Morton, just like you used to throw those others out."

Glench was hurling epithets at Old Tim and his words were no longer crisp or terse. Fennister was having difficulty restraining him.

Morton stepped close behind the man, slipped his forearm under Glench's chin and jerked his head back. Holding him in this position, he whirled him toward the door and marched him out into the upper hall and so down the stairs to the street. Old Tim cackled in delight until the great door slammed in the lower hall and he knew that Glench was gone. Then he turned to Fennister.

"Imagine that runt!" he piped querulously. "Imagine him trying to double-cross you into writing a letter."

"I wouldn't have written it," Fennister answered. The violent scene had got on his nerves, and it was growing upon him that in this hour of Old Tim's greatest political success, he himself held a secret that would shatter the man's fondest dream and greatest ambition.

"He really thought," Old Tim continued unbelievingly, "that I'd appoint him fire commissioner. Imagine that!"

"You promised him," Fennister answered slowly.

"What of it?" Old Tim demanded. "There's more of that highbrow stuff of yours." Then he leaned suddenly forward across his knees and shook his finger at Fennister. "That's politics. Understand?" he shouted. "That's what I've been telling you! If you've got a brain in your head, you can be a lot of help to a sap like Norman Trago. Whenever you're in doubt think of the way I'd handle things, and you can't lose."

He dropped back against the pillows once more and his narrow chest heaved with a combination of gasps and choking laughter.

XIX

ELECTION DAY impressed Fennister as a sort of well-ordered chaos. When he reached the Callahan home that morning he found the familiar library in turmoil. Morton had preceded him to the room, and the huge table, along with the rug, had been removed. A tarpaulin was stretched across the floor, and at each of the eight telephones previously installed for clerks, a small table and chair had been placed.

"His experts will tabulate the votes here," Morton explained. "What was important yesterday don't mean a thing today."

The voting was to begin at noon and continue until ten at night. The tabulators began to arrive shortly after Fennister. And with them they brought two adding machines with expert operators. They stood about the library smoking cheap cigars, the odor of which was almost nauseating. They did not hesitate to spread the ash of these cigars copiously over the canvas.

On Fennister's unnecessary advice, Patricia and Miss Toland avoided the room entirely, and, in fact, Fennister himself saw little of it.

Morton ministered to the needs of Old Tim, who was still confined to his bed and was doubtless the busiest personage in the household.

Through the butler he directed the activities of these tabulators. In doing this, he ignored the existence of Fennister.

Now and then, as the day progressed, the secretary dropped into the library, and each time he found greater confusion. Papers strewed the floor and raucous voices accepted messages over the telephones, notes were scribbled and passed along to the men who were operating the clattering adding machines. The air was thick with stale tobacco smoke; pandemonium reigned.

During these visits Fennister endeavored to get the feeling of the tabulators, and afterward he conveyed to Patricia and Miss Toland these opinions. The men, he saw, were equipped with a hard wisdom. In the words of Old Tim himself, "they knew their stuff."

"Everyone seems satisfied with what returns are available," Fennister explained. "Crude as they are, those fellows seem to know their business."

"Daddy wouldn't have them unless they did," Patricia suggested listlessly.

Fennister found something tremendously exhilarating in the business of vote tabulation. The men would make prognostications, and shortly these prophecies could be matched against the returns actually in.

At three o'clock, Morton brought to them a huge tray of sandwiches and a case of cold ale. These disappeared as if by magic, but they in no wise interfered with the task in hand. By four o'clock several of the men were quite willing to venture an opinion as to the final results. In most cases Callahan's ticket had run far ahead of its anticipated strength. This proved a source of delight to all those in the library, and an atmosphere of triumph began to permeate the entire dwelling.

On the upper floor, where Fennister roamed a good deal at a loose end, except for the time he could spend with Patricia, there seemed less interest than at any other point.

"In its own way," Fennister said once, "this is a tremendously exciting business. It isn't a race against defeat; it's a race for greater and greater victory."

"Daddy always wins." Patricia shrugged. "He's never lost."

"He lost with Young Timmy," Fennister said. "He certainly lost there, dear."

Immediately he repented the remark, but the mood gripped him, and he continued: "And he lost with you too. I'm afraid that will be a terrible blow for him. Just think, with all his millions, all his knowledge and all his power, the three things which were closest to him failed to give him happiness. There was first his wife, then his son, and now you've run off and married his nobody secretary."

"I don't care," the girl said rebelliously. "I suppose it's a terrible thing to say, but I'm sick of my very name. I don't care what the future holds, so long as it's with you and not in politics."

After four o'clock, runners began to appear in greater numbers. They traveled in light cars or on motorcycles, each of them placarded with banners indicating the cause of their disrespect for speed laws. They brought with them actual tabulations from various polling booths. Morton became so busy at the front door that he finally directed them to the servants' entrance at the rear, and in this manner detoured the traffic from the front of the house.

These runners entered the library, passed their notations to the tabulator covering their district, took a handful of the cigars Old Tim had provided, and then Morton escorted them out of the house, thus preventing congestion.

It was from one of them that Fennister learned of rioting in the various districts. In Glench's ward particularly, Diamond Mike's men had been kept busy against the onslaughts of the Booley cohorts. At one of the polling booths down there three men had been shot; one of these died in the ambulance on the way to the hospital.

The lower sections of town also gave evidences of their rum-running politics. Fist fights quickly developed into stone throwing and clubbing, and at four different booths the riot squad of the police had been necessary to quell the disturbance. So Fennister knew that Callahan ran ahead of his anticipated strength because Diamond Mike, under the leadership of Cato, had planned and worked well.

One of the runners from a lower district in town brought with his tabulations a verbal message to the effect that there were sixty-three voters still unheard from. Forty of these, it was known, would not vote because they dared not. Diamond Mike's drifters, it was promised, would vote under each of these names, so that victory there was positively assured the Callahan candidates.

All this Fennister kept from Pat. At times he hung his head in shame at the innocent part he himself had played in this mockery of democratic government. And in the center of the web, so to speak, he caught the vibrations of a great city's political choosings. As a result, he knew, just as he knew the most commonplace fact of life, that what the voters actually voted was playing a small part in what the ultimate tabulations would show.

Old Tim Callahan had carried out his every threat and made good his every promise. He was a victor almost before the voting began, and the early editions of the newspapers proclaimed this fact under scare headlines which featured the names of Hector Sparr and Norman Trago.

When victory became indisputable, night had settled upon the Callahan mansion. At the direction of Old Tim, Morton arranged a bounteous buffet dinner, and in the flush of triumph, district leaders, police officials, gunmen, gamblers, hangers-on, and triumphant candidates gathered at the house and partook of the meal.

Cato and his dead cigar were early and boastfully in evidence. Now that this man was assured of a powerful office, he was received with enthusiasm. Cato was content with this new-found power. He looked ahead through a vista of four years that would make him increasingly wealthy and increasingly powerful. In the hands of this man lay almost absolute control of criminal

(Continued on Page 92)

65 HORS

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B&W

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

Smoking Tobacco

It's *milder*

(Continued from Page 89)

law enforcement. This was an hour of which Cato had long dreamed.

While below him these men milled about, Old Tim lay stricken in his bed. The sap was gone from his sinews. Something had crept into his arms and legs and palsied them. Just at this moment, when his keen delight would have been to rise up and taunt Jim Booley, he was strangely content to lie still.

"What are they doing down below?" he asked Morton. "Who's down there, Morton? Hell's bells and gingerbread! Why don't you tell me these things?"

"There's everything down there," Morton answered flatly, "from ash men to district attorneys, and to me they all look alike. They'll drink a thousand dollars' worth of liquor and eat five hundred dollars' worth of food. After they are gone the floors will have to be done over, maybe the walls redecorated, and we'll need a fumigator to get the smell of them out of the house."

Old Tim cackled in delight. "Well," he muttered, "they deserve it, don't they? They did their job. Did it well. This is a great night for me, Morton." His voice trailed off in cackling laughter and his hands trembled beside his legs there on the bed.

Morton looked at him, and there was sympathy in his eyes. Old Tim was worn and frayed, as a cast-off tire is worn and frayed. His hair appeared suddenly long above the ears. His cheeks were sunken and seamed, and because he was unshaven, age lay heavy over his face.

"Yes," he avowed after a moment of silence, "this is a great night for Tim Callahan. I don't let Young Timmy worry me. He's old enough to know better—that kid. He's just naturally a loafer." He cackled again, and there was something of strange satisfaction in his voice. "I was reading in a book, Morton," he said after a moment. "Some very smart man wrote the book. He knew life pretty near as well as I know it. D'you know what he said? Do you?"

"I don't get much time for reading," Morton answered.

"I wonder if you can read, Morton, and understand half what's written?" Morton disdained a reply, and Old Tim chuckled again raspingly, and said, "I read in the book that the son of a great man never amounts to anything. That's true too. Run right down the list of great men—emperors, generals, presidents, all of us—and every one of our sons were flops. We can't help that, so I'm not worried over Timmy."

He paused for a long time, and Morton did not interrupt his thoughts. In the course of this silence Old Tim's gaze irresistibly sought the oil painting over the fireplace. And as he looked upon it, the luster left his eyes and they became as flat and as expressionless as Morton's own.

"I'm not worried about Pat, either," he said at last. Still Morton did not answer, but he contrived some business that he might turn his back upon Old Tim and thus avoid his glance. "Do you think I'm going to die, Morton?" the boss asked suddenly. "Do you think this is the end for me?"

"I don't know," Morton responded frankly. "You haven't got much sense. If you'd taken it easy a week or two ago, you wouldn't be here now."

Old Tim cackled. "I ain't going to die," he promised. "Not me, Morton. I'll not die before you do. . . . Won't that Dutchman make a hot alderman?" He laughed in delight and pounded his withered palms against the coverlet. "Hereafter, you want to get all those cookies free. Understand me? Get me one now. Bring me one, Morton. I want it."

When the butler had returned with the tray of cookies Old Tim plied him with questions about the activities downstairs. He heard all about Cato's dominance of the situation.

He asked for Boden and inquired with interest after the feelings of these men.

"Sparr hasn't shown up yet?" he queried.

"Not yet," Morton answered. "But he will. Mr. Trago hasn't come yet either."

"Of course he hasn't," Old Tim snarled. "You figure Trago all wrong, Morton. He's the kind of a sap that don't know he's elected until the votes are counted."

In this remark he found infinite delight, and the laughter which followed it led into a spasm of coughing which left his pallid features flushed and mottled.

When he was quiet again he said to Morton, "When Hector Sparr arrives I want to see him. Bring him to me up here, Morton."

"Don't you want to see Mr. Trago too?" Morton asked.

"He won't get here until nearly midnight. Maybe I'll be too tired then. Just imagine me too tired, Morton, to see a politician! Life's a funny shake."

Hector Sparr arrived at the house shortly before nine o'clock. His shoes were dusty and his collar wilted. About him hung an air of happy weariness. He greeted everyone with a handshake and smile. And when the men in the lower rooms drank to his great victory, he managed to join with them.

Holding his glass aloft, he said to them, "This has been a great victory. There's nothing more to be said about it. History repeats itself. Out of corruption has grown virtue. Irresponsibility inevitably comes to ashes that fertilize a new order, a new standard of right, and a new power that the people themselves may wield. To this new order I drink a heartfelt toast."

In due course Morton managed to extricate Sparr from the gathering and led him upward to Old Tim's chamber. The two met there and their meeting was epic.

"Good evening, mayor," Old Tim cackled. "Give us a little time and we'll make that title governor."

"This is a great victory, Mr. Callahan," Sparr said earnestly. He reached downward and caught in his big fingers Old Tim's withered hand. "It's a monument to yourself," he said boomingly.

Old Tim cackled sarcastically. "Weak as I am, Hector," he snapped, "I've got to resist that drivel. Save that for the saps in convention halls. . . . I'm a very sick man. I didn't know it until I had a coughing spell an hour ago. In my life I've won a hundred such political fights as this one has been. The joy is gone from that sort of thing. It's empty as a turned-down glass. You needn't be told what's in my mind. I want matters settled—matters between you and little Pat. Go to her now, Sparr, and arrange them. Then bring her to me here. I want to see you together."

Sparr bowed and turned toward the door. He glanced at Morton and asked where Patricia might be found. But Morton was a changed man. He faced Sparr, so blocking his passage through the door.

"You don't want Miss Pat," he said woodenly. "I know all about your schemes. You, too, Tim, must hear this. From the first day you ever talked with Hector Sparr and tried to sell him the mayoralty for marrying little Pat, I've known your scheme. I heard you that day in the library and I kept my hands off you, Sparr, easy as I could have killed you. Now you get out and let that little girl alone."

PHOTO. BY BERT HURTOON

A Leaning Fir in Washington State

Old Tim set up an amazed shriek. His rasping voice released a flood of profanity and he shook both fists at Morton. Sparr drew back in dignified rage, but Morton had come into his own.

"She don't want to see you," he went on. "She couldn't marry you if she would." Unconsciously he assumed a dramatic posture. "She couldn't. Understand?" he shouted. "Little as you respect the law, Mr. Sparr, there's one against having two husbands at the same time, and that one generally works. Any proposal you have to make to Pat will be made to Mrs. Walter Fennister. And if there is anything in my life I'm proud of, it's the fact that I arranged that little affair."

Silence fell upon the three. Disbelief loomed in Old Tim's eyes. He glared at Morton. He was chewing his lips, and his clenched, bony fists trembled at his sides. From below came masculine voices. Men were drinking deep from Old Tim's ever-ready cup, and as they drank, he found his own bitter.

"You lie, Morton!" he screamed.

"I don't," Morton returned flatly. Then he turned and called down the hallway: "Mr. Fennister!"

Fennister came from Patricia's room, and the look upon Morton's face warned him. He did not, however, hesitate. He stepped into the chamber and met Old Tim's fiery gaze.

"Answer me," the boss demanded, his finger shaking under Fennister's nose: "Are you and Patricia married?"

"Yes, sir," Fennister answered, "and I thank God for it."

Old Tim sagged gently back against the pillows. "Go away from me," he said throatily. "You, Sparr, get out, and Fennister too."

Without a word the two men passed Morton and walked into the hall. As the butler half turned to follow them, Old Tim stopped him.

"Morton," he piped, "bring me a bottle of ale. Don't be dumb about it. I want it cold. Hell's bells and gingerbread! Get one right off the ice."

Morton, his shoulders suddenly stooped and his whole figure dejected, shuffled into the upper hall.

He went below, on his way passing through a littered, noisy hall and the library, which might have been the backroom of a speak-easy.

In the kitchen he secured the ale, and as a special token of peace added to it some crackers and mellow cream cheese which Old Tim Callahan loved. Then he went again into the library and found there a pipe which he had been at great pains to clean. He arranged the ale and the crackers and cheese on the tray. To these he added a silver tobacco jar, the pipe and matches. Then he mounted the rear stairway and so passed along the upper hall to Old Tim's chamber. The light in the room was soft and dim.

Old Tim paid no heed to his entrance and Morton moved the familiar table to the bedside. Nervously his hands prepared the repast. He did not glance at Old Tim until everything was in readiness; then he raised his eyes.

Patricia lay across the bed holding her father's withered hand. Her face was buried against the emaciated chest, and the hard, glittering eyes of Old Tim had closed forever. Morton quietly drew the shades and left the two there together.

It was in his mind that a man triumphs only within his own limitations. The heedless song that rose to greet him as he stepped into the hall gave evidence of Old Tim Callahan's limitations.

(THE END)

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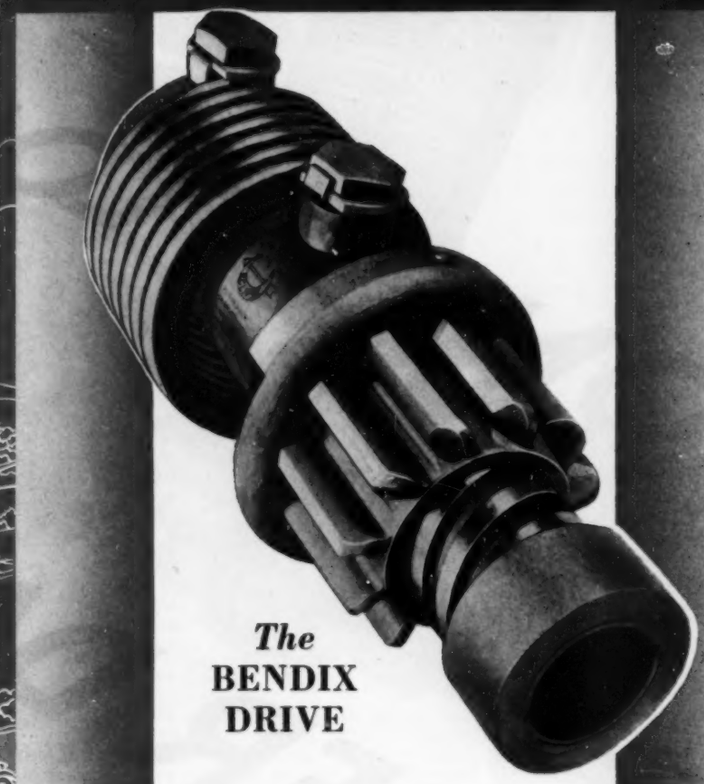

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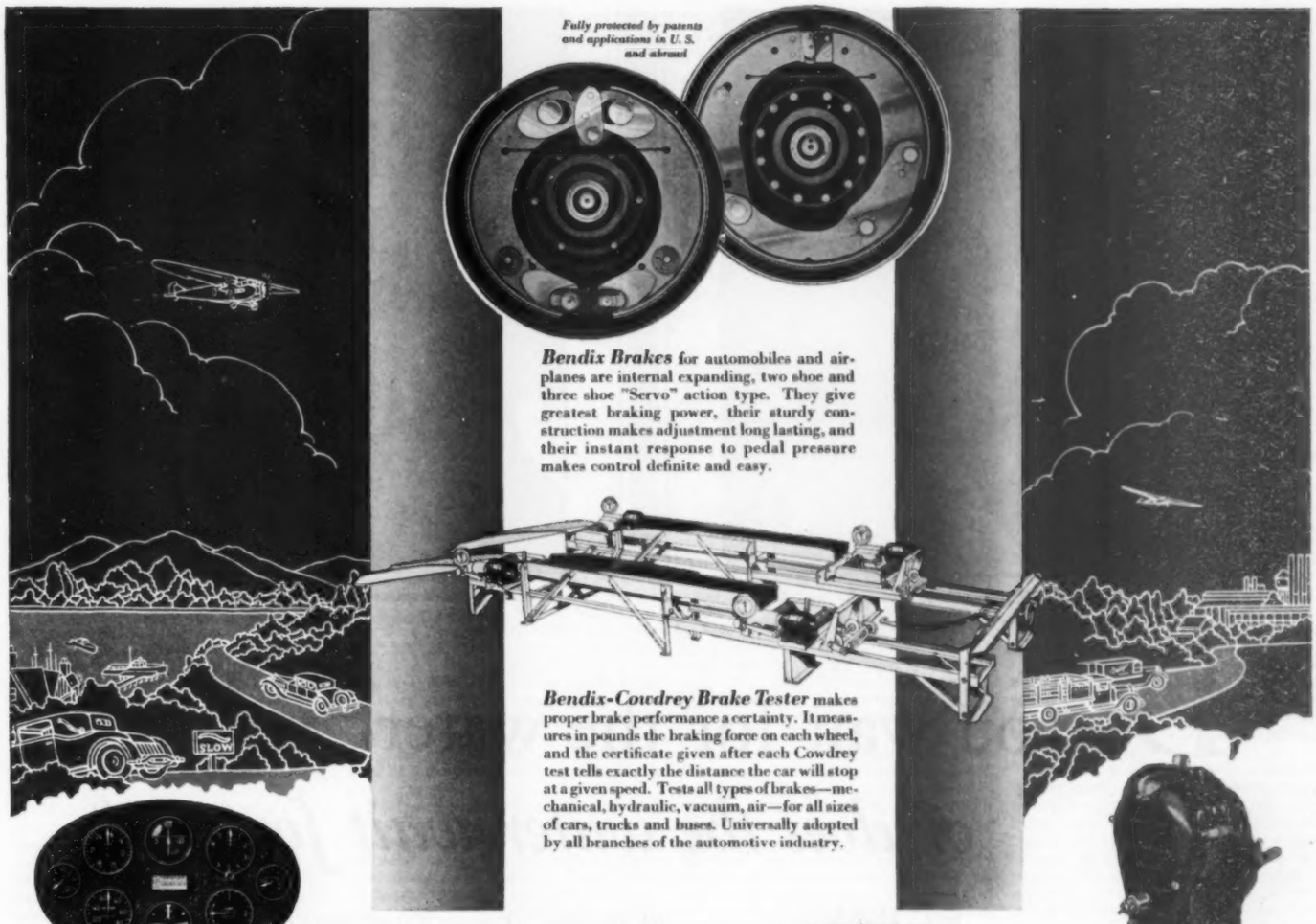

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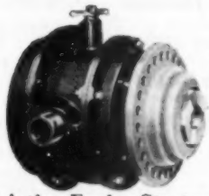

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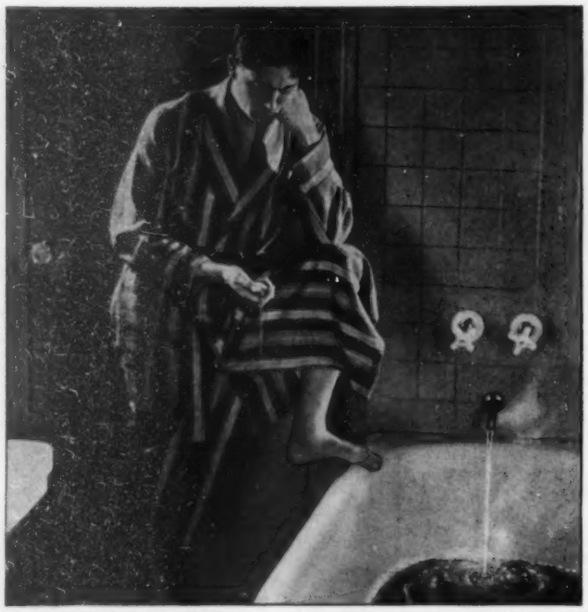

People should bathe by appointment in some homes, or replace those overworked, rust-clogged pipes with Chase Copper Water Tubing.

A full tub . . . a quick bath . . . zip, and he's away. Just one of the blessings of Chase Copper Water Tubing.

Do you wait for the water *or does the water wait for you?*

CHASE COPPER WATER TUBING comes in a coil, bends around corners, and is 99.9% pure copper. Chase Copper Water Tube Fittings are marked and guaranteed.

Why put up any longer with the discomforts of rust-clogged pipes when complete replacement with Copper Water Tubing is so easy and economical?

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Twenty minutes . . . for a bath that should take but three! Somebody turned a faucet downstairs—and all *you* get is a tantalizing trickle.

Annoying . . . but think of what happens all day long—housekeeping hindered, tempers ruffled, hours of precious time wasted. And all uncalled for in this modern age.

Today the trials and tribulations of rust-clogged pipes can be completely done away with. At moderate cost and with surprisingly little bother, bright and shining lines of Chase Copper Water Tubing can now be installed to bring you the comforts of clear water at full pressure from every faucet in your home.

Your plumber will tell you this new-type flexible tubing permits him to replace worn-out piping without needless tearing into walls and floors. In fact, he usually runs Chase Tubing right alongside the old rigid pipe. He uses it in long lengths, bends it around corners. Fittings are saved. Time is saved. And so are the paper, paint and tiling of your home.

If you'd like to give your family the blessing of a water system of pure copper, that can't rust, that can't clog, that puts an end to expensive repairs, telephone your plumber. He'll gladly estimate how little it will cost to modernize your home with Chase Copper Water Tubing and Chase Copper Water Tube Fittings.

CHASE

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WHAT MORE COULD HE DO?

(Continued from Page 11)

We "ho'd" over to the tanks. The captain stood out in front until we got the motors going. Then he pulled out the machines, one by one, and started the column off. Mase fell in behind and to the left of our lead tank, and I got my helmet on and put my stuff on the seat beside him. I bumped into the sharp points on the butt of the gun a couple of times, and then pushed it down far enough so that it wouldn't stab me. Mase got the machine into high, finally, and we dragged out into the road and turned east along it. It wasn't much of a road now. It was all dug up and pitted, where it wasn't rutted. The engineers had used whole towns full of secondhand stone houses to patch it up with, but it would have been a good excuse for a detour back in the States. It was better than cross country, though, and we rolled along, making a dizzy three miles an hour and getting well shaken up. The holes and ruts weren't deep enough to give us much dip or sway, and about all we did was to joggle and bump along.

Mase let the machine drive itself for a while and closed the doors tight in front of him. He'd got in so quick that he hadn't done it before. I swung the turret around and clamped my own doors shut and took to my eye slits to see where we were going. It began to be hot in there, and I undid my blouse and shirt. The tight leather helmets a man has to wear in those things are no straw katies, and the sweat began to drip from my nose. There was a fine assortment of smells there that had lived hard and unrighteous lives and died and been condemned to our tank. There was Mase and me, first—we were no attar of roses—then there was gas—good old carbon monoxide—hot oil, hot metal, leather and, all of a sudden, a queer, strong, sweet, sour, thick smell. It was a little like defunct horse, but more terrible. I knew! It came over me like a flash, what it was, and I wished I hadn't hit breakfast so hard. Oh, man, if there's anything that'll take the heart out of a fellow, it's that battlefield smell! It makes you think "God help me!"

There was some traffic along that road. Not pretty! Ambulances, mostly, going our way like the hammers of hell, and coming back, not so fast. There were a few walking men, too, with their heads tied up, or their arms tied up and their sleeves cut away, and so on, and they all had big tickets tied on them. An officer's car went shooting by and these birds stepped away for it. They stayed off the road till we got by, too, and several of them waved to us, when they had the arms to do it with. Mostly, though, they just stood there or sat down and waited.

We followed the road for quite a way until it began to take a rise. Just before this rise, we turned off to the left and deployed. The platoons beyond us worked around the base of a little hill, and it took us maybe a quarter of an hour to get organized. The lieutenants ran out and straightened out the line, holding back the third company, which had the shortest slope to climb. There was considerable firing going on here. We couldn't hear it, but every now and then a fair-sized building lot in the fields would blow up and fall back in a shower of dirt and strong, black smoke. We could smell that, too, and it burned our nostrils. There was too much noise for us to pick out any shooting around us, and we were still a long ways from having anything to shoot at ourselves, but, just faintly, we could hear the "whoo-ump" of these big boys as they came over, and it made us sweat the more.

We were hidden now behind the crest of this small hill which sloped up from in front of us, and our line swung up and dressed to the right. The skipper was standing at one end, looking back over his shoulder at the flanking tanks of A and B companies. The line was being held up for a moment—the whole mile width of it—merely by stopping the guide machine. As we watched and waited, the major came down the line. He was a short, stout man, and his coat, belted tightly around him, stuck out over his hips, and he wore his helmet at a rakish angle. He stopped and shouted in the skipper's ear, gesticulating as he talked. Then they both turned, once, to watch a shell bursting in the field behind us. They spoke again, and the major trotted on to the headquarters company, on our left. Our skipper came over to speak to the platoon officer, who was standing by our lead tank—the one just on our right. They nodded, and the skipper turned away to get into his own machine. He had a tank, but the lieutenants, for the sake of visibility and in order to get around better, had to walk around among the tanks, directing operations. I never thought about what they had to face until I saw them all shaking hands, and saw that they meant it.

Someone released the guide tank and the line surged forward. Mase and I saw our platoon leader turn and wave his arm, and Mase threw her into gear. I stuck my face against the eye slits in the turret and brought the gun up into position. I watched the top of that little hill as it came nearer and nearer, seeming to drop away before us as we waddled up the slope. At first I couldn't see anything but the sky ahead, with the edge of the flat, rolling hills away off. Then the whole plain sort of spread itself out in front. There wasn't any grass; no bushes, no roads, no houses, no nothing, but there had been all those things. The long, easy slope ahead was pitted and scarred and tossed and churned, and here and there we could see that some of the holes in it had been joined together with a sort of purpose.

We reached the top of the hill and started down with a faster clanking and a released howl from the motors. Mase cut down on his gas, watching his right-hand machine for the guide. I could catch a glimpse of our platoon leader, Lieutenant Jackson, every now and then, as he scrambled along behind the other machines. We sailed down over the hill, and suddenly clanged into a shallow hollow with steep sides. There was a dugout built into the side of this, a little way to our left, and a group of men was standing there, watching us. It must have been a post of command, because many of them were officers. I recognized one of them as he looked at us. It was our inspecting brigadier.

There was smoke and confusion about a mile ahead, I judged, and we settled down for our run to it. The plain, with its heaved-up earth and the tree stumps dotting it, was around us now. There were other things dotting it too. It was brown with olive drab! I thought, shivering, that that brigadier had called us too late! Surely, if there were so many men fallen, could there be any left to carry on, up ahead? There was no counting them. They had been facing the fire from the opposite slope. We rocked down among them, and I watched them as we passed. They held a terrible fascination for me. I couldn't look away. They seemed to slide back as we went along.

The going was much rougher now. We banged down into hollows with jerks that snapped my head against the back of the turret. We strained up out of them, rolled over obstructions, swayed and rocked across that awful field. Mase's head was just between my feet, so that I could touch him on the shoulder to give him direction in case he couldn't see. My own seat was a broad, leather strap slung from the two sides of the turret just below the revolving section. It was more of a rest than a seat, and I braced against it, hanging onto the swing handles of the turret and trying to keep from beating my brains out at every swerve.

The motion was awful and the air inside was fuggy. I felt the tank run free, without accelerating, and looked down at Mase just in time to see him be sick on the floor. It must have been a lot hotter down there, even, than it was up where I sat. He recovered and looked up with a sick grin, but his face was sort of greeny pale. It was just seasickness, and he grabbed his levers again. As I watched him, I saw him shrink suddenly, as though he was about to get hit, and I looked up, quick. Before I could put an eye to my slits, though, there was a whooping roar outside that we could hear even in our traveling boiler factory, and then another and another.

I looked out. I know I couldn't breathe, and I'll swear my heart didn't beat for minutes. That quiet field had come to life again. Ahead of us, jumping and splashing like surf in a storm, was a line of flame and smoke that came to meet us and traveled along with us. The walls of the tank rang loud and seemed to hum and moan with the noise. We couldn't see anything at all but this leaping hell outside, so Mase shut his eyes and drove into it. I realized that it was a barrage, but that was all I did know. The noise, after the first burst of it, was too much for my ears, and it seemed quiet. The ground was shot with fire. I saw one hole appear, with horrid, magical suddenness, just ahead, and as we lurched down into it, it was filled with flickering, blue flames, like alcohol burning. The gases from it choked me, and I thought of my mask, but I could not move. I couldn't have put on that mask if all the lives in the world depended on it. All I could do was to hang on and look out. I didn't want to look out, either. I don't know how long it took us to go through; I don't know why we weren't hit; I don't know what happened, and neither does Mase. I only know that just when it seemed that my eardrums had given way and that my mind was oozing out through my skull, we saw no more shells bursting ahead. The air cleared quickly. I swung the turret to the right, to get my line and saw, an awful distance away, another tank come wallowing up out of the smoke that fell away from around her like water from around a rising submarine. I touched Mase on the shoulder with my foot, and he slewed the machine around on a long slant so as to close up the distance a little. The tank on our left was coming in too. There were no more lieutenants.

We could see ahead of us better now. We were on another up slope about a mile ahead of the first steep hill we had climbed. There were men crouched on this slope, near the top. We watched them as we came nearer. It was hard to tell the ones that were alive. They lay very still, but now and then one would raise a head or an arm. We knew why they were lying there, both living and dead, when we got to the top of this hill, for sudden clash and clangor burst against the walls of our tank. It made my ears ring again and my head spin, and even with three-quarters of an inch of steel between me and this yammering, I ducked and shrank. That whole crest was being sprayed with machine-gun fire, both from in front and from enfilading positions, for we could hear the bullets pounding on the side too. The artillery had not got these guns because of their concrete emplacements, and they didn't dare shoot at them now, because our infantry had got so close. The proud, advancing infantry and the all-powerful supporting artillery were trumping each other's aces!

We pulled on up and the men crawled away to let us through. They dragged their dead and hurt to one side, too, and made paths for us. I sat there, dizzy and silly from the racket outside, and loaded the gun. I hooked my strips together so as to get a continuous fire, and waited till I could see something to shoot at. The bullets wailed and sang against the turret. We were getting all this fire concentrated. The crest of the rise dropped below us and I tried to see. There wasn't much, at first, but a low, faint haze, and then we saw one. It wasn't a pill box. It was a gun mounted, boldly, in a fox hole. Three men were serving a Maxim, and I could see its heavy jacket with the little barrel projecting from it. It was close—about fifty yards—and it trembled as they fired it. A nasty little jet of quivering flame licked out of the muzzle of it, right at us. I suppose the inside of a tank is about the only place on earth from which a man can look into the muzzle of one of those things for as long as we did and live to remember it. It hypnotized me, I know, and it was seconds before I woke up. I was sick, my tongue was dry, and my heart was beating a hundred and twenty to the minute. I had just sense enough left to touch Mase on the head with my foot, and he stopped the tank. I leveled the gun off then, set my cheek against my left hand and tried to remember what I'd been taught. I saw the top of the gun and the head and shoulders of the gunner behind the cross hairs in my sight, and I forgot everything else. I cooled down and pulled on the trigger.

The gun ahead seemed to disappear. The gunner went too. I didn't see him fall, but he just wasn't there. The other two men stood up. One of them sat down suddenly against the wall of his fox hole, and the other made two steps of a crouching run to get out before he fell. He seemed to slide for yards on his face. I let go the trigger. Mase drove on as I touched his head again. I hoped the infantry would follow us up as we broke through for them. I wondered where to turn next. Our officers were gone. Lots of our machines hadn't come through the barrage. Mase swung to the left and another hail beat on the outside.

This time, some of the bullets began to splash through the slits. They were coming from a hot gun, and were fairly soft. The little, heavy drops fell on my hands and legs, and I brushed them off. Some of them burned, but they mostly cooled before they reached through my clothes. I looked to see what had made Mase turn off. We were certainly getting peppered from somewhere. Then I saw a little, gray mound. It looked to be less than a foot high, but it had a mean appearance, and a wicked gray haze was dancing around in front of it. We drove for it, and the banging on the outside grew louder. When we got closer we could see that the roof was concrete, with a little slot just above the ground, where the guns were. They were certainly working on us! The stuff hit us everywhere—front, sides and below—and those that didn't flatten out against us went whooping off as ricochets. Mase yelled up at me and pointed, and I yelled back. I couldn't hear him and I know he couldn't hear me, for I couldn't hear myself. The inside of our machine was indescribable. I tried to center on the little slot, and let go, but the motion of the tank was too much, and I dug up dirt in front and chipped gray dust off the top. The guns still fired. They had two of them, that I could see. Mase went on and on, and I tried to hit that slot, but I only got one in twenty in, if that. We finally stood right in front of the thing, but so close that I couldn't depress the gun enough. They were pounding our underbody, and I was afraid that a lucky shot might hurt the treads or that some bright Heinie might roll out a bomb; so I kicked Mase, and he threw her into low and we started over it.

It settled down beneath us like weak ice on shallow water. We felt it give, and the firing stopped behind us. We passed, and I swung the turret around to see. The roof had gone, collapsed. It was a dusty, broken slab of masonry, and the little door to the rear had fallen in. There was nothing moving. No! Wait! As I watched, a hand appeared, opened and closed into a fist, and dropped, limp. I felt the sweat running down from under my helmet, and my hands were so numb I couldn't load my gun.

I did see, though, when I looked back, that the doughboys were coming on. A

(Continued on Page 38)

SET it and forget it. Read your paper, the toast won't burn. When it is done—click—the current is automatically turned off. Then, a twist of the wrist on the toast-over knob—and both slices are turned at once.

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it won't burn

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WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF ELECTRIC RANGES AND HOUSEHOLD ELECTRIC HEATING APPLIANCES

(Continued from Page 97)

party of them had picked up the Maxim that we laid out and were turning it around in the hole. There were about six of them, and while I watched them, two fell over and the rest dove out of sight. What had stopped them was another pill box, over to the right. They set them up in echelon formation, and if one is put out, there is always another to deal with. I stepped on Mase's right shoulder, and we went over to see.

We went around to the side of this one, and didn't bother with the front. We found a door there. It was just an opening in the concrete, very steep down and black. Mase stopped the tank and I hooked three clips together and started in. I began at the upper right-hand corner of the door and went diagonally down to the lower corner and then across the other way. Nothing seemed to happen, so I did it again. Then I stopped, and we watched. A man came up, part way, and lay down, with his head just outside. Another climbed over him and stood looking at us for a long time. He had his hands across his stomach, and he began to sway back and forth. Then he fell over on his face, hard.

I just hung onto the gun and watched. I couldn't have taken my eyes off him if I was to be killed for it. All I could think of was how much it must have hurt him to fall down like that. I didn't think about the hurt that made him fall down. I wanted to go out to help him, and then I remembered that I had done that to him. I guess I'll always remember him. Mase saw him too. My mouth was dry and my throat ached. I wanted to yell and swear, but I couldn't. I just sat there and looked at those men. Then the doughboys came up. They climbed up over that pill box and waved to us. They were getting into shape again, and the sight of them woke me up. I kicked Mase, and he swung the machine around.

We cleaned out two more of those pill boxes. We knew better than to wait around after we had swept the doorways. I say "we," but it was I who did it all. Mase only drove. I handled the gun. I can't forget that. He drove up and around to the back, and I did the shooting. Those men were caught. They had no more chance than if they had been up against a wall. The infantry followed us through, and I could see, every time I turned around, that they were consolidating. They came up in platoon waves and settled down in the old German posts, turning them around. They looked angry and were busy. Then we heard the siren. It shrieked out above all the noise, away off to the right, and Mase turned and went that way. Two other machines were going ahead of us, and we fell in line behind them. It was the skipper.

He was standing out on the ground, behind his tank, pumping away at his siren. The other tanks turned back the way they had come as they passed him. As Mase pulled up, I swung the turret around, opened the door a bit and showed my head. The skipper was a sight. His face was black and streaked, and his uniform was a mess of grease and powder. He was chewing the stump of a cigar. He shouted at me as we came up:

"Who is it?"

"Pollard and Rhodes!"

He nodded and threw away the end of his cigar.

"Good! Go home, boys! Go home quick! We'll catch hell here in a minute!"

I slammed the doors, Mase wheeled the machine around and we started back. The infantry made way for us again, this time in a better-organized condition. They had dug their fox holes deeper and linked them up, and they were piling up the dirt in front of them. We slid down among them and pulled by. They stopped for a minute and watched us. They never said a word—just looked at us and went back to work. They had more coming to them and we were going out. Some of us. There were two tanks ahead of us and I knew of one more behind us—the one that had been skirmishing around to our left—but how many more there were, I didn't know.

We reached the top of the little crest and started down again. The going was easier and I felt better when I heard the treads clanking fast and free on the downgrade. I rested my elbows on the flange of the turret and my head against the back and just sunk into myself. All I had seen and done that day was reeling through my head over and over again. All I had to do was to close my eyes, and I could see it all—that fellow's hand coming out through the smashed roof of the pill box—the first gunner just disappearing from behind his gun, and the other fellow sliding away—the man who crawled up out of the dark and swayed and died back there, on his face. Mase touched my ankle, and when I looked down, he pointed out in front. The sun was ahead of us and quite low, and a dark blotch was up against it. It was a tank. There was another behind it, and a third off to the left. The first one was opened out like a sunflower. The second one just stood there, black and cold. It looked so dark and mysterious that I expected to see ravens fly out of it. The last one was still burning inside, and a heavy column of greasy smoke rose almost straight up. That was three, and how many more there were I didn't find out till later.

We reached the level of the plain and crossed it, and were starting up the last slope—the one where the post of command was—when we caught the hell the captain had spoken of. The Dutchmen showered down again. It wasn't high explosive this time; it was shrapnel, and a regular ding-dong of it. We could hear it scream and burst, and then the pellets slammed down on us like so much hail.

Mase sailed on, because that didn't mean any more to us than bullets, but one of them hit the end of the machine gun when I had my hand on the butt, and it stung me for an hour. I looked out through the sight, and found that the front sight had been ripped off and the barrel bent. Just a chance, that was all.

The men around, though, were all under cover. We had seen several running when the first one came over, and they stayed where they were. We were supposed to get a refill of gas just over this rise, but when we came to the station, it was as bare of men as the middle of the Sahara. Mase had three or four liters left, so we kept on down the road. The machine ahead of us, though, had evidently run out, because it was standing there, waiting for the shrapnel to get over with, so it could get filled up. It was over the crest, so it couldn't be seen from the east.

Mase found the road and we bumped along over it. The shrapnel wasn't coming down here, and I opened the turret and breathed some air again. It wasn't much, as air goes, but it was ozone compared to what we had been getting all day. We rode along, the ambulances dodging around us, and nearly wrecked one when we turned off suddenly. The driver stuck out his head and opened his mouth at us, but a tank always has the right of way, so we didn't pay any attention to him. Mase drove the machine into the yard and kicked off the motor. I looked at my watch. It had stopped at a quarter past three. The sun was all but down, so it must have been near six. The motor had been going since ten, and when it stopped, we couldn't hear a thing. I asked Mase if he wasn't going to put the tank back on the line, because he'd just stopped where he was. He said something, I don't know what, but it had a "hell" in it. I got down and helped him out. We were both very stiff, and we walked to the orderly room and went in.

The top kicker was there, and he said something to us. We couldn't hear him, so he took my hand and led me over to where the last of the sun was coming in a window and took off my helmet. Then he looked at my face, and took down my name and Mase's. I must have looked surprised at this, because he opened his mouth and talked and took me over to where his shaving glass was hung on the wall. My face was as black as the ace of spades where it wasn't streaked with little white lines where the sweat had run down. I laughed, and then I couldn't stop laughing, and the top got me a glass of white frog liquor. It burned me, going down. I looked around. There were six other men there. Four of them were asleep on the benches, and the other two just sat there, smoking. The top sergeant spoke again, and I began to hear his voice:

"You see any more machines?"

"Two. One waiting for gas, and one behind us."

"That's fourteen back out of the battalion. You make four out of our company."

I nodded, but I didn't understand him at first. Then I got it. There were fifty-two tanks to the battalion, thirteen to the company. The door opened and the skipper came in. He held the door for someone else, and I saw the top kick snap to attention. I looked around. The colonel and our friend, the brigadier, came in, but I didn't get up. I couldn't. I was too tired. I just sat there. I could hear them now. The brigadier looked around at us and shook his head.

"Is this all?"

The colonel nodded. "Four tanks back out of this company, sir. The gas and repair crews won't be back until tonight. They'll wait until the firing is over."

The general nodded. He slapped his coat with his gloves and looked at us with his head sunk into his collar. We weren't as snappy as we had been in that inspection. The colonel looked at him and stood very straight.

"General," he said, "my men are not so very average in appearance right now, and my material is scattered all the way from here to hell and gone, but your infantry, general, is through!"

The general looked up quickly. Then his right hand snapped up to the edge of his tin helmet and he handed our colonel the neatest salute you ever saw. What more could he do?

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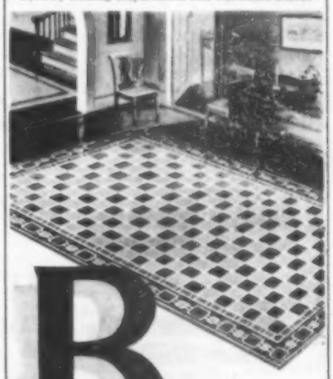

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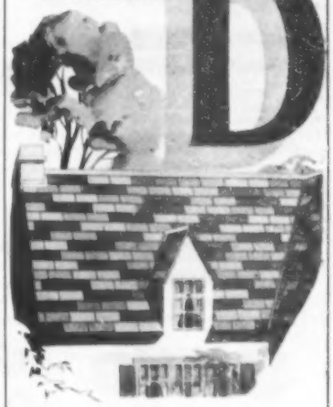

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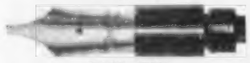

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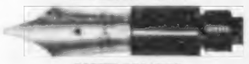

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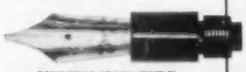

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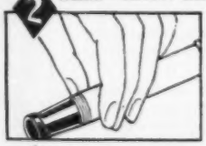

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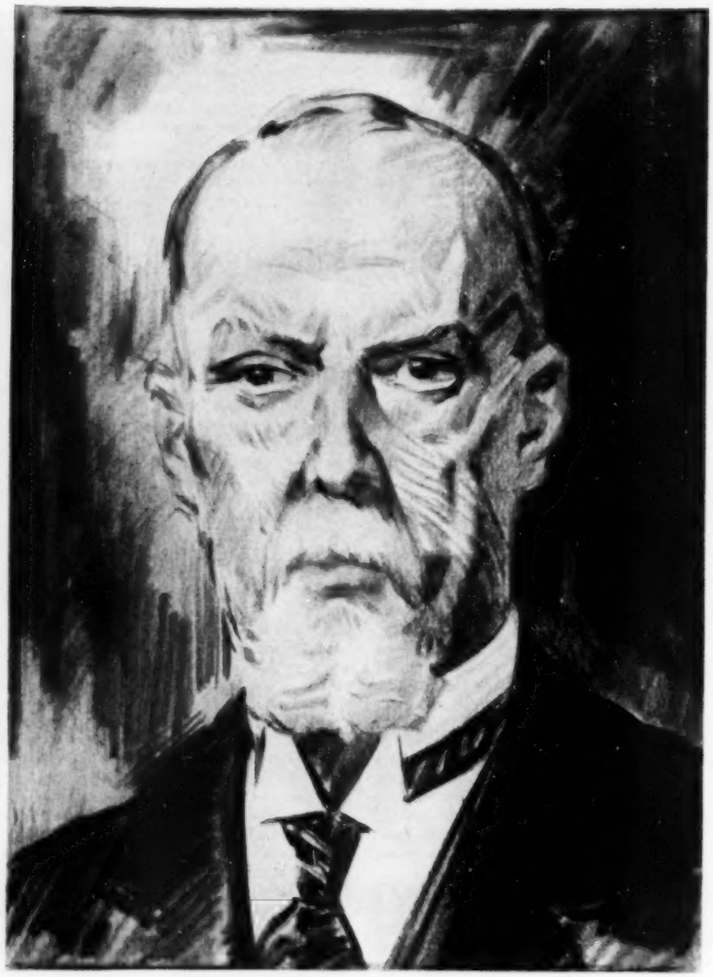

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DRIVEAWAY

(Continued from Page 19)

creatures, bright and admirable, the perfection of much hard work and talent. Paul felt a great surge of feeling for them, pride in them. They were no inanimate products of the machine age to this boy, but entities, individuals. Like ships and cities and the native heath, automobiles had already won from men the compliment of a gender.

"She'll go over the Battlement Hill at fifty."

"We had her out on the Kokomo Road, and held her at ninety around a curve."

"She'll run her head off. You'll never hear a murmur out of her."

"No, there isn't any vibration in her."

"Look at this lady. Ever see anything sweeter? Look at the lines of her! Ain't that radiator design dandy?"

It wasn't slang. It was adoration. Paul studied the charts carefully, joined with Pierce in exploring details of a smart roadster. The improved brakes, the new location of the carburetor and gas pump, the new four-speed shift, a new dimming device, and a new, larger engine for increased power. The instrument panels and fitments had been designed by a famous jeweler, and were pretty enough for a woman's personal adornment. The styles and colors were more varied. It was the same old Grover, the same fine, sturdy, willing machine, with new charms and graces. Paul became tremendously excited. But he was not excited now about being in the city. He was excited about showing these cars to Hilltown. He thought of his prospects at home, and selected models for them. He must make them appreciate these machines. They had a bad habit, in Hilltown, of buying from whichever dealer gave them the best trade. They must choose first the car they liked, and then trade! And when it came to choosing ——

He was sorry he could only get two cars. The output would be limited for a few weeks. But Paul ordered cars against the future for every cent he had or could expect to have. He wanted to put Mr. Welch in this big sedan, to get Doctor Lockerbie to trade in his old car for this coupé, designed especially for professional men. He thought of all of them with unreasonable solicitude.

A complete intimacy sprang up between himself and Pierce. And when Pierce offered Paul a drink from his own hip flask, Paul took it. He saw Mortimer watching him, and felt a little uneasy, as one will before an old boss. Mortimer had never allowed any of his salesmen to drink. He wouldn't let a man that he thought had had a drink take out a demonstrator or talk to a customer. And evidence of the confirmed habit was the end of any connection with Mortimer's organization. But now Paul reminded himself that he was no employe but a dealer, a man in business for himself. The dealers did as they liked. It was up to Mortimer to please them.

When they finally left the private show, at seven, to go to the hotel for the banquet, Paul went with Pierce. Pierce was a man of great energy and power, a rich dealer, as Paul knew, a broad, powerful, magnetic person, and he was warm and kind and masculine, talking to Paul as to a younger brother, including him in a new world with a sweep of his big arm and the tone of his husky voice. Paul would have done anything rather than prove himself inadequate for their friendship.

They had a great deal to eat at the banquet, and there were more charts, and a man from the factory to talk to them, and at the end, when the molded chocolate-ice-cream coupés were gone, with the strawberry girls sitting in them, and the cigars and coffee had finally lost their flavor, and Paul and Pierce and one or two others had finished the "real prewar" bottle, they went, singing and laughing, to the train and got on board. Paul found his berth, and was tumbling into it, when Pierce came and took him off to his stateroom. There were seven men in there. The air was close and hot and blue with smoke. Someone had a fat brown bottle and someone else had a tall, transparent bottle. Paul took a drink of both, laid his head back on a hard window sill and passed quietly out. He had some dim remembrance of Mortimer lecturing someone savagely: "The youngest dealer we have—only just started on his own. Why make a fool of him?" A colored man called George put him to bed.

Mortimer, who was standing by, said with vexation, "This is the foolishest thing I ever knew you to do, Paul."

Paul gave him a feeble cheer, and then forgot him and everything else in the thick fog which engulfed him.

Someone shook him awake, persistently and heartlessly. He opened his eyes and closed them immediately against the glare of sunlight coming through the car window. The colored porter would not let him alone. Finally Paul sat up, swaying.

"What's the matter, George?"

George grinned with sympathy. "Ain't you goin' to get off, boss? Everybody's lef' the car but you."

"Where are we, George?"

"We's there, boss. Mr. Mort'mer, he tried to wake you, and he couldn', and Mr. Pierce, he tried. Your boss, he gave me a dollar to see that you got off the train all right. Here's your tow bar. He said you forgot it."

Paul tried to pull himself together. He felt awful. He went into the washroom and washed and shaved and got a clean shirt out of his bag. With George's aid and much brushing, he was finally ready to leave the car, his bag and the tow bar in hand. He tipped George and parted from him as reluctantly as though he were Paul's mother. He was sorry the others were gone. He would have to go to the factory alone, and he did not know the way there, or the routine. His face and eyes felt queer and swollen, and his head hurt. The light was too bright. He got directions from a policeman and took a street car to the factory. He ought to get breakfast, but he was already late. Joan would be waiting for him. He remembered her with misgivings.

He rode interminably, but found the right gate at last, turned in his name and the location of his agency at the office. They told him that the others had taken their cars, that his certified check had been entered, and that his cars would be ready in a little while. He went into a waiting room and sat down. The heat was cumulative. He felt himself in a land of steel and concrete, where everything hurt, especially the right side of his face and his right eye and the top of his head.

"Never again," he groaned, as other men have groaned before him. He seemed to have lost his fine, wonderful feeling about the new cars, his thrill over his big trip. He could not imagine that he would ever feel well again. After a long time a voice bawled: "Hilltown, two cars ready."

He went out and received his new cars—a six sedan and a four coach. He drove them out, one at a time. There was a little gasoline in each tank—enough to get him out to the near-by filling station, where he had both cars filled, oil and water checked. He parked them with the bigger car in front, and coupled them with his tow bar. He had some difficulty with the wrench, and hurt his hand, although he was usually deft.

He asked the filling-station attendant for directions to the Spate factory. It was seven miles. Seven miles of traffic, towing a new car, with a new car. He gave a groan. It seemed an unconquerable distance. But, if seven miles seemed so awful, how would he ever get home? It was two hundred and fifty miles to Hilltown. But it did not seem so real to him as the seven he faced immediately.

The Spate factory loomed ahead eventually, and he passed two miles of buildings and came to the delivery gate and found the filling station. There was Joan, smiling and waving to him.

"Did you have to wait? I've been ready awhile. Saw some of your driveaways go by. Just follow me, Blondy. I know the road."

He followed her. They went out to Telegraph Road. The dealer's license plates hanging on the back of the Spate town sedan that Joan drove became a faint pink blur to his hurting eyes. He saw that, keeping just far enough behind Joan to prevent anyone cutting in between them, his speedometer registered exactly twenty-five miles without wavering. That was how steady she was. He was vaguely glad that she was up there leading him home. Faster cars went around them continuously, sometimes getting in between for short distances. Great roaring trucks, with trailers carrying three or four new cars, went by at a good clip. There were other driveaways—sometimes just two or three, sometimes groups of fifteen or twenty. There were trade-ins and demonstrators towing new cars. The road and the world seemed full of them.

Startled, Paul jerked upright, realizing that for just one second his eyes had been closed. He had been held, for the briefest interval, in the mesmeric grip of sleep. He should have had something to eat, or at least some hot coffee, he thought. He leaned his head out to let the air blow on his face for a moment or two, but within a few miles the experience—the slightest, shortest loss of control—repeated itself. He was out on his feet, and ought to stop. But he could see Joan's steady car ahead of him. He made a tremendous effort of the will and roused himself. And almost immediately a loud honking pierced him. He saw with horror that he was on the wrong side of the road, heading straight toward an agonized driver, who evidently did not know what to do but stamp on his brakes and lean on his horn. There was a deep ditch on Paul's left, so that the other driver could not go farther out. On the right, a new shoulder was being built. Paul acted instinctively, accelerated rapidly and pulled over sharply to the right. He missed the other car by a matter of inches. The towed car came swinging behind him, and Paul went over too far and fast, and could not straighten out again. He went off the road onto the shoulder, which was dry on top and wet and soggy underneath.

The leading car stopped. The engine stopped. The tow bar and the momentum of the car behind pushed him forward a little, and there he stuck. He sat still for a moment, and then got out and looked. The car evidently was not damaged at all, but it was badly mired. The right wheel was in to the hub, the left in half that far. The rear wheels had been forced in deep by the tow bar. The axles were partly dragging in the soft muck. Paul got back in and started the motor at a moderate speed and slowly released the clutch. But the wheels spun futilely in the soft stuff, and he stopped; for he saw that he was only burying himself the deeper and throwing mud on the towed car, which had followed dutifully in his wake, and now stood behind him, two shoes on the shoulder, two on the road.

Paul gave up. He would have to get a wrecker to pull him out. Joan had gone on, anyhow, and would give him up. Anything was too much effort now. There was only one thing he wanted, and he wanted it as a suffering man wants relief. He slid down under the wheel, leaned his head back in the corner of the seat, put his feet up and pulled his cap down to shade his eyes, and went instantly to sleep.

For the second time that day someone shook him awake. But it was a feminine voice, low and pleasant with amusement, that spoke his name. He started up, looked wildly around, and found himself in his own car. The door behind his shoulder was open, and he turned and looked into Joan's dark blue eyes.

"Joan!"

"I've let you sleep an hour and a half, Blondy," she said, "but I really think we ought to get started now, or we won't get home tonight. We can get you out of the mud in a little while, and go on to the next town, just down beyond the hill. We can get something to eat there. I've been over to that little farmhouse and got some tomatoes for you. They're so refreshing. You get out, now, and come back to my car, and we'll quench our thirst, and then we'll get started again. You didn't break anything, did you?"

"I don't think so. Everything seems all right but the mud." He got out and shook himself, and added, self-consciously: "I must have eaten something last night that made me feel so queer."

"Of course you did," she said.

"You should have gone ahead, and not bothered about me."

He felt a little better; though the vivid, sunny morning still seemed filled with harsh lights and sounds. Everything was unreal and strange. Only the big girl, in her blue linen suit and blue felt hat, seemed real. He felt comforted by her presence. She had a small basket, and in it some big, ripe tomatoes, red and warm from the summer sun. They looked delicious. He followed her back to her own car, which was now parked behind his, listening to her account of how she had missed him, had pulled out on the side and waited, and finally turned back, to find him sound asleep. They sat on the running board in the shade and ate the tomatoes.

"I didn't like to go ahead," she said. "I know the road, of course, but I felt—well, suppose I got into trouble and you weren't with me. What if I got a flat tire or something?"

Her voice trailed away into a silence that lasted comfortably. Suddenly Paul felt his ears burn. The hot color poured up over his smooth, fair young face and something burned and stung his eyelids. He sat looking at the bit of tomato he had left in his hand, at the stain of tomato juice on his fingers, with revulsion. Tomatoes! They were a pick-me-up. This was what drunks sobered up on. And she had gone and got him some from a garden a quarter of a mile away, while he was sleeping. Of course she knew he hadn't eaten anything that made him ill. She understood exactly what was wrong with him, and she was too good a sport to go off and leave him. She would stick with him till he got his new cars home. Home! It seemed that Hilltown was the end of the rainbow. If he ever got there, he would never leave it again! He could not recall at all his mood of the last few days, his longing to escape. And the nonsense about her needing him! A lot of good he was to anyone. And he had crabbed to himself about her tagging along, about looking after her!

"Joan," he said, his voice very unhappy—it was important to him—terribly so for her to understand—"Joan, I want you to know that this is the very first time in my life I've been—well, plastered! And it'll be the last. I've got an awful hangover. The stuff we drank must have been terrible. I'm no prude about drinking. I don't care who drinks, or when, or how much. But I'm not a tank myself. Honestly I'm not. I never even think about it, unless someone offers me something. I've been in Hilltown four months and don't even know who the bootleggers are. I—last night—well, the dealer I was with was drinking ——" He thought of Pierce and stopped. It wasn't Pierce's fault. He still felt warm admiration and liking for the older man. He would have to take the responsibility for being so crazy on himself.

"I know," she said comfortingly—"I know just how it happened. I have four

(Continued on Page 104)

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(Continued from Page 101)

brothers, you know, Blondy. Don't forget that."

Her casual, easy tones helped him to recover his poise, but he was still uncomfortable. He wondered if he would ever get a good break and look like anything more than two cents in postage to Joan. He thought, too, that a sister who was a contemporary would be a great advantage in life. He had only one sister, and she was many years older than himself. He had been only a very small boy when she married. But to have a sister close to you—someone who liked you even when you made a fool of yourself, someone who stood by you and didn't take things too seriously, who was fond, even when she scolded—that would be wonderful.

He threw away the rest of the tomato with some indignation and wiped his hands. He was cold sober now, and wide-awake, as though his head had been under a tap. The shock of his near accident had not aroused him, but the realization of how he looked to this generous girl had had a dynamic effect on him. He put his cap firmly on his head, first smoothing his hair with the flat of his hands. He was glad habit had made him shave. He straightened his tie and tugged at his belt. He would show her he was all right!

Without further words, he set about detaching the tow bar, and he drove the four around in front of the six and coupled them that way. He found, in the ditch, some broken planks that had evidently been left behind by men working on the road. With these he tried to prepare a footing for the rear tires of the foundered car, and also, to prevent the four from sinking. Joan took the wheel of the six sedan, and he took the wheel of the coach. They started both engines, and at his signal she let out the clutch in time with his, and the big car heaved and slipped and heaved again; the little car held it. In a few minutes they were out on the hard surface, muddy, but undamaged. Paul reversed the order of the cars again. The exercise and the fresh air, together with the nap and the tomatoes, not to mention the blow to his pride, had restored him to a condition more nearly normal. He was wholesomely hungry. Joan told him to go ahead and she would follow.

"You're in front now. There's a house just this side o' the town, with a big oak tree in the yard and a Tourist Rooms sign out in front, where we can get lunch. The woman makes fine coffee. Dad always stops there."

He found it easily, and stopped far enough up so that Joan could park before the gate. They had to sit on a wide front porch, looking out across fields and patches of wood, and wait a little while. Joan chattered, telling him of various adventures they had had on driveaways. It was the first time she had come up without her father or a brother. She knew a great deal about cars, about their mechanism and selling points, why some were poor tradeins. Paul listened with a new politeness and respect. He felt, increasingly, that he owed her an apology. It might be wiser not to make it, but he could not be comfortable with himself, happy in his own mind, unless he did just that.

"Joan," he said, breaking abruptly in on what she was saying, "I want to tell you something. I've had you all wrong. I thought, when you first came around the shop, that you were trying to find out what I was doing—for your own advantage as a competitor, not as a neighbor. I didn't know what good advice you were giving me, because I was so sure I knew everything myself. I want to tell you, now, I think you're a swell girl, Joan. The nicest girl I ever knew. I've acted like a donkey, but I hope you'll let me be your friend. Will you?"

She colored richly. The red stained her face in irregular patches which grew and spread and joined. It was distressing to see her blush so. She kept her composure, sitting looking steadily out over the sloping farmlands, but she did not look at him or speak as the slow, difficult color marked her face and throat. It was not the quick, hot blush of mortification that his had been, but something deeper, stronger, less controllable. After a while, as he looked considerately away, she said:

"I'm glad you understand, Blondy. I never did a crooked thing in my life. Not if I knew it. I wouldn't any more go over there to take advantage of anything you might tell me—and you a stranger—I wouldn't any more do that —— Sometimes I've hardly understood you. But that was it. I'm glad you told me about it."

"And we'll be friends?"

"Don't you think," she said gravely, "that friendship is instinctive? It isn't anything one can promise or withhold. Either it grows and stays, or it dwindles and stops. My friends belong to the deep part of me, Blondy. I haven't anything to say about that. But I will say this—as far as liking goes, I'd be glad to have you for my friend."

He sat thinking of what she had said, and hoped that he would qualify for that "deep part" she spoke of so quietly. It was funny that a girl who was so unfailingly friendly and helpful should yet have this queer reserve in her heart. It increased his esteem for her.

"I can see now," he continued his confession, "that I haven't felt right about Hilltown either. Kind of thought I'd get my start there and make money, but never did feel that I was there for good. I've wondered if I could ever come to understand the people. But now I can see that I've grown to like the place these four months. And I can see that in a little town you have to learn to know a man before you include him. Everyone's been fine to me. I fit in there better than I would, now, in the city. I'll be glad to get back home and stay there. It's a wonderful little town. The people—gee, the people there are great!"

The tourist hostess stood in the door. "Your meal is ready, missus," she said.

There was a coziness about eating together in this homely, comfortable, small, dining room, with a canary singing in the window. It was intimate and friendly.

"I'll go ahead now," Joan suggested when they were out-of-doors again, much heartened by the good food. "I know the road. We turn off in a little while, to go over a short cut to avoid Toledo. We come out then on our own state road for the south."

They discussed signals and smiled at each other, and she drove the Spate around and led him, with his two cars, out onto the highway again. The afternoon was uneventful. Tired and quiet, they had their evening meal together at a city hotel and went on. Just outside the city, Joan stopped and flagged him. He drew up behind her and left his cars and ran forward. She pointed to a sign.

DETOUR BEGINS 400 FEET AHEAD

"This is a new detour, Blondy. I've never been over it. They must be fixing the cross-over on the railroad. The bridge was in bad shape the last time I was over it."

"Maybe I'd better go ahead," he suggested. She shook her head.

"I feel safer with you behind me, now night's coming on," she told him. "After we get out of the detour, the road will be familiar to both of us. I'll go ahead now. You watch for signs too. Sometimes they don't mark these detours very well."

The byroad led away at right angles, as usual, to a parallel road. It had been roughly graded and graveled. It was slow, hard driving. The lights of other cars, always confusing at dusk, were particularly annoying in the narrow way. The traffic all seemed to be running northward, into the city behind them. Cars passed and left them in billowing clouds of dust. It was the first strip of unpaved road they had traversed, and it was mean. The dust was choking. Lights shimmered and wavered as in a fog. Paul went along behind Joan at twenty miles an hour. Someone cut in and stayed in front of him for several miles, and then turned off to one side. Joan kept ahead, and Paul stayed close behind her. Gradually he realized that the traffic had thinned out. The road was worse—terrible—but the dust was not so bad. It was dark, full night now, with no moon and an overcast sky. The darkness seemed to press down on them and leave them all alone. Paul began to grow uneasy. The road became increasingly neglected. When no car passed them within a mile, he became convinced that they were off the detour and should have turned, probably back where the car between them turned. He honked loudly. Joan did not seem to hear. Then her lights went out. He had been driving with dimmed lights behind her. He saw her car swerve badly, and finally straighten out and stop in the middle of the road. He pulled up behind her and went to her. Great trees overhung the road on either side. There was a mutter of thunder in the west. A light in a square of window glimmered somewhere to the right.

"My lights went out, Blondy. I thought I was going off the road sure. If it hadn't been for your lights, I would have. It was a terrible feeling. I must have burned out the fuse."

There was something in her voice—a tremor, a note of fatigue or of fear—that filled his heart with a flood of protecting tenderness. She got out of her car and stood beside it uncertainly. The lights from the Grover fell around them.

"If it's the fuse, I think I can fix it," he said cheerfully. "Where is your fuse?"

She showed him where it was, up under the instrument board. He leaned in the door, his body twisted, his head under in the hot little cave above the accelerator. She leaned in the other door and held his flash light for him. He found the fuse and removed it, wrapped it in tin foil which he took from his package of cigarettes, and replaced it. After a little while he got a connection and her lights blazed out when she turned on the switch.

"Thanks, Blondy. I didn't know what to do at all. I'd have been in a terrible predicament without you."

"Why, that's nothing. I've fixed fuses before."

"Blondy, doesn't this seem an awfully lonely place to you—to be a detour off the state road, I mean?"

"I think we've gone by the turn," he said casually. "We should have turned off to the right, back there a way."

"I didn't see any crossroad. The lights from that car behind me made such a glare, it was hard to see at all. I thought he turned into a farm lane."

Again he felt that she was frightened. He grew tremendously strong and competent. It was just like a big, friendly, competent girl to get scared unexpectedly.

"Are we lost?" she asked him anxiously.

"Hardly that, Joan. We're just off the road a few miles. There's a house over there in the trees. I'll go and ask."

"Don't leave me, Blondy, please."

"Don't you want to come with me?" he asked gently. "We can lock the cars. We'll find out about the road, and where we can turn, and go back to the right crossing."

Paul locked the three cars, and left them with their parking lights burning, and they started out through the trees to the light, hand in hand. Paul's flash light revealed no fence and no cultivation; just the great trees and tall grass and some brush beneath them.

"The light's gone out, Paul. Where was it?"

He hadn't the least idea. It had vanished completely. Only the woods could be seen in the light of the electric torch.

"I never saw such a dark night, or such a lonely place," she whispered. "Do you suppose they've drawn a blind; that they don't want us around, Blondy?"

"Why, this place would look perfectly O. K. in the daylight," he said, his voice loud and firm. "It's just unfamiliar, that's

(Continued on Page 106)

BEHIND THAT GRILLE IN THE WALL

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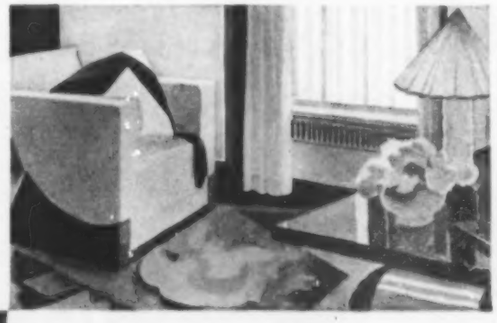

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YALE MARKED IS YALE MADE

(Continued from Page 104)

all. Seems to me to be some kind of picnic grove, or institution grounds. Probably a caretaker's house around."

"Listen! What's that?" She stood rooted, and an ancient fear gripped Paul. For there had burst upon them suddenly the savage sound of barking. It was fierce; a big formidable dog, from the noise, evidently, and coming toward them. Paul, who was himself not at all afraid of dogs, was touched by her horror. They turned at once back toward their cars, and as they could see them plainly, he released the trigger of his torch light, and they moved through darkness. She would have run, but he held her arm.

"Don't run," he said sternly. "Just go along at an even gait. If the dog catches up with us, he won't hurt us."

But they barely reached the car before he was on them. Paul kicked him off while she unlocked the Spate and got into it, and then he jumped in after her and slammed the door in the dog's face. The creature leaped up at the window—a big, black dog that looked like a wolf in the night, his tongue lolling, his eyes red and wild. There was to be no misunderstanding of his ferocity. He had been let loose to drive them off, and he knew his duty. The instinct which is reputed to warn dogs of those who are dangerous and those who are not seemed completely in abeyance.

"Paul, I'm in a funk. I can't drive. I'm not afraid of dogs I know, but a dog like that ——"

Paul laughed. "You didn't see me patting his head, did you?" he asked her, and added: "I'll take you on until we get somewhere, and I'll get somebody to come back with me for my own cars."

"Oh, I don't think you ought to leave your cars!"

"Why not? They're locked and insured." The latter was not true. But he would not have thought of leaving Joan, as agitated as she was. He started the Spate—thinking to himself how much better Grovers were—and they drove on, with the dog running and barking beside them. But the dog soon dropped back. There did not seem to be a place to turn on the narrow road. After going some distance, they climbed a long hill, and saw, beneath them, a cluster of lights of a small crossroads town.

They bumped down the hill and found a general store, with gas pumps before it, still open. Paul and Joan went in, and he recounted their adventures and their predicament to the man behind the counter. The storekeeper was noncommittal and expressed ignorance of the neighborhood. But he did get for Paul a boy with a car to take him back there, and Paul left Joan in the store. He brought his own cars in, paid the boy, and obtained road directions. It was six miles to a paved road on which they could go south nineteen miles, and there connect with a good, gravel, state highway, which in turn connected with their own road.

"Joan, maybe you'd better come with me and let the boy drive your car on," Paul proposed, but she said no, quite firmly.

"I've been such a silly. I'll really feel terrible if you don't let me drive on now, Paul. I'm ashamed of the way I acted. I'm not usually such a scaredy cat."

"That dog was enough to scare anyone," Paul assured her; "but we didn't even see him when we went back for my car."

"He's probably been chained again. Paul, I can see why Cap'n wouldn't let me come alone, though it seemed such nonsense. What would I have done without you? My lights out in that lonely road, with that dog after me?"

She meant it. It was not the skillful kindness of her comment of the morning, but it was sincere. Although Paul could not honestly see that he had done anything wonderful, he beamed upon her and put her in her car with courtly respect. In the next large town they stopped and he bought a new fuse for the Spate and put it in for her. They got more gasoline, and went into a soda parlor for a soft drink, and then went on again. Paul followed her light. He would have followed it anywhere. His damaged self-respect was somewhat restored by her brief dependence on him. Privately he blessed the bad road and the cross dog. If he could have a younger sister, he reflected, he would like her to be exactly like Joan.

The last three hours of driving were hard. He put one hand on the steering wheel, and then the other. His foot felt hot and tired, and he drove with the hand throttle for a while. Finally he hooked his elbows on the steering wheel and drove with them, leaning his head forward. He shifted about on the seat and bent into unnatural angles, trying to find a new muscle to weary.

It was considerable after midnight when they finally rolled into Hilltown. Cap'n Fox was out on the walk, before his lighted office, waiting for them. Walnut had left the Grover place unlocked. When Paul got his cars put away and everything locked up, he came out, to find the Spate garage darkened and Joan and her father gone. He was vaguely disappointed. He would have liked to say good night to her. He felt that they had been on a long journey together. His shoulders ached, his legs ached. It was far more difficult to drive at twenty-five miles an hour, in traffic, than at fifty. They had gradually increased their speed to thirty as the miles rolled under them. She must be tired, just a girl like her.

The town lay dark and sleeping about him. His town, he felt, for the first time. Paul wanted strongly to become part of its simple pattern, a respected member of the small, compact community. After all, if a person made good with Hilltown, it meant something besides bluff. You had to have the goods, and have it all the time!

He was oddly contented when he went to sleep, thinking about his new cars. It seemed that the feeling of resentment he had had toward Joan had been an ignoble feeling, like a slow poison in him. Now he was healthy and whole again.

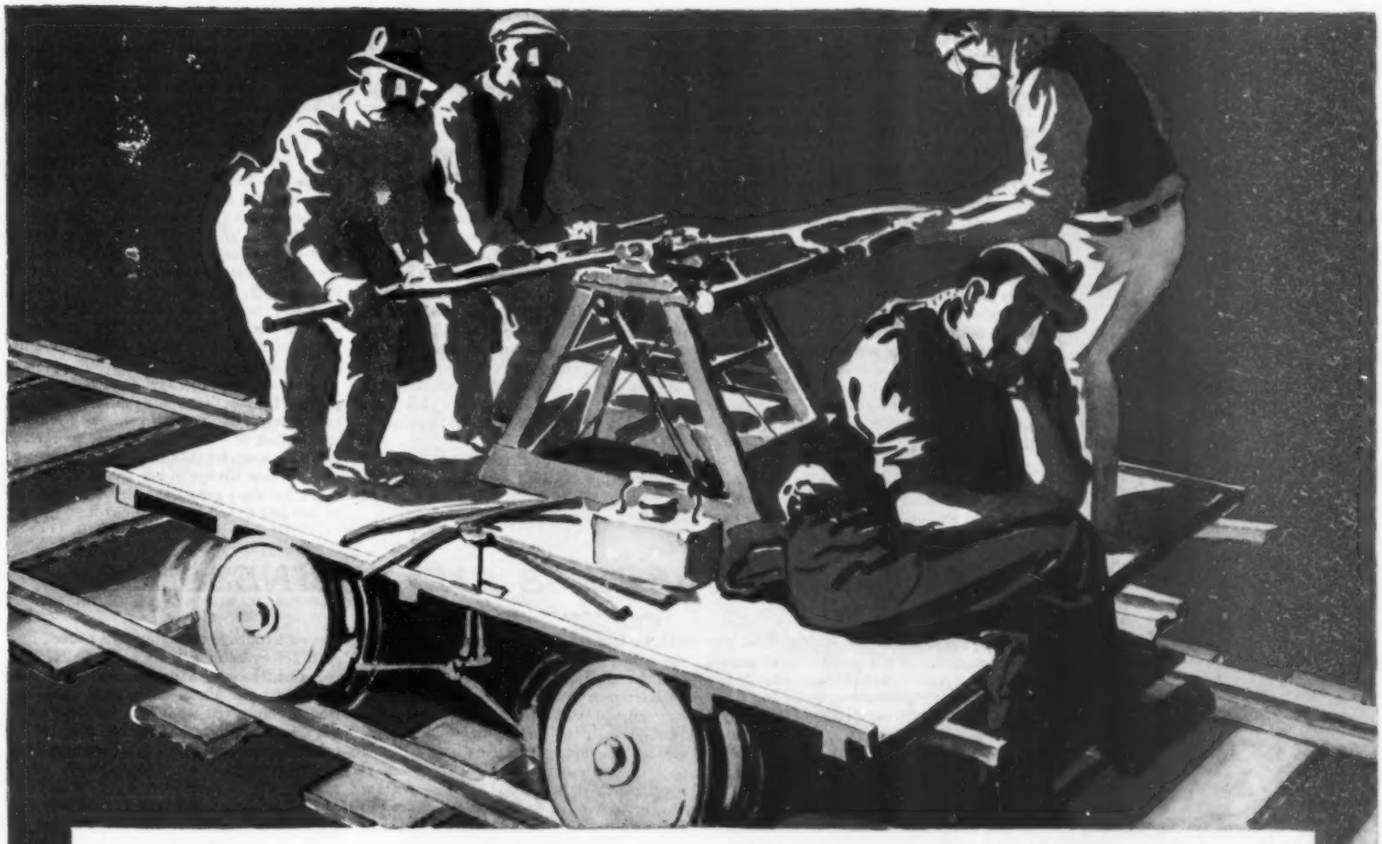
He was at the garage early in the morning. The wash boy was cleaning the new cars. Townspeople came in to look at them, Walnut took Paul aside.

"See that six I hauled in the day you left? It belongs to the Reverend Bowen, the Baptist preacher. The grapevine telegraph has broadcast the news that he's got a cracked block. His car is shot. The flivver man was in yesterday to look at the car, and Cap'n Fox was over, and the Mirror Car dealer from University Town, and the King-Kar man from Stone City. You know how the news gets out! I asked him to wait and see your new cars, and I don't think he's got anything yet."

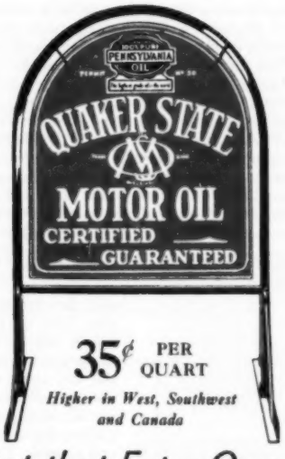
Paul thanked him. He knew about the grapevine. The system by which the natives of Africa communicated news over trackless jungles was slow and uncertain compared to the automobile business. Let a man get out and kick his car some morning, in the privacy of his own garage, when it would not start, and within the hour dealers set out from far and near to find that man. The cracked block on the preacher's car was now common information. By nightfall every dealer within twenty-five miles or more would have made him an offer. Paul went to find him, and told him at once that he thought it would be good policy for him to buy from a local dealer, so that he could get service conveniently, with which the Reverend Mr. Bowen agreed.

Preachers are often hard to sell—especially small-town preachers. Long acquaintance with financial stringency has bred in them a trading gift greater than anything known in Wall Street. But this morning Paul was filled with magic, and it wasn't black. He drove the preacher to the garage, and they looked at the old car first and agreed upon its value. Then Paul showed him the new six he had brought

(Continued on Page 108)



They call him "No Poosh"



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(Continued from Page 106)

home from the factory. It was too expensive, so they looked at the four. They stood beside the car and talked about it and looked at it. They took it out and drove it. They brought it back again and went into more details. At last Paul had said all that he knew to say.

"You'll never regret it if you buy this car, Doctor Bowen," said Paul. There was something hauntingly familiar to him in the scene. Just so he had stood, day before yesterday, and lost a sale. Could it have been only that short time ago? It seemed a world removed. But those had been his very words.

Again he saw in the man's eyes that look—asking to be pushed over, wanting help. Why, it was a phrase they used in the business—"to push a prospect over." Doctor Bowen even felt an anticipatory pride of possession. Yet the last effort of decision was too contrary to life habits of thrift, too hard for him.

A wonderful thing happened to the young dealer. It was an inner thing, deep and mysterious. It was unlike any experience Paul had known when he was selling cars for another man. All the deep, racial instincts rose in him, strong and free and wise. This car was his. He had paid for it, had driven it from the factory through a long, hard day of slow pounding. It had given him the best friend he had ever known.

He stood in absolute silence. There was nothing more to do or say. But a kind of charm lay over him. It was the feeling that a singer has just the instant before the note comes pouring, true and sweet, from his throat. Paul knew with an unreasonable knowledge that the man was going to buy the car at once. The knowledge was held by an inner balance in delicate and perfect precision. Paul's gaze rested gently on his prospect. There was no strain or concentration, no perspiration. It was a gift, come down through a thousand mediums, since the first transaction of small bright stones for a tiger's skin; one of the oldest and most powerful impulses in the human heart.

The preacher drew from one pocket a pen, from another a check book. He put his foot on the running board. He spread the check book flat on his knee.

"Do I make the check to you," he asked, "or to the Grover people?"

"Make it to Paul Edwards," answered Paul. The charm held. The Baptist preacher wrote Paul's name, and after it small, beautiful figures, and then his own name. He gave Paul the check.

"You take it home and show it to your wife," said Paul, "and I'll bring your application for title to you and change your license plates after luncheon."

The buyer's face was shining with pleasure. He was proud of his new car, grateful that he had bought it. The magic had left him with this fine feeling. Honking the horn loudly, he drove away. Paul stood with the check in his hands. It might not always work. There would be men and circumstances that would mitigate. But now he knew ——

He looked up and saw Joan out by the pumps before the Spate garage, looking completely rested and fresh. She smiled and called to him. There was, to Paul's mind, a new depth and sweetness in her smile, a new timbre in her voice. Check in hand, he went across the street to show it to her and to tell her all about it.

REPLACE with these fine plugs

The quality built into Defiance Spark Plugs to meet the requirements of today's motors is the same quality so vital to the better performance of your old motor. Driving conditions place a big share of the motor's burden on the spark plugs. Hence the need of having them inspected regularly. Perhaps only cleaning, or adjusting of spark gap, is needed. Upon inspection, if new plugs would improve your motor performance, it will be economical to have a complete set of Defiance installed . . . . Regular spark plug inspection and Defiance service are available through a coast-to-coast network of over 55,000 dealers, identified by the well-known orange-and-black Defiance sign. Let them prescribe and install the proper plugs.

DEFIANCE SPARK PLUGS, Inc.
Toledo, Ohio

Defiance
SPARK PLUGS
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

AMERICAN BUSINESS AND BUSINESS MEN

(Continued from Page 28)

of a big steel unit in the Middle West was the recognition of the geography of a steel unit which could use the Great Lakes on the one hand and the inland waterways, particularly the Ohio River development, on the other, and have access to raw materials as well as markets.

Industry and banking still retain their leadership east of the Alleghanies, but as the center of population has moved westward, so also have large industrial units and powerful financial captains. Here is the fruition of a five-year work of planning in one of America's greatest basic industries, all of which presages an era of keen competition as well as preparation for the expanding needs of the other industries that absorb steel products, both within the United States and abroad. Competition will turn not merely on ship transportation but on new processes of manufacture as well as capacity for steady production. For in the steel industry, fortified as it is with new enterprises on the Pacific Coast and in Illinois, and reënforced now with stronger units in Ohio, the tendency will be to stabilize for some time to come the iron and steel output of America, with due regard to the possibilities of European competitors in the world of export.

* * * * * * *

AN EARNEST-MINDED old lady from Altoona, Pennsylvania, taking her first long trip away from home, visiting relatives in Arizona, noted a particularly lonesome railroad siding and saw standing thereon, in equal lonesomeness, a single railroad freight car of the Pennsylvania Railroad. It was empty and, to the old lady, most forlorn. The name of the railroad which owned it attracted her attention as a matter of course and, taking her pencil in hand, she made a note of its number. That same night a painstaking letter went forward to W. W. Atterbury, president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, informing him of the discovery. She was sure that the freight car had been lost, for it was so far away from home; and she hoped that through tracing it by number, the missing car could be returned.

Every now and then letters like this come to a railroad president, for the public is not familiar with the huge clearing-house system by which freight cars are brought back to the roads that own them. Within twenty-four to forty-eight hours the precise location of every one of its 289,000 freight cars can be ascertained by E. T. Kennan, Superintendent of Car Service of the Pennsylvania Railroad; for the Pennsylvania, in common with all other railroads, is a member of the American Railway Association, which dispatches empty freight cars to the nearest point needing them and back home when they are needed no longer anywhere else.

As late as 1880 the exchange of freight between cars at the end of a railroad line was the only way by which transportation of freight could be managed. It was like transferring passengers. When the terminus of a road was reached, the product was transferred to the cars of another railroad. In later years the practice of interchanging the cars themselves at connecting lines developed, allowing them to move to final destination. It was early established that some method of compensation should be set up in order that the roads carrying the cars of other roads should have a commensurate payment. The first method of settlement was on a mileage basis, but this proved unsatisfactory because there was no incentive to return the cars after they were used.

In 1902 the American Railway Association promulgated what was known as the per diem rate, to be paid to one railroad by other railroads for every day cars were kept in the possession of other railroads. The rate went from twenty cents per car per day in 1902 to the present rate of one dollar per car per day, which became effective in 1920. It must be paid by the holding road to the car owner for every calendar day, Sundays and holidays included, during which alien cars are in the possession of any common carrier. This means that every railroad instructs its freight department to get rid of empty cars as quickly as possible and send them back to their lawful owners. It also means, on the other hand, that empty cars can be used by any carrier in an emergency if extra carrying capacity is needed. This provides a fluid arrangement which permits empty cars to flow to the peak load of the American freight requirements.

Car loadings have thus become an important index of American business, and regularly figures are issued by the American Railway Association telling of the loadings as compared with a year ago, or preceding months. Theoretically, all the cars actually come back to their owners at some time or other during the year, and sometimes a few are delivered by error to the wrong railroads, but the mistakes are few and far between, and the empty freight car on the Arizona siding that the old lady saw was actually costing somebody one dollar a day in rent; and possibly, if the lady from Altoona looked again next morning, that same car had disappeared, on its way to the Coast to pick up products from the Orient, which in due turn found their way to the shelves of the stores back in Altoona, Pennsylvania. The tide of American business is exemplified by moving freight cars.

PHOTO. BY LUCIEN KELLOGG

Storm on Mount Baker, Washington

The First motor car with an Airplane-Type Engine

A revolutionary engine which has flown the skies and delivers the greatest power for cylinder capacity of all automobile powerplants

THE pioneer of 1902 again becomes the pioneer of 1930! With the introduction of the airplane-type engine in a motor car, Franklin unfolds a new era in automobile design.

Disregarding the anchoring traditions of motor cars, aviation has achieved a superior type of powerplant.

Realizing that Franklin developed air-cooling which in turn prepared the way for great triumphs of the air—and realizing that for 28 years Franklin has been building fine cars, and anticipating the everchanging conditions and demands of motor travel—it is logical that progressive Franklin engineers should be the first to see the tremendous advantages of an airplane engine in a motor car.

A distinct achievement for air-cooling engineering, the remarkable 1930 Franklin engine produces the greatest power for cylinder capacity of all automotive powerplants.

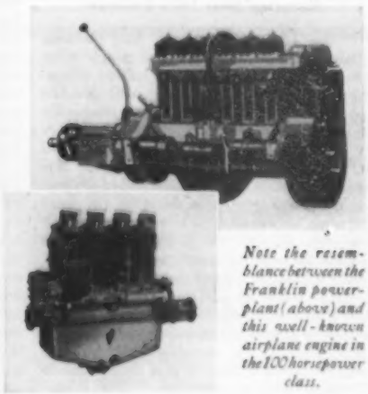
Here is usable, quiet—yet surging power which remains at the peak throughout the longest, fastest runs and hardest hill climbs. In road record after road record this 1930 Franklin has dramatically and emphatically demonstrated its superiority over all other motor cars.

It traveled from New York to Los Angeles in 69 hours, 31 minutes—a new all time record, more than eight hours faster than any other car.

This remarkable new air-cooled engine has sensationally flown in the air. Tests in a Waco plane above Dayton have shown that the Franklin engine is air-worthy, sturdy, powerful and fast. Not only does it follow airplane engine design, but it actually produces *airplane performance.*

Airplane tests prove the Franklin engine air-worthy

When you drive the 1930 Franklin you instantly sense its new kind of power—you know a different type of engine is propelling the car. Sixty, seventy, eighty—without a whimper—as smoothly, quietly and comfortably as though wings were carrying you to new adventures.



Note the resemblance between the Franklin powerplant (above) and this well-known airplane engine in the 100 horsepower class.

And to make this astonishing performance most effective under all conditions of driving, Franklin gives you a choice of four-speed or three-speed transmissions—both with quiet intermediate gear.

The 1930 Franklin presents body designs which are just as smart as the performance of the airplane-type engine is modern.

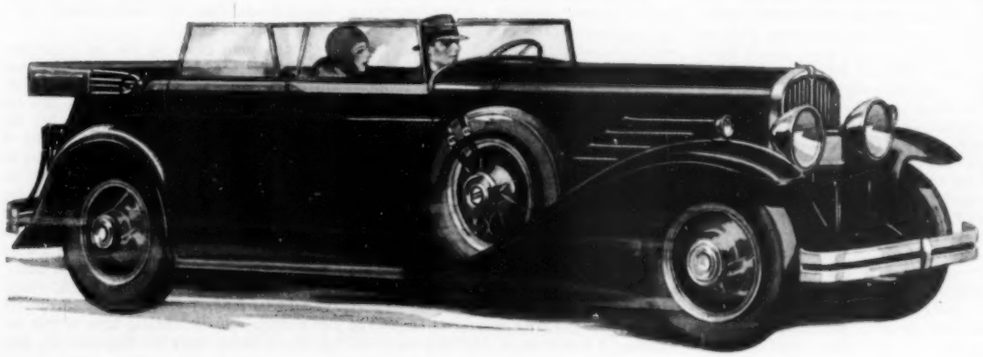
Brilliant beauty!

For the first time you see embossed paneling, concealed running boards, low hung doors, slender gracefully arched hood with belled horizontal louvres. Appealing lines. Distinguished smartness.

The 1930 Franklin is not just an improved model of last year's car. It is an advanced presentation of the car of 1935.

See this brilliant car—carefully examine its engine—compare it with airplane engines and with *other motor car powerplants.*

And be sure you know the thrill of driving behind an airplane-type engine. Franklin Automobile Company, Syracuse, New York.



FRANKLIN
AIR-COOLED

COLLEGE EDUCATION AND THE JOB

(Continued from Page 42)

were denied. And that is a fine human sentiment, but practically it does not work out so well. In many cases these boys can't take a college education in the real sense of that phrase, for they do not possess the intellectual caliber or the character qualifications on which to base a broader education. Receiving a superficial polish, but with no real stuff inside, these graduates think they ought to get good jobs, and they turn down the positions for which they are actually fitted. But in the long run the college diploma doesn't help them; they find their own natural level, and stay there. Nor is this a mere snobbish point of view, for it cuts both ways. It very often happens that the sons of wealthy families with high social standing haven't the natural capacity either. I have a friend, president of a large concern, with a son whose marks were so low that he was refused by twelve colleges. But maybe that lad, like many another, simply wasn't fitted to conform to the standardized pattern of modern education."

Forcing Men Into College

"The impression prevails that business prefers college graduates, and people seem to think that any kind of a college education, good, bad or indifferent, will turn the trick. I should like to state emphatically that a college education, in this present day of grace, is by no means the only road to success in the world of business and commercial affairs. And for the lad of artisan or inventive type, who develops his head through his hands, who loves to tinker with concrete things, the ordinary academic course may prove a serious handicap. A real, first-class education which involves mental discipline and the development of one's natural powers, whether such an education is gained inside college walls or outside, is always a valuable asset, but the rubber-stamp education is of little value to its owner or to an employer.

"If I had a son and I wished him to succeed in this business or in any business, I'd send him to college for a year, to a first-class technical school preferably, and then I'd pull him out and put him to work. I wouldn't suggest to him what kind of work. I'd give him a free rein, but I would pray to the shades of my husky forefathers that he wouldn't pick a white-collar job! I'd prefer a roughneck job, where he'd mix up with other sweaty fellows and get a real appetite for working with his hands. It's a grand appetite to acquire early. Then, after a year, if he wished to return to college, he'd go back with a bigger sense of power, of reality, of what this little piece of whirling stardust means; and he'd begin to realize that mental equipment is like ammunition, and a man needs all he can comfortably handle in order to succeed. But if he didn't want to return, I wouldn't press him. I'd let him work until he felt the need himself. Very often it's an unwise idea to rush a boy into college. And to parents I would like to say this: Don't be too hasty in hurrying your son off to college. If he wants to go to work, let him try it out for a while. Give him contacts with real conditions. Help him to establish the work habit."

The major points of this discussion were indorsed by executives of outstanding corporations in various fields of industry—manufacturing, public utilities, transportation and finance—whom I interviewed in order to obtain a broad range of business opinion.

Some of the above statements were confirmed by a confidential report prepared in the summer of 1929 by Harvard experts for the use of a large corporation which was confronted by an acute shortage of boys. The company decided to make an investigation of the subject over a ten-year period, in order to discover what was happening to all the boys who formerly had been available for business.

The study covered the high schools in a certain thickly populated section within commuting distance of New York. It is fairly representative of conditions obtaining in the outlying sections of any great industrial center, and reveals very significant modern educational trends. First of all, the report states that the most outstanding change in the last decade is the phenomenal increase in the proportion of boys who go to college.

"Only 2 or 3 per cent," says the report, "are forced to drop out of high school because of financial pressure. The drop-outs are usually those with inferior mental capacity. To offset the increasing scarcity of boys, employers have made an intensive drive to secure their services, offering top wages, and in some high schools the demand so far exceeds the supply that the lads have five or six jobs open to them at premium wages. It is significant that some of the large organizations send representatives to the schools to meet the boys and tell them about the bright future for them with this or that particular company. It has been a matter of continuous pressure and salesmanship on the part of organizations, and unless these contacts are constantly maintained, no big organization can hope to get the right sort of boys. This is because practically all of the high-grade youths, plus more and more that are not high grade, go to college.

"The general impression on the part of high-school superintendents who were extensively interviewed in the preparation of this survey is that the demand for college-trained men by large corporations and commercial industry is forcing college on many boys who would otherwise not go. In addition, workmen are getting high wages and are sending their sons to college in order to raise their social and business status. A college education has a fabulous importance to this group.

"After the war, college enrollment was at low ebb, and representatives were sent to preparatory schools to bolster up the numbers. This drive was so successful that today standards are being raised all over the country in the first-class institutions. However, this is being offset by a number of other institutions which have sprung up with lower standards, and these are sending out representatives to catch the lads of mediocre mentality."

A Closer Contact

The second significant point in this study relates to the extraordinary growth in the last ten years of commercial and vocational courses in the high schools.

"The increase in the enrollment for the commercial courses," continues the report, "has been marked in the last decade. These courses absorb the boys who know, when they enter high school, that they are not going to college. They know that today business demands more and more of the applicant, and that without a fixed training he cannot expect a good salary. Where commercial courses have been allowed free growth, the increases have been astonishing. The high schools have recognized this demand of business and have made these courses practical, and have increased the number of pupils fully equipped to hold down an office job. The result of this practical training is that the commercial students are immediately absorbed by industry and get higher wages than the academic graduates can command."

So much for the practical defects of the liberal-arts college education as visualized by the realistic eye of industry. And now let us shift the focus to another phase of the subject and see how the graduates from technical institutions are regarded by employers in business. Does the training provided by the great technical schools of the country fail to fit young men for commercial and industrial careers? And is the lack of an established work habit as pronounced as in the case of the liberal-arts graduates? I took these questions to an executive of a large public-utilities corporation, who, before he was captured by industry, had been dean of the college of engineering in a great university, and so possessed the double advantage of knowing the practical problems which beset business and also those which harass the modern educator, and viewed both with a broad understanding and sympathy.

"It is a just criticism," he agreed, "which industry makes against the liberal-arts graduate—that he is not fitted by his education for business life, and that the liberal-arts branches of our colleges are not in close touch with the fast-flowing current of modern industrial affairs. But this is emphatically not true of our great first-class technical schools. Here the contacts are extremely close, and there exists a constant interchange of ideas and problems. The proof of this is that some of the professors in these technical institutes often earn three and four times their regular salary in outside consultation work for industry, solving special problems. And this outside relationship is extremely valuable, for it keeps the tie close between industry, which intense competition constantly spurs forward, and the colleges, which, lacking such a spur, are likely to get into a rut, stagnate and lag behind."

Getting the Jump

"One of the most potent factors in the sweeping advance American industry has made in recent years—an advance which has eclipsed and astonished all the other countries of the world—has been our fine technical schools and their close and constant contacts with business problems. Take, for example, the W Company. Inside of three years it has expanded from 3000 to 18,000 employes, with an expected increase from 50,000 to 80,000 inside of twenty years. Now, that astounding expansion has been due not only to the increase of business but also to the fact that the directors of the company were foresighted enough to start out with a large staff of first-rate technical men, and that corporation has simply run away from its competitors. If you put a technical graduate alongside a liberal-arts man in a job, other things being equal, the technically trained man will soon outstrip the other. This is a matter of such common experience that the dean of one of our first-class technical institutes, when called upon to give advice to the outgoing graduates seeking a job, counsels them shrewdly: 'Don't take a job in a company where there are a lot of other technical men, for there you are competing with fellows of equal and maybe even superior training. But choose for preference a company without a technical personnel, for with your training you have a decided edge on the other employes and your progress should be rapid.' And this has been notably true.

"One reason for this decided advantage is that in the technical schools the whole line of attack in the various studies is concrete, realistic. In history the lads learn that a man like Edison or Watt, the Scotch inventor, is worth more to civilization than a hundred dead old kings; and the same realistic thread runs throughout the entire curriculum. Because of this closeness to modern thought and practice, the technical men are very welcome to employers, who are using them more and more in all branches of industry—in banking, department stores and salesmanship work. Some of them have even gone into preaching! And, I may add, with notable success.

"When I say that the technical schools are more in line with the present needs of business, I do not mean that they teach the details of the processes of every industry; manifestly, they cannot undertake these specific tasks, nor does industry itself require it of them; but they do give the fundamental training upon which a specialized training may be placed."

Another Problem in Industry

"In former days, when colleges were even more rigid, scholastic and removed from the current of actuality than they are now, they had more or less of a black eye with the average hard-boiled captain of industry; university men were considered dilettantes, impractical dreamers, and when they came seeking a job, they usually got thrown out on their ears. At that time, and even up to as recent a date as ten years ago, if you took a census of the outstanding leaders of industry, you would have found a large proportion of them noncollege men—pioneers who had bludgeoned their way up and received their degree in the university of hard knocks. Now all that is rapidly changing. Roughly speaking, employers can still be divided into two classes, chronologically: First, the group without college advantages which still has a hangover of antagonism against institutions of higher learning, which are visualized in the minds of these pioneers in terms of twenty years ago—rigid, scholastic, ossified and perfectly useless from a business point of view; and second, the new type of modern employer who realizes that young men must have the finest basic training possible in order to make good. Both of these types have no use for that kind of education which is merely a rubber stamp.

"When I was dean of the engineering department of X College, I had an experience which bears on this point. A friend of mine, the president of a great railway company, came to me with a problem. That problem, briefly, was this: His organization was chiefly composed of noncollege men who had come up from the ranks—fine, faithful fellows. And he said that if he began hiring young college fellows—technical graduates were what he had in mind—he was afraid that they'd soon outstrip the noncollege group and nab all the top jobs. And that didn't seem fair to him. But still he was deeply troubled over the future of his organization; he felt he was not getting the best timber. So he put the problem up to me. What was he to do? And I replied:

"'I don't know what you're going to do, but looking at this problem dispassionately from the outside, I can tell you one thing. With all the other big companies rolling up their sleeves and going after the best brains, the topnotchers of our technical schools, in order to build up strong organizations, while you don't avail yourself of your opportunities, I can tell you where your organization will be ten years from now. It'll be at the tail end of the parade.' I suggested that he begin to employ some first-class technical graduates, insinuating them gradually into his organization to prevent ill-feeling, and thus year by year strengthening his organization. And this he eventually did. It is what many corporations are now doing when they are confronted with a similar problem.

"We come now to the all-important question of the work habit, and here I am in hearty agreement with the opinions expressed by the gentleman in steel. We are facing a serious situation. Rome fell because it grew rich and soft, and the Huns took advantage of its weakness. We are in something of the same predicament. In the older generations there was work for the children to do, and the parents saw that they did it. Now those conditions have passed away and the children are no longer made responsible for certain tasks. They don't acquire the work habit, which should be formed early in life. From six to sixteen are the critical ages in this respect. But you can't get most parents, and

(Continued on Page 115)

LOOSE FORMS AND
LOOSE CARBONS *are*
loose office practice

Tighten the gaps in your typing with Rediform Interleaved

Rediform Interleaved Speed Stationery — forms in continuous lengths with carbon ready-inserted — makes any typewriter a continuous typing machine.

TYPING is full of breaks when operators have to use loose or padded forms with loose carbons. Every time a set of forms is finished there's an interruption while this happens: (1) forms are taken out of machine, (2) carbons are shuffled out, (3) new forms are picked up, (4) carbons are inserted, (5) forms and carbons are jogged together, and (6) set is adjusted for typing. These operations consume nearly half the operator's time. It's not her fault. It's unavoidable when obsolete, time-wasting loose forms are used.

Rediform Interleaved Speed Stationery closes up these gaps in typing production. It makes typing of multi-copy forms a continuous process. Once inserted in the writing machine, these forms in continuous lengths feed straight through, almost automatically, simply by turning the platen. One easy movement strips typed forms from the machine. A little pull at the "cut corners" takes out all carbons at once. Then the next set of forms is ready to type . . . immediately. That's because the forms are in continuous lengths with continuous carbons ready-inserted.

Continuous typing like this is now the rule in many an office where costs are closely watched. Reports show that the saving in time and clerical cost frequently runs as high as 50 per cent. Improved accuracy is an important by-product. Reducing the interruptions reduces the errors. And all copies are clear and legible because each one has a fresh carbon.

The Victor Talking Machine Company has tightened up the record writing operation in its offices this way. So have the Williams Oil-O-Matic Heating Corporation; Ginn & Company; Black & Decker; Kraft-Phenix Cheese Corporation; Rome Wire Company; Budd Wheel Company; Simplex Wire & Cable Company; Kelvinator, Incorporated; A. S. Aloe & Company and many others in the AAA-1 class.

Continuous forms, giving continuous speed to every class of record writing, are available, moreover, for the building of complete speed systems to fit the needs of any business. In Rediform Speed Stationery and Speed Forms the continuous idea has been given a wider application than ever before. Rediform Continuous Interfolded (without carbon interleaved) is used in billing machines where carbon is available for manifolding; Rediform Interleaved is used in billing machines where carbon is not available for manifolding and in typewriters; Rediform Flatpakit is used with the WIZ Autographic Register; Rediform ZIG-ZAG for single copy records and for printing tabulators; Rediform Sales Books and Rediform Manifold Books for hand-written records of every type.

Simple clip-on guides that can be instantly attached and detached without the use of tools, are furnished for the use of Rediform Interleaved with typewriters.

If you want more speed, fewer errors, and a reduction of from 25 to 50 per cent in the cost of typing multi-copy forms, mail the coupon for samples of Rediform Speed Stationery. We will also show you how these forms can be adapted to your individual needs.

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Rediform TRADE MARK *SPEED STATIONERY AND SPEED FORMS*

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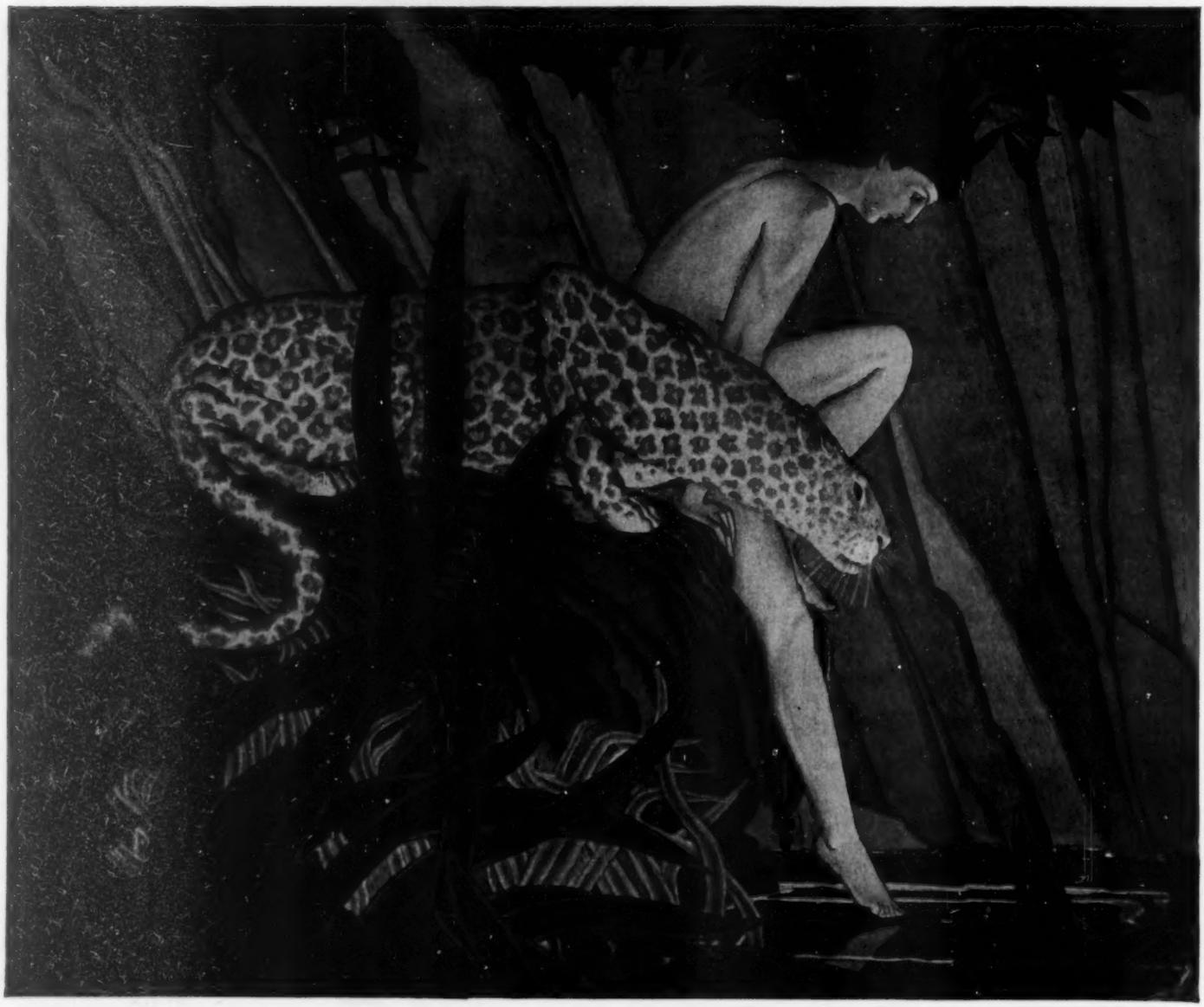
STYLES . .

Far back in the lost ages began this vastly important matter of women's fashions . . . begun, perhaps, by some maid of the dark forests who found expression of her individuality in the drape of a leopard skin. And so set a style. : : : Just how important this matter was even centuries ago, our folklore attests.



For an hundred Cinderellas peep forth from legend—patient and kindly and good in their tatters . . . but princesses in *proper robes.* : : : And it must seem to all who think . . . that women's quick acceptance of the changing fashions is far more than mere personal vanity. It is the natural and right wish in every woman's heart to be at her best within the mode, (because the mode expresses in terms of costume the tempo of the period in which she lives) . . . to express to its maximum her own individuality, *for those she cares about . . . for those who care.*

Styles—at one time the privilege of the few—are today the prerogative of every ***woman. And we like to think that McCall's has contributed in no small way to bring this about . . . through democratizing styles . . . through*** interpreting ***styles in a way that every woman can understand and use. Just such practical help and guidance are reasons why McCall's is read in 2,450,000 homes.***

McCALL'S

A MAGAZINE FOR WOMEN

"That $10,000 Look"

To acquire it, Americans will pay Valetors $75,000,000 in 1930

RALPH BRADSHAW made $37.50 a week 5 years ago; he now earns $10,000 a year . . . Frank Wilkins rose from the obscurity of a small-town law-office to national prominence in three years . . . Harold Irwin ran a small Arkansas drug store in 1923; today he directs a chain of 400 stores. These are but three of hundreds of men whose careers prove that the opportunities for *quick success* are greater today than ever before.

These men emphasize the importance of "that $10,000 look" for the man on the way up.

"Ability and getting along well with people are essential for success," they say; "but, other things being equal, the man of good appearance goes ahead *first*. You must look the part if you are to have your chance to demonstrate your ability."

Here is an index of the increasing importance of the right appearance: American men paid Valetors $55,000,000 for clothes pressing in 1929. At the present rate, the figure for 1930 will be $75,000,000. No other pressing method has received such an endorsement.

The reason for this rapid growth is easy to understand. The biggest aid to good appearance is a well-pressed suit. Not a suit that has merely been creased but a suit that has been reshaped to fit correctly.

The Valetor has the equipment and the knowledge necessary for this *reshaping* process. He *shrinks out* bagginess at knees and elbows—makes coat collars fit snug—gives lapels the proper "roll"—sets creases to last longer. He raises the nap of the fabric, restoring the softness and lustre it had when new. He gives you "that $10,000 look" which helps men succeed faster. Yet Valetor service costs no more.

This Manual, based on 20 years of experience, serves as a guide to 17,321 Valetors. Using the exclusive Valetor equipment and following the methods clearly set forth in this Manual, your Valetor reshapes your suit to look like new.

UNITED STATES HOFFMAN MACHINERY CORPORATION, 105 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

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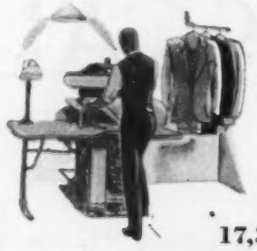
VALETOR PRESSING

Have your clothes pressed where you see this sign..



17,321 VALETORS DISPLAY THIS SIGN

© 1930, U. S. Hoffman Mach. Corp.

(Continued from Page 110)

especially mothers, to see this. 'My son,' protests the mother, 'has his school lessons, and that's enough.' But it is not enough. And what is the result of this neglect? The lad goes to college—let us say that he comes from a well-to-do family and he attends a first-rate technical school. He begins to learn the fundamentals, but he knows absolutely nothing of actual shop conditions, actual labor or the practical working out, day by day, of all the problems he's getting a textbook knowledge about. During the summer vacation he goes home, plays and fools around with the girls. The gap between his theoretical education and actual conditions remains unbridged. But the boy who is working his way through the same technical institute is forced by necessity to earn his living in the summer; he goes into the shop or out into the field; he is not only acquiring the work habit but he is bridging the hiatus between theory and practice. And for this practical experience there is no substitute. I should like to print that statement in letters a mile high.

"Let me revert again to my own experience as an educator. When I was dean of the engineering department I observed how this hiatus worked out. Year by year I saw that the boys who were forced by necessity to bridge the gap were cutting circles around the wealthier lads and landing the best jobs. Necessity was their fairy godmother. So I decided to make an experiment in order to give all the men fairy godmothers, the rich as well as the poor. I called the faculty together and suggested that we give credit for summer work done in the mills or in the field, just exactly as if it were class-room work, and moreover, to make a certain amount of such work obligatory.

"Well, at first some of the professors rebelled at such an iconoclastic idea, but finally they were won over and the rule was passed. It forced the well-to-do young fellow to acquire the work habit along with his more necessitous classmate; it was a step toward bridging the gulf. But some of the students didn't like it; also, some of the parents, especially the mothers. They couldn't see what we were up to. Now several of the technical institutes of first rank require their students to work in the summer, and they demand that the piece of work undertaken, whatever it is, shall be finished. That is important too.

"Sometimes young men get a taste for hard work by staying a year out of college, and that often is a very good thing. I've frequently recommended it, but again parents are apt to object. They seem to consider that their boy is wasting time; they want him to hurry through college and get his degree. They do not realize that a well-established work habit and contacts with actual conditions are in themselves valuable essentials of an education whose objective is to fit men for life.

"And now I have one final criticism to make of colleges—all colleges, the great technical schools as well as the liberal-arts universities—which are grooming students to enter the arena of actual affairs. That criticism, namely, is this: In college, too much emphasis is laid on the concrete subject taught and not enough on the fundamentals of character, the ethics, the spiritual values which underlie all subjects, and are particularly important in their practical application to affairs in life.

"These spiritual and ethical qualities are marked characteristics of our greatest industrial leaders. Do you see what I'm getting at? The ethical and spiritual values are more important than any single subject taught; they are, so to speak, the basic foundation of all subjects, and as these qualities are in constant evidence in business affairs, in all human intercourse, so they should receive a proper attention in college.

"In my opinion—and I hold it strongly—the members of a college faculty should be required, as a part of their responsibility, to give regular time in their formal classes, and also in the preparation for those classes, to the development in the student of the right knowledge concerning the spiritual, social and ethical aspects of life. They must teach more than the bare bones of a subject; they must get across the spiritual and ethical relationships involved. For the youth needs to know and appreciate these great fundamentals in order to take his part intelligently, tolerantly, magnanimously, in modern business affairs."

EUROPE IS DUE FOR A SURPRISE

(Continued from Page 7)

He finally agreed to put the tractor on the after end of one of the upper decks, where it would be lashed down to prevent it from sliding around in rough weather. For two hours every afternoon—provided the weather was fair—he would have the end of the deck roped off and let us drive the tractor around and show what it could do. I had to sign a paper releasing the steamship company from all responsibility in case anything happened to the tractor, and assuming full responsibility for any damage the machine might do. He absolutely refused to give me the run of the whole deck with the machine. And for these restricted privileges I had to pay three hundred dollars—which I suppose is for deck rent or something. This seems like a pretty stiff price, but it is amply worth while, in view of the tremendous impression we are sure to make on these Frenchmen.

So far it has been too rough to do anything. Gadget and I are feeling great, but practically all of the Frenchmen seem to be cooped up in their staterooms. Apparently they are seasick—which, of course, is of no importance, because the boat is rolling so heavily that we could not demonstrate the tractor to them anyway. But I am all prepared to put on a swell demonstration as soon as we get some fair weather. I have rubber pads installed on the track shoes, and these ought to give me good traction on the boards of the deck. I have a number of railroad ties which I can pile up in various ways so that the tractor can climb over them and show these Frenchmen how it negotiates rough country. Also, I have fixed up a system of pulleys with large weights for the tractor to lift. This will give them an idea of what we can pull. Toward the end of the voyage I expect to put on a moving-picture show, showing the tractors doing actual farm work. The projector on the ship is equipped with the latest sound system, and that should help a lot. I am much encouraged. Never before, as far as I know, has there been a tractor demonstration on a great transatlantic liner. It is sure to make a tremendous impression. Already I can see a flood of orders pouring in.

February 21, 1928.
Three days out.

Still too rough to do anything with the tractor. But it is a little smoother than yesterday, and the Frenchmen are commencing to come up out of their holes. Some of them have their wives with them. Gadget and I have made the acquaintance of several couples. And Gadget, owing to her superb knowledge of the French language, has unearthed some information which indicates that our projected demonstration will be of even more importance than I had supposed. Apparently we shall have to start at the very beginning in our education of these people. They know nothing of American methods, and they care less. They say that Frenchmen have been growing grapes since before the Year 1, and know all about it; and it would be absurd to think they could learn anything from California, where the large vineyards are less than a hundred years old.

They had not come to America to learn; they had come to instruct. They had been to Washington, and their mission was to persuade the American Government that the prohibition law was all wrong. In the first place, they said, it deprived them of one of their best markets, and thus seriously cut into their profits. In the second place, it deprived the American people of the world's most pleasing and healthful beverages.

To prove this latter point they had brought along a full line of samples. They had supposed that the official nature of their visit, and the fact that they had a letter from the President of France, would let them take this stuff into the United States through some sort of diplomatic courtesy. But the customs authorities had been hard-boiled and had decided against them. And the wines are now on their way back to France on this very boat.

In spite of the lack of samples, however, they had pointed out to everyone they met that the French light wines are a natural God-given drink, completely harmless, an aid to digestion, a promoter of good fellowship and good feeling, and, when properly used, do not cause intoxication. They had, therefore, suggested—in the friendliest and most helpful spirit, and making it plain that they had no wish to meddle in our affairs—that it would be a great benefit to all concerned if the law were amended in such a way as to admit French wines to the United States. If this were done, prosperity would settle once more over the fair vineyards of France, and the American people, instead of being tempted to indulge in white mule and other vile distilled liquors, could return once more to the smooth and satisfying juice of the grape. They had spread this message among all the senators, representatives and officials they met, and everywhere they had been received with such politeness and good will that they felt sure—in spite of the fact that no one had promised them anything definite—that the laws would soon be changed in their favor.

Gadget and I, of course, had our doubts about this, but we were too polite to mention them to the Frenchmen. I did, however, discuss the matter with an American by the name of Bowers that I met in the smoking room.

"It seems incredible," I said, "but these grape growers actually think that all they have to do is tell Senator Heflin and the rest of them what wonderful stuff this French wine is, and right away they will drop everything else and push through a law so that it can be brought into the country. For pure, childlike simplicity you couldn't beat that anywhere."

"Well," said Bowers, "it doesn't seem to me anywhere near as simple-minded as your idea that you can go over to Europe, tell the Europeans what wonderful machines your Earthworms are, and then sit back and watch the orders come rolling in. I doubt if you sell a single one."

"Why not?" I asked.

"The Europeans don't like machinery. They hate it—especially if it's American. I've traveled in Europe a lot and I know."

"You seem to be pretty sure of yourself," I said.

"I am," he said. And then he told me a long yarn about an American he knew that went broke trying to sell some kind of motor to the gondoliers in Venice. It seems this guy had it all figured out how he would speed up traffic in the Grand Canal several hundred per cent, and he had thought out a system of traffic control with red and green lights on the Rialto Bridge and at other strategic points. But the Venetians couldn't use it at all; they passed a law prohibiting that kind of motor anywhere in the city, and the poor man didn't make a single sale.

"Probably," I said, "he was a poor salesman. But I am different. And if you want to see a selling campaign handled right, you

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just want to stick around when I put on my magnificent tractor demonstration on the promenade deck. If you want to see names being signed on dotted lines, that will be your big chance."

"I'll believe it when it happens," he said.

"Wait and see," I said.

February 22, 1928.

Washington's Birthday, and a special dinner, with flags on the tables. The sea is getting smoother all the time. It won't be long now.

Sunday, March 4, 1928. 8 A.M.

Since the last entry in this letter we have had a most distressing time. On the evening of Washington's Birthday it started to get rough. The next day we were in the midst of a regular storm, which continued the rest of the way across the ocean, and even after we got into the Mediterranean. I had never supposed that a ship could heave and bang around the way this one did. The French passengers—and, in fact, almost everybody else—remained cooped up in their staterooms both day and night. And part of the time even Gadget and I felt a bit wabbly. It has been absolutely impossible for me to do any business at all.

But today I believe that my great hour is at hand. Yesterday afternoon it began to clear up a little, the wind died down, and this morning is as fair and beautiful a day as I have ever seen. There is still a little ground swell, but not enough to do any harm. This is the first and only day of the entire voyage that the sea has been smooth enough to make possible a tractor demonstration. The Frenchmen are all up on deck looking at the beautiful blue sky and the beautiful blue water, and enjoying the balmy, warm spring breezes. We are due to land at Marseilles late this afternoon—one day late.

I wanted to start demonstrating the tractor first thing this morning, but the captain would not permit it. He quoted our arrangement, which provided that I should drive the tractor for two hours in the afternoon only, on such days as the weather permitted. I told him that, in view of the fact that I had lost out on all afternoons except this one, I ought to be given a morning period, but he is a stubborn old cuss, and I couldn't make him see my point of view at all.

However, a short, snappy, intensive demonstration is often better than a series of dull, uninteresting and long-drawn-out ones, so I have the highest hopes of making a sensational impression. Gadget is already mingling with our charming French friends, and I will join her in a moment. The canvas cover has been taken off the tractor, and we will spend the rest of the morning letting these French people look at it and telling them its good points.

At noon the French delegation is giving a dinner for all the passengers. This dinner is dedicated to the honor and glory of French wines, and they are going to serve some of the excellent samples which they carried to America and which—fortunately for us—they were unable to get into the country. After the meal, I have arranged to show my talking moving picture of tractors in action, following which we will all assemble on deck, where I expect to astound them all by letting them see what a real tractor can do. Following the demonstration, Gadget and I will circulate through the crowd with order blanks so that the Frenchmen can put their names on the dotted lines. I have a feeling that you are going to be greatly pleased and surprised at the final installment of this letter, which I shall probably not have time to write until after we have landed.

MARSEILLES, Monday morning, March 5th.

I have just been reading over the last few sentences which I wrote yesterday, and I hardly know how to begin my narrative of the events which took place on our last day aboard the good ship Beaucaire. You will, no doubt, be surprised when you hear what happened, but I fear you will not be as pleased as I had hoped you would be.

I am not pleased myself. As I sit here in this hotel room, weary and bruised in mind and body, my only pleasant thought is a sense of gratitude that dear old Gadget is here with me to cheer me up, and to change from time to time the bandage on my eye. This is the first time in my life that I ever had what might be called a real 100 per cent black eye, and I find that it is as painful as it is disfiguring.

The events of yesterday were most complicated. The day started most auspiciously, as I wrote you, with beautiful weather, a smooth sea, and everybody feeling fine. Gadget and I spent the morning talking tractors to dozens of Frenchmen. They were all very polite and very much interested, although perhaps a trifle noncommittal.

At noon the French delegation gave their dinner, which was graced by copious samples of the finest of wines. Various members of the delegation made speeches expressing their friendship and high regard for the American people, and their hope that these splendid beverages would soon have free entry into the greatest and most glorious of all the countries of the earth. There was a tremendous amount of applause for these sentiments, and everybody seemed to be in a remarkably pleasant and friendly frame of mind.

Unfortunately, however, these high-grade French wines are so delicate, and slide down the esophagus so smoothly and easily, that persons who are used to our more corrosive American bootleg stuff fail to realize that there is a considerable amount of kick concealed in these gentle liquids. The French people, of course, knew exactly what they were doing, but I fear that some of our American friends may, perhaps, have been a little unwise.

As for myself, I drank only water, as I wanted a clear head and a steady hand for the demonstration which was to follow. After the banquet was concluded, I arose—according to the program which had been arranged—and announced that the curtains would be drawn over the portholes and the room darkened so that we could have the talking motion pictures of the great Earthworm tractor. I made a few remarks to the Frenchmen who could understand English, requesting them to translate the gist of what I had to say to those who were so unfortunate as to know only French. I told them what a wonderful machine I had, how admirably adapted it was to vineyard culture, and I laid great stress on its simplicity of operation.

"After the pictures," I said, "we will adjourn to the deck and I will show you what the tractor can do. And to prove to you how simple it is to operate, I will permit you to drive it around yourselves, if you so desire."

At this point, one of the American passengers arose and started to speak. He was a very large man with a florid face and red hair. I have since learned that his name is Mr. Tilton. He had been seasick and had stayed in his room practically all the way across, so I had never seen him before. At this time, however, he seemed to be full of life.

"I want to drive the tractor," he announced in a loud voice.

"Very well," I said. "Nothing would give me greater pleasure. As soon as the demonstration is under way, you may take your turn with these other gentlemen."

"I want to drive the tractor," said Mr. Tilton. "I want to drive it right away."

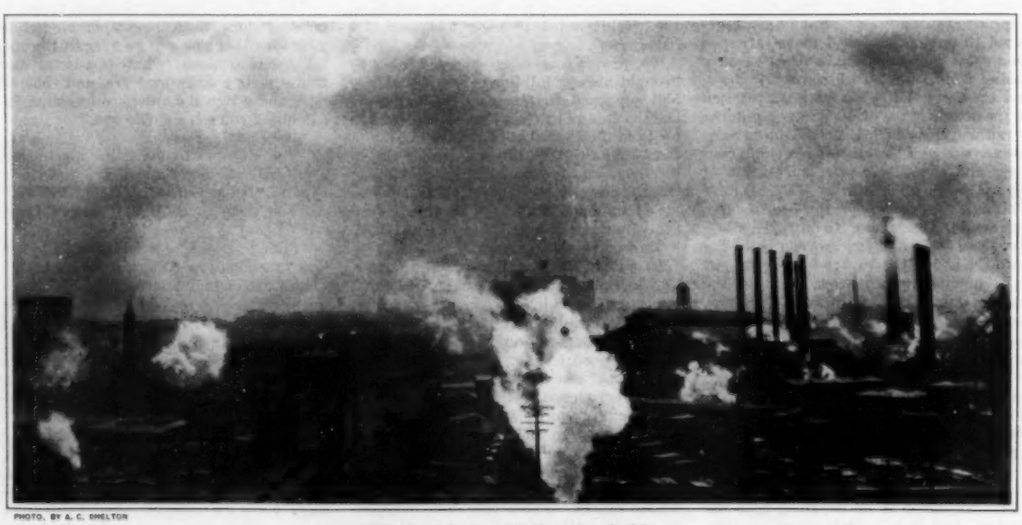
I noticed that the gentleman was swaying about a bit more than seemed justified by the very gentle motion of the boat, and I began to suspect that probably he had been indulging himself not wisely, but too well. Subsequent events showed that I was right in this surmise.

"I want to drive the tractor," he repeated. "I want to drive it right away."

"I am sorry," I said, "but we are going to see the moving pictures now. After that we will drive the tractor."

"I want to drive the tractor. I want to drive it right away. Listen," he went on, "I know all about those machines. I used to drive one of them when I was in the Army. And I just love those machines. They're wonderful—positively wonderful. It's ten long years since I've had a chance

(Continued on Page 118)



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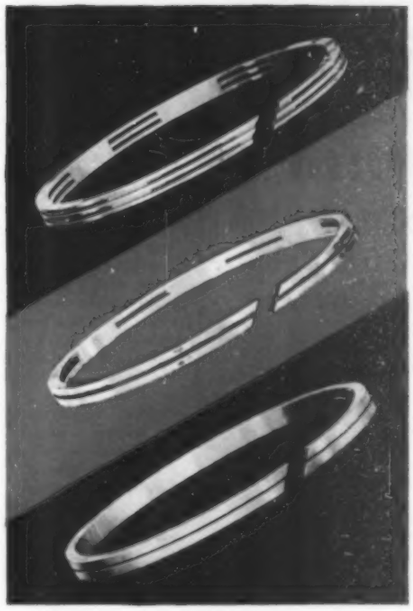

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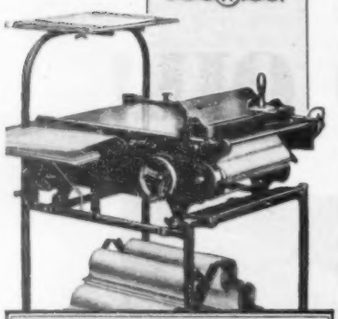

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(Continued from Page 116)

to drive one of them. And now that I have a chance, you won't let me do it. I am surprised at you."

"If you would only wait," I began, "until after the moving picture ——"

"I'm surprised at you," he went on. "Here we are at this splendid banquet, given by our splendid French friends, where everything ought to be peace and good feeling and friendship—and what do you do? You come in and start an argument."

"But I didn't start an argument," I said.

"You're a liar," said Mr. Tilton. "You've been arguing with me here for five minutes. It's an outrage. I won't stand for it."

He brought his fist down on the table with a bang, and I noticed several stewards moving in his direction. As I did not want a painful scene, I walked over to him myself to try to quiet him.

"I want to drive the tractor," he said.

"Very well," I said. "Come with me." He followed me out of the dining saloon and up to the deck, where I prevailed upon him to sit down in a steamer chair. "You stay right here," I said, "and after the moving pictures I'll come back and we'll see what we can do about the tractor."

I then returned to the dining saloon and told the moving-picture operator to shoot. He did so, and I was immediately subjected to what I can only describe as a very painful surprise, caused by some very sloppy work at the New York office of the Earthworm Tractor Company. When I got those moving pictures at the New York office, they told me they showed the Earthworm tractor performing a great variety of tasks—agricultural and otherwise—with a running explanation and sales talk in the French language. There were five reels, each in a large tin can, bearing the trade-mark of a well-known moving-picture company, and the label, "Earthworm Tractor Pictures. French." Naturally, I took these films in good faith, little dreaming that somewhere—probably at the motion-picture offices—someone had made a careless mistake and put in the wrong film.

You can imagine my astonishment when the picture opened with a loud burst of jazz music, and the title was flashed on the screen: "Red-Hot Tomales. A Rip Snorting Musical Spasm in Five Reels—All Talking, Dancing, Singing." Then, instead of an Earthworm tractor pulling a plow, there appeared a bevy of scantily clad young ladies stepping and kicking high, wide and handsome.

As fast as I could, I rushed around to the moving-picture booth and asked the operator what he thought he was doing. He protested that he was only running the pictures which I had given him, and this proved to be the case. Believe me, when I get back to the New York office I will tell those birds what I think of them. At once I stopped the show and explained to the people what had happened. Instead of being disappointed, however, they immediately set up a cry for the picture to go on. So, as I was most anxious not to offend anyone, I had to run the whole five reels. I think it was probably a pretty good show. The audience seemed to like it, but I was in no shape to enjoy the entertainment, and my annoyance was increased by Mr. Bowers, the pessimistic American, who sat down beside me and began telling me how all the American salesmen he had ever met were complete failures when it came to selling machinery to Europeans. He had a long sob story of a man that tried to sell electric refrigerators in Spain, and did no business at all. The Spaniards didn't even know what an old-fashioned ice refrigerator was. Another guy wore himself out trying to sell oil burners for furnaces to the Italians.

"And the Italians wouldn't even look at them," said Mr. Bowers. "They didn't even know what a furnace was; let alone a fancy oil burner."

"All of which," I said, "doesn't interest me in the slightest."

That shut him up for the time being. At last the moving picture came to an end, and I stood up and announced: "We will now go on deck for the big tractor demonstration."

As Gadget and I mounted the stairs, with the rest of the audience trooping along behind us, my heart beat high with hope. Although I was keenly disappointed that the moving pictures had contributed nothing to our tractor-selling campaign, I felt that we could make up for this lack as soon as we got the tractor in action. Little did I think, as I mounted the stairs, that the tractor was already in action.

My first intimation of disaster came when Gadget and I reached the door leading out onto the forward part of the promenade deck. This door was suddenly pulled open. There were loud shrieks of terror and dismay, and five or six elderly ladies came scrambling in. These ladies, we learned later, considered themselves rather old and feeble. They had not been feeling very well, so, instead of attending the banquet and moving-picture show, they had been resting in their steamer chairs. But when we saw them they were resting no more. As they came in that door they showed an amount of energy and agility that was positively remarkable.

I stuck my head out the door. I heard the roar of a motor. And looking toward the stern I was horrified to see my demonstration tractor approaching along the deck. In the driver's seat was Mr. Tilton, waving his hat with one hand and steering with the other. The gears were in high, the throttle was wide open, and the machine was coming at top speed. Naturally, I was much displeased to observe Mr. Tilton taking such liberties with my tractor, and I was particularly annoyed at the course he was steering.

I might explain that the promenade deck was very wide. On the inside next to the cabin was a long row of about a hundred steamer chairs, all of them at this time vacant. Between these chairs and the rail was an open space, plenty wide enough for the passage of the tractor. But, instead of following this obvious path, Mr. Tilton had seen fit to veer over next to the cabin wall, and he was clattering along at a fearful speed, right down the middle of the row of chairs. If I live to be a hundred years old I will never forget that sight, with its fearful accompaniment of sound effect—the roar of the motor and the steady, sickening crash of rending wood, as one steamer chair after another was crushed under the whirling tracks of the machine.

As Mr. Tilton approached the door, I drew my head safely inside, and as soon as he had passed, I rushed out and pursued him. Ordinarily, I could have caught him very quickly, but in this case I kept stumbling and tripping over the fragments of the steamer chairs. In fact, I did not draw even with him until he had reached the forward end of the deck, swung around under the bridge, and started down the deck on the other side of the boat.

"Stop!" I yelled, and reached out one hand to try to turn off the ignition.

"A-ha!" said Mr. Tilton. "So it's you, you big bum!" And with a mighty swing of his large and powerful right arm he brought his fist around and landed what was by far the heaviest jolt I have ever received. It got me right on my poor unprotected left-eye. And that was the last I saw of Mr. Tilton and the tractor.

Apparently I was knocked out cold. And I must have stayed out for some time. When I finally woke up, I was in my stateroom and good old Gadget was taking care of me. And as she insisted that I keep quiet, I did not learn what had happened until after we were inside the port at Marseilles, and most of the passengers had left the boat.

Finally Gadget consented to tell me that Mr. Tilton had made three complete circuits of the boat, wrecking every chair on the promenade deck, before they had been able to grab him and haul him off the machine.

After this it had been impossible to get any of the Frenchmen to listen to reason. Gadget had bravely rushed around and talked and pleaded with them, thrusting order blanks under their noses, and working upon them as hard as she could. But they were all in such a state of excitement that it was impossible for any mere human—even so remarkable a human as Gadget—to make any impression on them. All they would do was wander about, looking at the pitiful fragments of the steamer chairs, and commenting upon what a dangerous thing an Earthworm tractor was.

"Look what that terrible machine did," they said.

At this some of the American ladies came to Gadget's defense.

"It was not the fault of the machine," they said. "It was the fault of your cursed wine. The man was drunk."

Upon hearing this, one of the Frenchmen said, "That is an insult to the fair name of France, and to her honorable grape growers. If the man was drunk, it is the fault of the American prohibition law, which made it impossible for him to learn how to drink like a gentleman."

Then another Frenchman, for no reason at all, stood up and said, "You Americans are all crazy anyway, and you absolutely ruin the stewards by tipping them too much."

These statements started a long, bitter and completely idiotic argument between and among practically all the passengers on the boat. Gadget, of course, tried to quiet things down, as she is familiar with the well-known business principle that you never make any sales while engaging in a fight. But she had no luck. Everybody was too excited. And finally all the Frenchmen left the boat without placing a single order.

"But never mind, Alec," said Gadget. "We may be licked for the moment, but as soon as we get going on shore we will show these foreigners what kind of stuff we are made of, and we will get some real results."

"In the words of the immortal John Paul Jones," I said, "'we have only begun to fight!' And by the way, what happened to this guy Tilton?"

"That," said Gadget, "is the one bright spot in this whole mess."

"What do you mean?"

Gadget's answer shows that it is indeed a lucky thing I brought her along on this trip. "They took him down to his stateroom," she said, "and gave him a cold bath. He sobered up very quickly and came around and apologized to me most profusely. He really seems like a very nice man."

"When he is sober," I said.

"Yes. He had already settled with the captain for the damage he had done to the ship, and he offered to do anything he could for us to make up for the trouble he had caused. So I talked to him, and found out that he is a big contractor from Omaha. I asked him if he could use any Earthworm tractors in his business, and he said he could. So I sold him three machines. One of them is the tractor he was driving this afternoon—he had offered to pay for that anyway—and the other two are sixty-horse-power machines, to be delivered to him in Omaha next June. Of course, this sale doesn't count for anything on the foreign business that we are trying to get. But after all, it is something."

"It certainly is," I said. "But what is this guy going to do with the tractor over here?"

"What tractor?"

"Why, the one he was driving this afternoon. Didn't you say he just bought it?"

"Yes, he bought it," said Gadget. "And he paid for it. But there isn't much he can do with it. You see, when they grabbed him and hauled him off the seat of the tractor, they didn't succeed in getting the motor stopped. The machine ran right down the deck all by itself, broke through the rail and dropped into the water. So, in one way, I guess I have made something of a sales record. In all the history of the business I don't believe there is another case of anybody selling a tractor which was on the bottom of the Mediterranean Sea."

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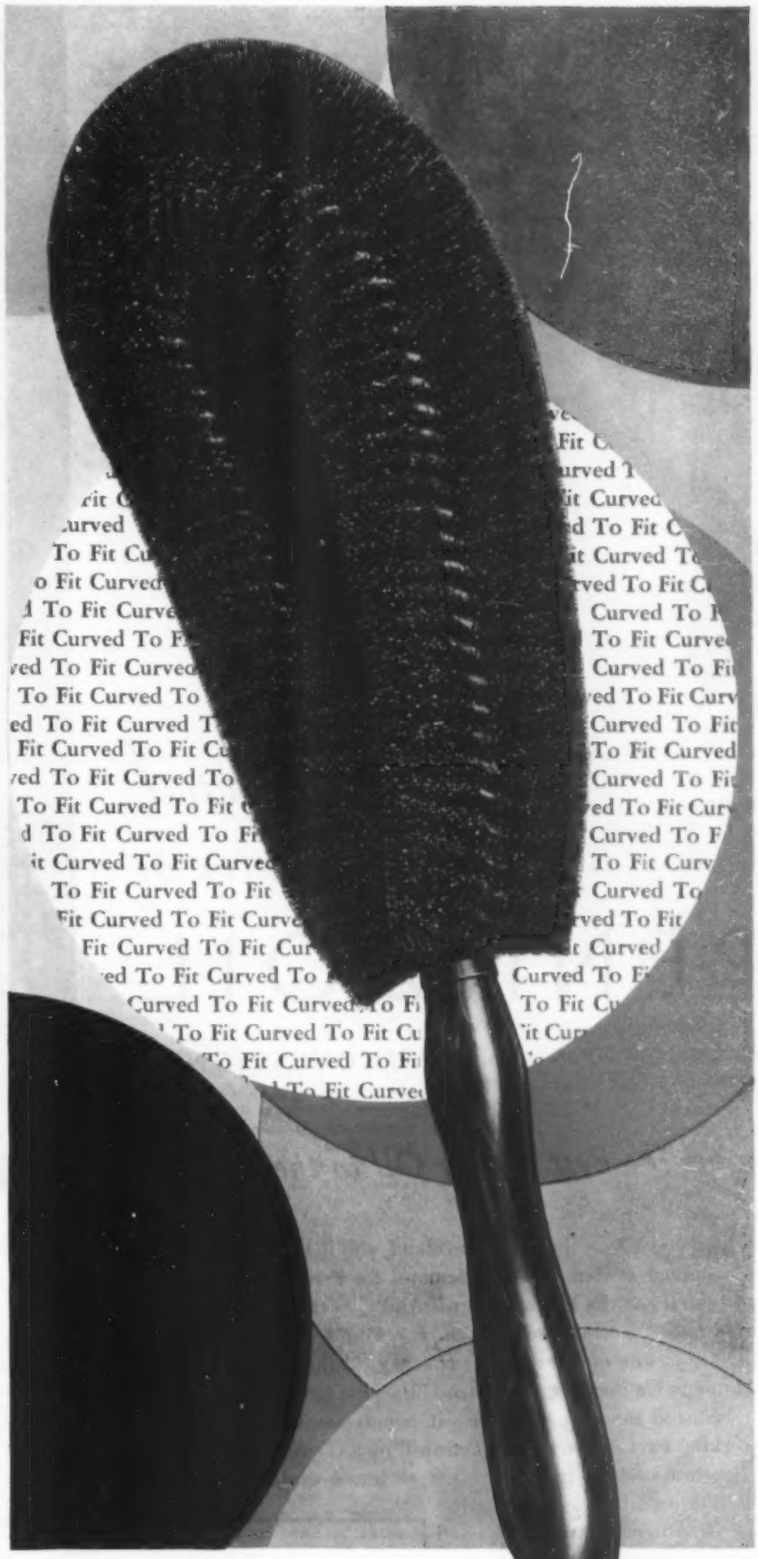

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PERMIT NO. 3—PENNSYLVANIA GRADE CRUDE OIL ASS'N

THE FIRST HOOVER YEAR

(Continued from Page 4)

democracy questions the sureness of public judgment, if the public is given the truth, but there is a time element in the triumph of truth. When we look back over history we see periods of either moral, social, economic or political stagnation while the truth was en route and some variety of demagoguery occupied the scene. We can and must greatly increase the production of truth, and we must know the truth before the grave interest of one hundred and twenty million people is involved in government policy. We can sometimes speed up production before the demagogue awakes to his opportunities. Facts are bad for his digestion and the truth makes misrepresentation uncomfortable. But the truth is hard to discover. . . . The materials themselves are hard to come by. It takes time and patience, especially as our many inventions have forever banished the simple life. In the meantime a vast clamor of half truths and untruths and injured facts will always fill the air and intoxicate people's emotions. The President himself cannot pretend to know or to have the time for rigid investigation, but the fine minds of our citizens are available and can be utilized for the search."

Shortly before he took office, one who knew the character and habit of his mind was saying:

"By a kind of intuition, people at this time have turned from the political mind to the Hoover type of mentality. This is definitely an experiment. They do not know how that kind of mentality acts. There is the danger, therefore, that when it begins to act by direct procedure the sounds of ancient crockery breaking up in the cupboard will scare them out of their wits."

Mr. Hoover answered: "Yes, there may be that danger. But I am thinking of another one. People do not realize how much time it takes first to find the facts and then to distill the truth out of them. The danger is that they will become impatient, think nothing is going to be done, and demand action on premises of prejudice and opinion before the truth is ready."

That was prophecy. Hardly was he seated in the White House when he began to call around him men of eminence in law and jurisprudence to consider the evils of ineffectual law enforcement. Then, under the authority of Congress, he appointed a National Commission on Law Observance and Enforcement to make "an exhaustive study of the entire problem of the enforcement of our laws and the improvement of our judicial system, including the special problems and abuses growing out of the prohibition laws."

Facts and What They Mean

Later, in June, he desired Congress to appoint, besides, a joint committee to collaborate with executive agencies of the Government in a finding of fact on which to reorganize the work of enforcing the prohibition law. Such was his approach to the emotional subject of prohibition. First, what are the facts? Then, what do they mean and what shall be done?

Six months later the President was notified that his idea of a joint committee of Congress to collaborate with the executive agencies of Government was dead on the table of the House, because the House, as a matter of procedure, preferred to act through committees of its own. Nevertheless, in December, before his own National Commission on Law Observance and Enforcement was ready to report, the dry party in the Senate raised a great storm over the failure of enforcement law and demanded immediate action.

Or Haiti in the same way. An acute situation having developed suddenly in Haiti, and the obscure Haitian carbuncle having been for years inherited by one administration and bequeathed to another, the President asked the Congress for fifty thousand dollars and its authority to send a commission to Haiti to study the matter intensively and return with the facts on which to base a definite policy. Congress put the request aside; and yet, a month later, senators began rising in their places to propose, each in his own wisdom, the solution of the problem. One is for a civilian governor in place of a military one, another is for free elections, and another is for something else.

Every act of government, any government at all, must be a compromise with conflicting aspects of reality. Mr. Hoover says, "A condition of progress is variety of thought." What he insists upon is that thought shall be informed of the facts and proceed from them.

The typical political controversy involves both a dispute about what the facts are and then disagreement as to the interpretation and meaning of the facts. There is no intelligent excuse for disputing about what the facts are, since they may be impartially discovered. All that part of the controversy, therefore, may be deleted. Given the facts, there is then their meaning and truth to be settled and a policy to be determined, and that is where thought and debate should begin. This seems simple enough when it is stated, and yet, such being Mr. Hoover's characteristic attack upon reality, it is evident that Congress does not understand it. If Congress has that difficulty with it, what shall people be expected to do with it?

The Purpose of Commissions

It is but recently that we have evolved a scientific technic of fact-finding, and it was necessary because the conditions of modern existence are too complex to be seized directly by the senses or comprehended by individual observation. It is a method that takes time. You may say it takes less time than we waste disputing about what the facts are, but there is this difference—that research proceeds in silence, whereas when we are in a frenzy of dispute, even if it is only about what the facts are, there is a feeling that something is going on. Moreover, from long experience with the art of political avoidance, there is a cynical idea that when a subject is referred to a commission, the intent is either to drop it in the well or tie it to a goat. And there has been much cynicism of that kind toward the increasing number of Hoover commissions.

The commission, as he sees it, is for mining only. It produces the raw ore of fact and refines it into truth. What shall be done about the truth is none of its business, for properly it has neither executive nor legislative function. It is for a self-governing people to say what shall be done. Then will is acting upon the facts. What is willed must take the form of law. To make the law is a legislative function. To administer the law is an executive function.

There can be no doubt about what Mr. Hoover thinks a commission is not for. He says: "Committees, commissions, conferences, researches—these are not for executive action. For that purpose they are anathema."

Twice a year the Washington correspondents bring the President of the United States to a formal dinner for the purpose of razzing him. It is a custom of long standing and everyone is supposed to like it. On the last occasion they made merry with the theme of his appointing a commission a day. He retorted: "One of your anxieties this evening has been my appointment of commissions and committees. You have been misled to suppose that I shall soon appoint one every day. That is wrong. I shall probably need to appoint two a day."

He went on to say that although the President has open to him many government agencies of research, still beyond the reach of these lie problems that need to be illuminated by individual and regional experience, simplified by the free judgment of many minds, hammered by conflicting forces on the anvils of circumstance.

"There is no worse agency of government than commissions and committees for executive action," he said; "but for the purpose of these special determinations I shall need more and more commissions and more and more conferences."

Another theme on the same occasion was in irony of the United States Senate. And to this the President answered: "Some people become impatient at the length of debate. In some ways legislatures are much like the old-fashioned rail fences. Some rails are perfect, others are rough. Many of them point in the wrong direction. There are some with sharp splinters. It covers a lot of ground. Yet the fence itself marches straight and performs its function in an effective and lasting manner. Those of us who have had opportunity to observe legislative bodies in other countries, and at the same time to understand some of the varied human motives of men, make no apologies for the Senate of the United States. Together with the House of Representatives, it has for over a hundred and fifty years not only served the American people, but they have time and again proved themselves the greatest of all legislatures of the world."

A pity if this had been lost. Under no other circumstances, perhaps, could he have said it. Besides that, it was a very handsome thing for a President to say of the Senate at a time when he was supposed to be in a jam with it; nothing else could so well complete the idea. He believes in debate. No amount of fact-finding can take the place of debate. But why should debate be wasted on what the thing is? All the facts about it may be established beforehand. If this is done, then we debate not what it is we are talking about but why it is what it is, and what shall be done about it.

The Function of Congress

It is in this way that Mr. Hoover himself avoids controversy about what is or is not so. In his relations with Congress there has been no wrangling over matters of fact. Suppose, for example, he had sent to Congress a message proposing a new policy in Haiti. There would have begun at once a debate on the situation in Haiti—or, that is to say, on what the thing is. Instead, he asks for a commission to determine what is. When you do it the other way around, you may arrive at a perfect policy; only it may turn out not to fit the facts.

Having convened Congress in special session to enact a measure of farm relief and to revise the tariff, he proposed the principles of public policy that should govern both acts and then left detail and particular to legislative responsibility. In the farm-relief bill the Senate wrote a scheme of agricultural subsidy, called the debenture plan. The President said simply that he disbelieved in the scheme and would not sign a bill that contained it. The debenture plan went out and he signed the bill.

Then came tariff revision. The principle there was to revise the schedules in a way to equalize matters between agriculture and industry. The House passed a bill more or less in that design. The Senate debated the bill—what it was, what it was not, why it was neither what it was nor what it was not, or both—until it lost the angle of incidence and stalled itself in the air. The President declined to interfere, saying only that he could not believe and would not admit that the Senate was unable to legislate. That was its function. Let it be exercised. And when he was implored to break the impasse by saying what certain rates should be, he answered in this sense: "It is the part of the President to propose the principles. That I have done. It is the business of Congress to find the facts and upon the facts to determine specific rates. It has all the mechanism for performing that task. The President hasn't. If you will give me the mechanism

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and authorize me to do so, I will write your tariff bill, but that is not what you mean."

At last Congress was in the position of having written a tariff bill it could not pass, and so far as the special session was concerned, that was the end of it. The onus was where it belonged.

The moral is in two points. The first is that there was never any controversy with the President over matters of fact. The second is that he could not be induced to confuse his function, which is executive, with the function of Congress, which is to legislate.

Thus to distinguish among functions and hold each one true to its use would be the trait of a scientific mind regarding the political body as a mechanism. With Mr. Hoover, however, it goes much deeper. How a mechanism works is one thing, and that it shall work smoothly is important. Nevertheless, you might have a perfectly working political mechanism in which people themselves had no belonging sense of participation. In Mr. Hoover's philosophy there is the conviction that a sense of participation is vital. Therefore it is imperative to promote local responsibilities and habits of self-government. As he would say, "Let Congress do it, for that is its function," so he says: "Of Lincoln's great formula, the most important one-third is 'government by the people,' and they will govern themselves outside of the Government when they see the light. It is from too much emphasis on 'government of the people' that we get the fundamental confusion that government, since it can correct much abuse, can also create righteousness."

Many who are enthusiastic for extending the activities of the Federal Government in the field of education, knowing the engineer President's passion for the young-mind stuff, said, "Now we shall get a Federal department of education with wide powers." To their great disappointment, the Secretary of the Interior, in whose department there is a Federal Bureau of Education, said to the American Council on Education: "The part of the National Government is not that of supplying funds in large amounts for carrying on administrative functions of education in the communities, but to develop ideals and procedures, and to present them to be taken on their merits."

Simply, the signposts and a Federal light on them. He was speaking, of course, for the President.

The Forty-Year Deadline

But the great example of putting responsibility back to the people, the Government only to show them the way, was in the President's handling of the ominous economic situation with which the country was faced in November after the stock-market crash. The problem was how to avert a crisis in business such as always before had followed a classic Stock Exchange disaster. First, from all the Government's own sources, he assembled the elements of fact and made them into one large picture of the country's economic condition. This he filled in with information drawn from many outside sources. Then he called together men of leadership in finance, industry, agriculture, transport and labor, and said to them, in effect, this: "We agree as to what the problem is. Here are the controlling facts. Regard them. The Government can guarantee that the credit structure, for all that has happened, is still sound. There are certain things the Government itself can do, such as to enlarge its program for public works. The various states and municipalities have been consulted, and they, too, can enlarge their programs for public works. If industry at the same time will increase its capital expenditure for new works, we shall be able to keep the wheels of production turning, prevent widespread unemployment, and thus avoid a crisis in human well-being. It is proper for the Government to suggest the way and to light it. The doing is your business. Take the plan. It will work. Organize it as you please and then execute it yourselves."

This was what, in his annual message, he described as having "instituted systematic, voluntary measures of coöperation with the business institutions and with state and municipal authorities, to make certain that the fundamental business of the country shall continue as usual, that wages and, therefore, consuming power, shall not be reduced and that a special effort should be made to expand construction work in order to assist in equalizing other deficits in employment."

All the words are heavy. The theme is part heavy. There would be more fact than drama in a scientific approach to the problems of a political state wherein economic change is a condition of life—almost one would say the only certainty in it, since the actuarial certainties of birth and death have been altered by the meddling of science.

There is a manner of such approach to most problems, even to an understanding of social phenomena. One of Mr. Hoover's achievements has been to mobilize what we call the social sciences. He has appointed a commission of sociologists to make a study of where we are going and what changes may be taking place in the social body on its way. What will come of it, he doesn't know. He expects it to put some light on the problem of the forty-year deadline now running through industry. On one hand, industry more and more discriminates against men over forty in favor of younger men, because the younger men, with more years of service to give, fit into their pension schemes; on the other hand, the science of health and well-being has added ten or twelve years to the average span of life, so that the relative number of men above forty may be expected to increase.

Hoover's Goodwill Trip

But at last there is no science of human relations. People, for all their science and might of invention, are people still. In the unchangeable material of feeling, beyond statistics and fact-finding, how does the scientific mentality act?

Well, there, speaking of Mr. Hoover, it does not act. The business of living and striving together in a complex environment—that may be rationalized. Not life itself. It has ways of bringing itself to pass for ends we know nothing about, and as you come to the deep sources of motivation you need not a slide rule but human understanding. And that side of the President may be recognized in his handling of our good will in the world.

As he came to office he was deeply concerned over the fact that as a nation we were without friends; and this was so not from anything we had done but inevitably because we had suddenly come to be the most powerful people in the world. We had inherited, therefore, all the envy, suspicion and fear with which a nation in that estate historically has been regarded. He asked himself, "Where should we look for natural friends?" It occurred to him that the Latin America nations should be our natural friends, and as President-elect he went visiting among them.

Next he turned his mind to the reduction of naval armaments by international agreement—not to limit them, as had been previously attempted, but actually to reduce them. Out of the preliminary discussions with Great Britain came the visit of the British Prime Minister.

The President of the United States and the Prime Minister of Great Britain sat on a log by a forest stream at the Hoover camp in the Blue Ridge Mountains and talked about navies, about fishing, about Anglo-American relations, things to eat, freedom of the seas—and settled nothing. They did not mean to settle anything.

In his Armistice Day speech, on November eleventh, reviewing his work in the area of foreign relations the President said: "It is a homely parallel that relations between nations are much like relations between individuals. Questions which arise between friends are settled as the passing incidents of the day. The very same questions between men who distrust and suspect each other may lead to enmity and conflict. It was in this endeavor that I visited the presidents of the South American republics. That is why I welcomed the visit of the Prime Minister of Great Britain to the United States. All these men have talked of their problems in a spirit charged with the gravest responsibility, not only for our own relations but for the peace and safety of the world. We have thought out loud together, as men cannot think in diplomatic notes. We made no commitments. We drove no discussions to final conclusions."

What he had said personally to the head of the British Government he said again in this speech: "We will reduce our naval strength in proportion to any other. Having said that, it only remains for others to say how low they will go. It cannot be too low for us."

Then, bluntly, in that same Armistice Day speech, he said: "The colossal power of the United States overshadows scores of freedom-loving nations. Their defense against us is a moral defense. To give them confidence that with the high moral sense of the American people this defense is more powerful than all armies and navies, is a sacred duty which lies upon us."

An Engineer's Interest

Such an image of the colossal power of the United States overshadowing freedom-loving countries had been standing in the silent thoughts of Latin American people for years. No President had dared before to thrust it boldly into the light, saying, "Since it is there is a fact, let us all look at it."

A year ago many people were thinking that, as we had elected an engineer President, we should have a government of engineers, with a steam shovel on the American shield. The architects who are creating on the banks of the Potomac a capital city which will one day be the finest in the world were in a mild panic for fear of finding themselves under the authority of an engineer. To everybody's surprise, only one engineer appeared in the cabinet, and he went to the Department of Commerce; and to the architects' delight, the President's enthusiasm for making Washington a city of rare monumental beauty was like their own. He has recommended to Congress that private buildings that are to face public buildings and parks shall be passed upon by the Fine Arts Commission, so that bad individual taste shall not injure the grand effect.

Much had been taken for granted as to what would lie first in an engineer President's field of interest. Naturally, of course engineering works, great mutations of the environment, flood control, highways, intercoastal canals, power regulation, oil conservation, Muscle Shoals, Boulder Dam, the Mississippi River system. And it followed from his having been so long the Secretary of Commerce that he would be deeply interested in trade, manufacturing, banking, ships—economics generally.

No one could have guessed that he would have time to take thought about the ugliest building in Washington. It may easily be the ugliest in the whole world. This is the State, War and Navy Building. Walking with you in the White House grounds, the President calls its ugliness to your view and says: "Congress stipulated that it should harmonize with the Treasury Building, which is really very fine, and basically in its lines and proportions it does harmonize. but the effect was ruined by all that meaningless ornamentation of little columns and balconies. Fortunately, what makes it so ugly is superficial and has nothing to do with the structure. We are going to remove it."

Interest seems to create time. Probably, as Voltaire said, there is time enough for anything you really want to do. There was time to search the White House attic for some forgotten pieces of historic furniture.

(Continued on Page 125)

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(Continued from Page 122)

The room that now is the President's private study was Lincoln's executive office. The proclamation that freed the slaves was signed there. Of that scene an artist made a painting to go over the fireplace mantel. Years later the painting itself was removed to the Capitol, and in its place over the mantel was hung a white-and-black reproduction. Looking at the reproduction one day, Mr. Hoover was struck by the fact that the artist had made an exact, literal representation of the room, including the fireplace over which his picture was to hang, and now looking at the picture was like looking into a mirror—all but for one door at the left, which was not there. Mr. Hoover made inquiries and learned that in Lincoln's time a door was there. He had it made for his private use and then, afterward, it was closed up. Well, thought Mr. Hoover, if the artist was so literal about everything else, why not about the furniture? Particularly he wondered what had become of the chairs. The attic was explored and the furniture was found. Some of it is now again in the room as it was in the painting.

There was time, under a tree at the Blue Ridge Mountain camp, for a conference with Mr. Burraker, father of Ray, the boy with the backwoods tongue who one Sunday brought a possum to the President of the United States and had never heard of Lindbergh. The subject of this conference was schooling. Why had a boy like Ray never been to school? The father said it was because the nearest school was twenty miles away. Ray was one of twenty boys in the neighborhood who had no school to go to. The President and his camp friends thereupon raised a fund to build a school and create a community center.

A Number to Choose From

It may have taken as much time with Mr. Burraker under a tree to get the facts of one little mountain school problem as it took with the British Prime Minister, on a log by the river, to decide for holding an international conference on the size of navies. Who knows what values come first or how to weigh one against another?

The President finds time not only to examine every petition for executive clemency that comes up—and the number is large—but to have each one investigated by his own staff, then to read the report and decide. When he was asked why this work could not be delegated—to a commission, perhaps—he said, "No, I want to do it myself, for it is the best cross-section view I can get of how justice is administered in the country."

A ceaseless activity of the mind is from great richness of interest. It is supposed that the only time when the President awake is not using his mind in a conscious manner is the half hour spent every morning but Sunday at medicine-ball tennis on the White House green, with members of his cabinet, a justice of the Supreme Court, the chairman of the Federal Farm Board, a private secretary, or maybe two, and such others as may be wanted. After the game, coffee and toast in the open air, and there work begins. Not the reading or making of papers, nothing formal, but a serious play of thought upon current situations and events.

So at breakfast, luncheon and dinner. Then the evening, in a haze of tobacco smoke, ideal for certain working purposes, provided you have something on your mind and had the forethought to get the right people in.

And since there is a passionate interest in good government, there is time to search for men. During the Roosevelt Administration senators were particularly consulted about judicial appointments to Federal office in their states. From this developed an expectation among senators that they should be permitted to nominate men for these judicial positions as they nominate postmasters.

Mr. Hoover said to them: "Now don't begin by fixing your affections on any one man. We may find him unfit. Nominate in each case several men, and let us see, because hereafter every nominee shall be investigated by the Department of Justice and then appointed or rejected on his merits."

This was doctrine that worked for good government and for the private graveyard, but for nothing else—certainly for nothing in the amenities of practical politics. Acts proceeding toward good government are like facts proceeding toward the truth. In and of themselves they are not very exciting.

What People are Thinking

Probably, every President, as he comes to the end of his first year, begins to wish for an Arabian night, with a way to go among people in disguise and find out what they are freely thinking and saying about him. Washington would not do. There is no true ground tone of popular feeling in Washington, because people in the capital city are themselves too close to the Government. Therefore, he would have to go far and wide, and though he had command of ancient magic and was able to overcome the difficulties of time and space, still he could never hope to get away from the reporters and cameramen. But if it were possible, the only result might be that he should learn more about people and nothing about how to improve government.

Mr. Hoover, no doubt, would be disappointed to find how little people were saying of his work for good government and to discover that they would sooner judge his Administration by such facts as that he sent away the presidential yacht Mayflower and returned its crew to the Navy, or closed the White House stable and returned its horses to the Army. He might find that they had either forgotten or had never heard of mistakes and failures for which he was blaming himself, and were blaming him instead for the price of wheat, their losses in the stock market, or wetness in one place and dryness in another. After one such night he might give it up and search the text of the Evangelist: "If the whole body were an eye, where were the hearing? If the whole were hearing, where were the smelling? . . . And if they were all one member, where were the body?"

Is the body content with its head? Is the head acting as it would upon the body? No President is ever sure.

In the course of his night he would have discovered, if he did not know it before, that he is himself two. He is both The President and Mr. President, and they are not the same. One is to people collectively a symbol of themselves, image of their image, sign of their sign, and no hurt or offense cometh to him that cometh not to each of them also. The other is one of themselves temporarily raised to that office. Toward him they may be whimsical, censorious and full of cross judgments. And if the body were heard quarreling with the head, he would not know why. It might be a kind of wisdom in the body asserting itself as concerning the head, or it might be only a meaningless revolt in the members from weariness, boredom or perversity.

Presidency is a strange business at last. It is the point of view of one man at a time among one hundred and twenty million. That makes it strange enough. But how extraordinary, besides, is the natural fact of a continuous body with a discontinuous head.

In the social state the body is called the body politic; the business of changing its head is called politics. What is it in wild herd life? There is the same thing happening. The head is changed and the body goes on. Probably people were never taught to say, "The king is dead; long live the king!" It must have been the saying of instinct.

The Head of the Body Politic

Here, once in four years, we have an inaugural ceremony. The body politic is either taking a new head or confirming an old one for another term. If it is a change, the President goes with the President-elect all the way to the place of ritual on Capitol Hill, waits there until the new head has been elevated, and then privately departs into the collective body whence he came. The ex-President. The President then speaks in a voice he never heard before. The sound of it may be the same, and yet it is no longer his own. It is the voice of the President—the voice of the body.

After this, he is escorted through a tumult of acclaim to the White House, where for the duration of his term his person will be jealously guarded and his behavior will belong not to himself but to the tradition. On all occasions he shall be first—to move, to stand, to sit. He may be approached only through certain forms of address. Intimate friends may no longer call him by a familiar name. Suddenly, even to these, he is Mr. President. All of which, we say, is out of respect for the office. Only, what do we mean?

Headship, lordship, kingship, presidency—these are words to indicate different human ways with one fact of necessity—namely, the necessity of a body to be governed. Growth of intelligence in the body alters not the fact, only the way with it. Self-governing people are not free of that necessity. As a body politic they must have a head, no less than the savage tribe must have a chief or king.

In our attitudes and manners toward the President there is perhaps no form but may be traced back to tribal ways of great antiquity, including the contradiction that for all the ceremonial respect with which we surround the office, nevertheless we reserve full modern rights in a certain savage custom. That was to roll the symbol in the dust, partly for its own good and then for other reasons lying deep in human nature. In the histories of primitive mankind we are amused to read of tribes that chastened the king with sticks. This they did with apparently no loss of respect for the office of kingship. When the king had taken his beating as part of a hard job, they would set him back on the throne and bow down to him as before.

Fundamentally, perhaps, we have been less changed by civilization than we like to suppose. In our custom the infliction is not physical, and that is the principal difference. With no want of respect for the office, even though insisting that no mark of its traditional dignity shall be slurred, we take delight in the cruel convention of the art of cartoon and caricature. We laugh at seeing the President rolled in the dust and at representations of him that are grotesque, comic and belittling. It is expected that he shall laugh at them too; for, among other virtues, he must have a sense of humor. Or, that is to say, when he is beaten with the sticks of ridicule he must take it well; and he must also learn to take criticism from any source whatever.

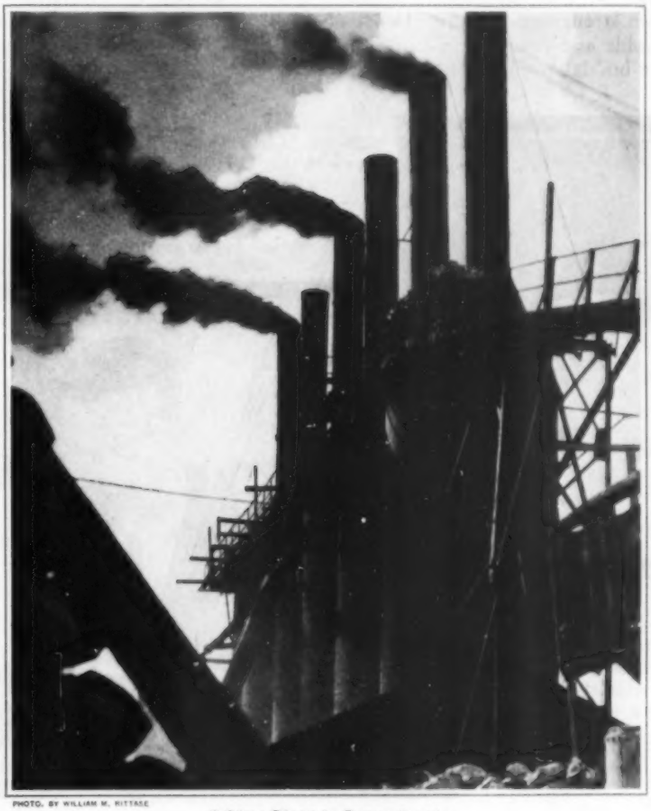

PHOTO. BY WILLIAM M. RITTASE

A Lime Plant in Pennsylvania

A New Kind of President

No individual within the body is without the right to pass verdict on the head, to say it is good or bad—which is in one case to say "I am for the President," and in the other to say "I am against the President," and in either case it is a great satisfaction for the ego, since it gives everyone a sense of power over the head. We call this democracy, or a republican form of government, and yet it has been always so since the first crude kind of government. In the body is no desire to be governed; there is only a sense of necessity.

Body and head. President and people. It is a very complex relation, with its root in a contradiction. Two principles of life, one of instinct and one of reason, are in natural tension.

Here, then, is a new kind of head, bringing the scientific methods of reason to bear upon political realities which are both reasonable and unreasonable. What are people thinking and saying of it?

Well, this may be very interesting. Of any other President we have talked always in a partisan manner with personal feeling. We have been for him or against him, either supporting or denouncing his things, and there was heat in it. But of this one we ask one another simply: "What do you think of the job Hoover is doing?" And that is a new sound among us.

"Yeast is used constantly in my

· · says world authority on nutrition, Professor Dr. Carl von Noorden, Geheimrat

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"No other food—and yeast *is* a food—is richer in vitamin B. When 'irradiated,' it contains great quantities of the 'sunshine' vitamin D. This vitamin strengthens endurance, fortifies against colds and disease. In those of growing age it builds strong bones and teeth. In expectant and nursing mothers it prevents and cures the softening of bones and teeth so common at these periods and protects the unborn or nursing child against rickets.

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Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's fresh Yeast daily, following the directions on the label. Every cake is rich in the *two* indispensable vitamins, B and D. At grocers, restaurants, soda fountains. Let us send you a booklet giving the health advice of world-famous doctors. Address Health Research Dept. YN-5, Fleischmann's Yeast, a product of Standard Brands Inc., 597 Madison Ave., New York City.

(*Above*) "How I dreaded those terrible colds and winter sicknesses!" *writes* Mrs. R. F. Finneran *of Columbus, O.* "I felt sluggish, listless—due perhaps to staying indoors too much . . . I started eating yeast chiefly for its laxative effect. My sluggishness disappeared. I had worlds of new pep. And I found I could go through a whole winter without one of those awful colds."

(*Below*) "I am a commercial artist and sometimes have to work late into the night," *writes* John C. Pellew *of New York City.* "A year ago I was on the verge of a nervous breakdown. Fleischmann's Yeast was what pulled me through. I was skeptical about trying it but it worked wonders in my run-down condition."

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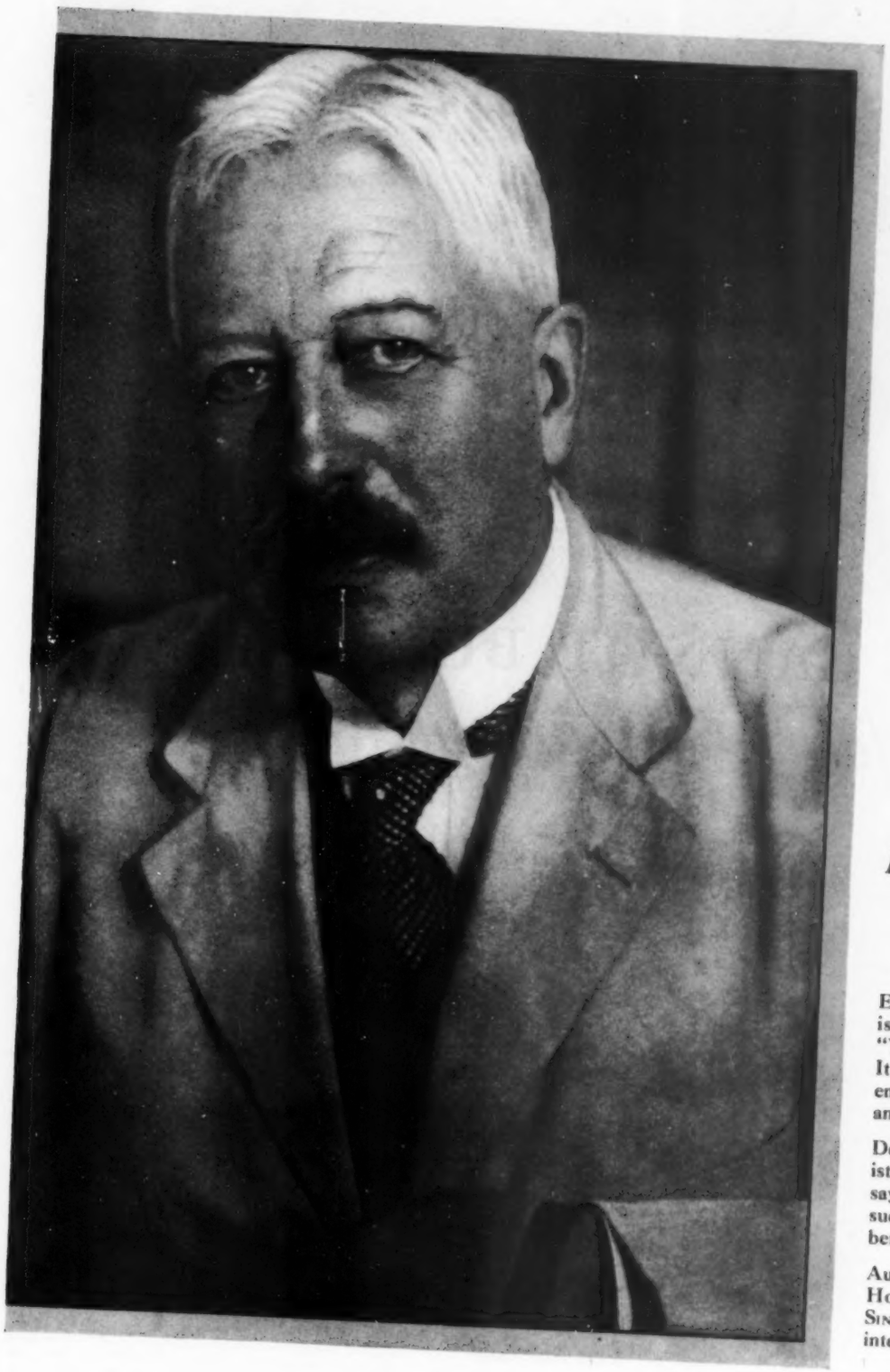
clinic··*its results are Astonishing*"



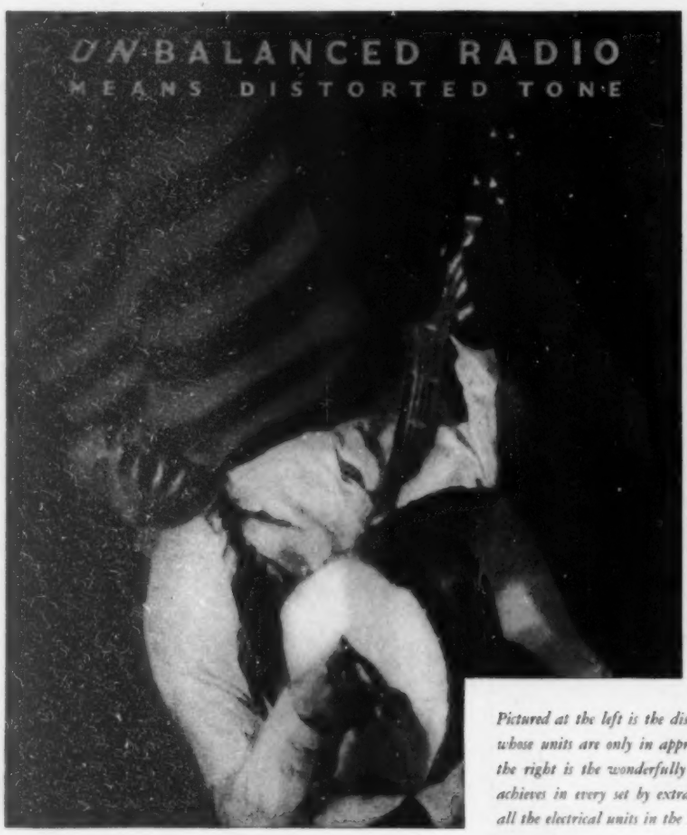
Founder of Europe's most exclusive clinic, at Frankfort, Germany; physician to royalty; recently appointed consulting head of the leading hospital in Vienna; author of hundreds of medical articles and books; bearer of titles from all the governments of Europe.

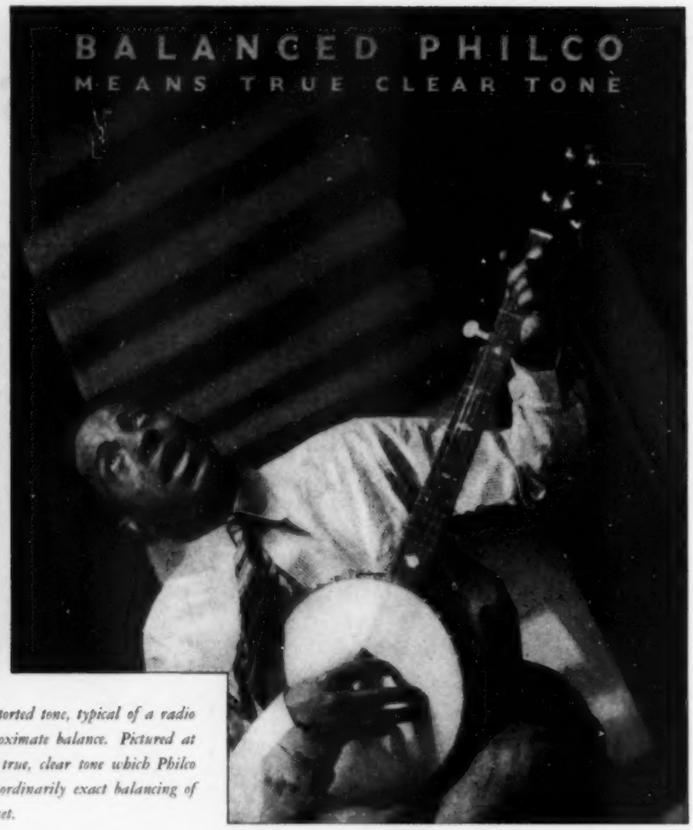
Famous Specialists Give Simple Health Rule—

Europe's greatest stomach specialist, Dr. Maurice Delort, says: "Yeast acts as a digestive cleanser. It stimulates gastric secretion and encourages the working of stomach and intestines."

Dean of Stockholm's skin specialists, Professor Dr. Johan Almkvist, says: "For twenty-five years I have successfully used yeast for a number of different skin troubles."

Austria's great internal specialist, Hofrat Professor Dr. Gustav Singer, says: "Yeast is the best intestinal purifier known."





Pictured at the left is the distorted tone, typical of a radio whose units are only in approximate balance. Pictured at the right is the wonderfully true, clear tone which Philco achieves in every set by extraordinarily exact balancing of all the electrical units in the set.

MONEY CANNOT BUY MORE

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Yet Screen Grid Balanced-Unit Quality is within the reach of all

FOR THE first time in radio history—*all price comparisons are out of date!*

Pay no attention to the price on the label. Listen only for pure, *balanced* tone; super-acute selectivity; great power; enthralling distance range; more stations. Buy radio on the basis of *comparison demonstrated in your own home,* under your own conditions.

You will find, *then,* that Philco's invention and perfection of an entirely new radio circuit, now built into the wonderful new Philco 1930 Screen Grid and Screen Grid Plus Radios, will give you *more radio for less money* than has ever been known before—quality supreme—at amazingly low prices.

1. *Philco Screen Grid Plus*—Automatic Volume Control has been achieved in this 9-tube super-radio for people who want super-performance. It has concert hall volume when you want it. It has such power that you should be able to enjoy broadcasting from both coasts of America—perhaps from stations beyond our borders. The Automatic Volume Control *holds* far away stations without the usual fading and lets you enjoy their fine programs. A new, double-tuned input circuit sharpens selectivity. Crowded stations are tuned in without "cross-talk" anywhere on the dial. And of course the famous Philco *tone,* produced by exact balancing of all electrical units, is as clear and true as ever—*no distortion* at any volume you like.

NEW CONSOLE

A charming cabinet with genuine butt walnut and bird's-eye maple panels. Screen Grid Chassis $112

PHILCO

2. *Philco Screen Grid*—This new 7-tube, four condenser set is, like the Philco Screen Grid Plus, a most astonishing value. Philco's new development—use of a screen grid tube as the detector—just about *doubles* amplification. Tremendous power brings in far distant stations. Of course, location does make a difference but the *range* of this set is only surpassed by Philco's new 9-tube set. It, too, has the sharper selectivity provided by a double-tuned input circuit, with reduction of static and background noises. And balanced electrical units give it the same magnificent *tone.*

Prove to yourself, in your home, with your hand on the dial, that radio has taken a great step forward in these new Philco sets. Any Philco dealer will be glad to arrange a free demonstration—easy terms if you decide to buy.

Philco dealers can show you a complete range of exquisite models, including Table Models, Consoles, Lowboys, Highboys, de luxe Highboys; ranging in price from $67 to $225.

Slightly higher in Canada, Rocky Mountains and West. Each model, regardless of price, includes a built-in Electro-Dynamic Speaker with two 245 power tubes, push-pull. All prices less tubes.

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BALANCED-UNIT RADIO

UP THE LADDER OF GOLD

(Continued from Page 21)

Warren Rand seemed to be listening to the music—the jazz music which he hated.

"I may have come over here to see that you don't," was his somewhat delayed answer.

Felix Behrling rocked in his place and wiped the perspiration from his forehead.

"It would be easier," he declared bombastically, "to stop the sequence of the days than to destroy in man's heart the love of fighting. They tell me that you can reap the news of the world in half an hour. Why not? You were born and bred on newspapers—printers' ink in your veins, sometimes I think, instead of good red blood. I'll tell you something. You're responsible for Geneva. You've kept it going. I tell you, there's been more poison and lying in those stuccoed halls than was ever let loose in the trenches. You are trying to do the impossible, my squat Napoleon of the press. You are trying to alter the balance of the world. You may get the weights into your hand, but you'll never be allowed to juggle with them. The world's against you, enemy of mine, and you, after all, are only one man."

The music started again. Chloe sprang up and dragged him away.

"I want to dance!" she cried. "You waste too much time talking."

Behrling paused only long enough to drink a glass of wine. Then he took her into his arms. "Even these children," he called down as he passed the opposite table, "have learned some wisdom."

VIII

WARREN RAND spent the next eight days in the manner he loved. He scarcely moved from his palatial suite of apartments, which contained, indeed, everything necessary for a man's daily welfare, from gymnasium and swimming baths to an open-air promenade upon the roof. Most of the time he was closeted with John Glynde, or with Tellesom, or with Philip Reich, the head of his foreign-newspaper department, and during this long series of conferences the telephone and cable wires hummed with vital and impressive words. On the ninth day Warren Rand was ready for the next move in the game. He received by appointment no less a person than Herr Anselm Loeb, a cabinet minister of the German Republic, president of the Berliner-Düsseldorf Bank, and representative of Germany at the Geneva Conference.

Loeb was a small man, perfectly dressed, with flaxen hair, which was obviously a wig, false teeth, and the manners and gestures of a performing doll. Warren Rand affected not to see his outstretched hand, and received him, indeed, with the barest show of civility. He waved him to a chair, and for welcome contented himself with a brusque little nod.

"This is a great pleasure for me," Herr Loeb declared, unabashed by his reception. "I have for a long time looked forward to making the acquaintance of one so famous in the world of finance and journalism."

"Thank you, Herr Loeb," Warren Rand replied. "I think you would rather have attended my funeral than come to hear what I have to say to you. Please understand, to commence with, that I am no diplomat. You are up against certain interests of mine, and I have come over to Europe to see that those interests are preserved and respected. I have sent for you to visit me here, not to argue with you or to plead with you, but to show you that you had better change your line of action, and change it quickly. I consider you, more than any of the other representatives, are responsible for the spirit of unrest which exists among many of the members of the conference at Geneva."

The pink-and-white amiability faded from Herr Loeb's face. With the disappearance of his perpetual smile, his mouth hardened, but became more like the feature of a human being.

"Don't trouble to deny anything," Warren Rand went on. "It wouldn't make any difference, and I only speak of the things I know. The first is this: You, in league with Felix Behrling, are the secret directors of a band of ruffians whom you make use of to terrify people who are in your way and in the way of your policy. One of them was out after me last Monday week. He is in Westminster Hospital at the present moment, and still unconscious. The next one who comes, you'll have to look for in the mortuary. My men learned this game before you thought of it."

Herr Loeb, when he chose, was a very eloquent man. He had learned a greater gift, however—the gift of silence. He continued to look across at his companion with expressionless face and tightly closed lips.

"The second thing I have against you," Warren Rand continued, "is that it was entirely owing to the advice given by you to your government that the Disarmament Treaty remains unsigned at Geneva."

"That is not true," Herr Loeb pronounced. "Italy was opposed to it; even England is still hesitating."

"You were the first dissentient," Warren Rand declared. "When you reopen, it will be your first task to announce that you and Russia are prepared to sign the Disarmament Treaty."

"And what about England?" Herr Loeb demanded.

"That is my affair," was the cold reply. "You see, there's no subtlety about my methods. Before you leave this apartment, I require your undertaking to sign. I also require an undertaking that I shall not be further molested in this capital, and that Felix Behrling and his myrmidons shall remove their activities elsewhere."

Anselm Loeb's face relaxed. The grimness with which he had been listening passed. He laughed quietly but heartily. There was a vein of sarcasm in his mirth, but he was distinctly more himself.

"You ask a good deal for a man who offers nothing," he remarked.

"My offer is coming, but as a threat, not a bribe," Warren Rand rejoined. "You know. I presume, the names of your principal newspapers."

"The world knows them. They are of our best."

"They belong to me," Warren Rand announced.

Herr Loeb's reëstablished self-control momentarily deserted him. He sat with his mouth wide open, staring across at his companion.

"That is not possible," he muttered.

Warren Rand touched one of the colored bells upon his desk.

"I scarcely expected you to believe my word," he observed. "Proof, however, is easy. . . . I want the signed agreements and receipts from the German newspapers, also a copy of yesterday's articles which have been written by members of the staff here for the Sunday edition of the Tablet," he went on, turning to John Glynde, who had made due appearance, a roll of papers in his hand.

The latter nodded.

"I thought that might have been what you rang for," he said. "You'll find everything here."

"Hand over the papers to Herr Loeb."

John Glynde did as he was bidden, and left the room. Warren Rand waited patiently while his *vis-à-vis* examined the documents. The latter was of slow and precise habits. When at last he had finished his examination, which was interspersed with many guttural exclamations of amazement, the fingers which gripped the papers were trembling.

"I am compelled to believe you," he acknowledged at last. "Well?"

"Through the medium of the press," Warren Rand pointed out, "I am now in a position at any moment to let the German public know of your activities, carried out through Felix Behrling, to let your cabinet know the real reason for your refusal to sign the Disarmament Treaty, and the probable consequences which you may have to face, and also to acquaint the financial world with the fact that the bank of which you are president is, notwithstanding its position on paper, a thoroughly unsound institution."

Loeb was stung at last. He almost leaped from his chair.

"You lie!" he shouted. "You know nothing of what you speak. Seventy millions of marks we have of surplus. We have made huge profits for three years."

"On paper," was Warren Rand's cool comment. "Now I will show you a few further documents. You see, I make no statements without proofs, and I have evidence here which might alter even your opinion of your own bank. You are its president, and you will admit that it has certain attachments to the state, and certain responsibilities. You are not allowed, for instance, to accept loans from foreign countries or invest capital in commercial undertakings outside Germany, without the consent of the governors of the bank?"

"What of it?"

Warren Rand glanced at the slip of paper which he held in his hand.

"You are at the present moment," he continued, "owing a bank in New York twenty-one million dollars. You owe a bank in Boston thirteen million dollars. You owe a smaller Western bank something between four and five million dollars. These loans have all been arranged for without the knowledge of your fellow governors."

A dull, brick-red tinge had marred the smoothness of Herr Loeb's pink-and-white complexion. He was showing his false teeth, and he was a very ugly man.

"There were special reasons for those loans," he insisted. "They are not your business anyway. They can be wiped off at any moment."

"You bought stocks and bonds with them," Warren Rand observed, "in which you had no right to deal. As for the possibility of wiping off the loans at any moment, you can only do so by selling those stocks. Have you seen today's New York market?"

"It would not be possible," Loeb replied. "It has not been open for more than an hour, English time."

Warren Rand touched one of the bells on his desk. A clerk from the banking department made his appearance.

"The connection with New York is open?" Warren Rand asked.

"It will not be disturbed until midday, sir," the young man replied.

"How are markets?"

"An utterly unexpected slump," was the prompt answer. "Nearly every one of the public utilities is down fifteen to twenty points. Everyone is rushing about for money. Rates have gone up tremendously."

Warren Rand nodded.

"Keep in touch," he directed. "Mr. Glynde will have some orders to put in directly."

The German banker had lost alike his dignity and his poise. He was shivering in his chair.

"What can be the meaning of a slump like this?" he demanded. "I don't understand."

"The market is at all times very sensitive," the other observed, "but the immediate cause is without a doubt the fact that I opened a large bear account this morning. Now, you say you can pay off your borrowings, Mr. Loeb. Well, come along with it. We need the money."

"Whom do you mean by 'we'?" Loeb faltered.

"I am a director of the two banks from which you borrowed these sums for repayment on demand, and we have decided to call in our loans," was the suave reply.

"I am beaten," Loeb acknowledged bitterly. "Let me hear your terms, Mr. Rand."

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Taste it! There's a thrill in every sip! No wonder FLORIDAGOLD is not only *the* new breakfast-menu special, but also an especially keen drink for any time of the day!

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Please send me one-half case (12 cans) of FLORIDAGOLD Grapefruit Juice at the special introductory price of $1.80 which I enclose.

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"They are better than you deserve. You will withdraw your opposition to the Disarmament Treaty and use your influence in Berlin in its favor. This country I will deal with myself. You will send Felix Behrling about his business and see that I am not further molested while I am in England. I, on the other hand, will undertake to bring about a more normal market again before closing time today, and your loans can run for a reasonable extension."

"I agree," Anselm Loeb gasped.

"Bear this in mind too: I have a private secretary—John Glynde—who holds a post-mortem power of attorney on my behalf, and if anything should happen to me within the next few days, he will act exactly as I should have done."

"I will keep my word," Anselm Loeb promised as he rose to his feet. "You need have no fear of that. I only wish ——"

"Well, what is it that you wish?" Warren Rand asked, as the other stood, drawing on his gloves.

"That you were a German. America doesn't need men like you. We do."

Tellesom duly presented himself in response to Warren Rand's summons.

"I have come to an understanding with Anselm Loeb," the latter announced. "Felix Behrling will have to suspend operations for the moment. I think you need a holiday."

"Just as you like," Tellesom replied understandingly. "Any particular neighborhood?"

"Antibes. Hôtel du Cap d'Antibes. There's probably something doing around there we might be interested in. I have only scattered threads at present, but they are coming together. I am off to Geneva in a few days, and may finish there. All I can tell you for the present is that Poynton, one of the British representatives at the conference, is meeting an Italian down on that coast, and Behrling is there already."

Tellesom sent for a Continental A. B. C., and the next morning he left for the South of France by the Blue Train.

IX

WARREN RAND'S next visitor was a very different affair. She entered joyously, with a waft of many perfumes, and the trill of her laughter was ringing through the room from the moment of her appearance. She stood on the other side of Warren Rand's desk and looked at him provocatively. He motioned her sternly to a chair.

"Young lady," he said, "you were told not to come here in Colonel Tellesom's absence except in cases of emergency."

"The emergency is here," she replied. "I have quarreled with Felix Behrling. I knew him first at Berlin and Vienna, but he neglects me all the time now for Chloe. It is no longer possible to make a *partie à trois*."

"You were very foolish to quarrel with him," Warren Rand declared. "That means, I suppose, that you can bring us no more information. No information, no pay, you know."

"Oh, la, la!" the young lady exclaimed. "Money is not so difficult. All men are not so hard with us as you, Mr. Warren Rand."

She laughed at him, with all the invitation of her wicked little soul shining in her eyes, found him unbending, and made a grimace. "Ah, well," she sighed, opening her vanity case and gazing into a mirror, "I must be getting ugly, I suppose."

"May I inquire," he ventured, "whether your coming here was for the purpose of completing your toilet?"

"What a man!" she exclaimed. "I bring great information. I shall surprise you."

"Perhaps you will; perhaps not."

"Felix Behrling has left London," she announced.

"For the South of France," Warren Rand added. "He arrived there the day before yesterday. He is staying at the Hôtel du Cap d'Antibes."

She closed her vanity case with a snap. An unbecoming frown seemed to take the sparkle from her face.

"Why do you employ me at all?" she demanded irritably. "Why did you send your *beau garçon*, Charles Tellesom, out to dine with me, and dance with me, and whisper nonsense in my ear? Of what use am I to you? You appear to know most things already."

"One always hopes," he remarked, looking across at her keenly, "that you may bring some information really worth having. The few hundreds you have earned already are only trifles. Felix Behrling has evidently forsaken you for Chloe, especially as I hear that he has taken her with him. I wonder that you don't seriously try to earn the diamonds which, I understand, are your favorite stone."

She fidgeted a little in her chair. A graver expression had crept into her baby face. Warren Rand, watching her closely, recognized the unmistakable light of fear in the depths of her beringed eyes. Her chair was close to the desk, but she leaned forward.

"There is something I could tell you," she confessed, "but I am afraid."

"Afraid of what?"

"Felix Behrling."

"How is he likely to find out? Words that are spoken in this room are spoken as though in the grave."

"One never satisfies oneself entirely about Felix," she said uneasily. "There are many times when he seems as he was the other night—a great, overgrown schoolboy, loving the gay life; and there are other times, just once or twice, when I have seen a cruel look in his eyes. When we quarreled finally, when I told him that I would go no more out with him and Chloe, to be neglected, he was terrible, and he didn't know—he didn't know the secret I am carrying with me."

"A strange person," Warren Rand murmured.

She dabbed at her eyes.

"Something like hysteria came to me," she went on. "I walked up and down the room, and I shouted at him. If I had had a knife in my hand —— Still, what can one do against a man like that? Monsieur Rand, I confess it—the tears were streaming down my cheeks. I was shrieking abuse at him, and then, quite suddenly, it all went. I found myself growing cold inside. He was no longer Felix Behrling of the gay life. He was sitting quite still. He was as still even as you—simply looking at me. I felt him asking questions of himself—asking himself, How much does she know? Is it safe to allow her to live? I swear, Monsieur Rand, that it was an inspired moment. I read those thoughts in his brain. Perhaps he's still asking himself the same question: How much does she know? And I know more than he would believe."

"Very well," Warren Rand said. "Tell me what you know. You have never found Tellesom or any of my people lacking in generosity. You will be paid according to the value of what you tell me. For certain information I should pay very high indeed."

The girl was agitated. She had worked herself up to this, but she was afraid. A little wisp of hair had stolen out from underneath her hat. The make-up upon her face was losing its pristine effectiveness. What did it matter? The man before her was hopeless.

Studying her closely, Warren Rand decided that what he was about to hear would be the truth.

"Tell me," he asked: "How do you know what sort of information I am in need of?"

"I know it from him," she confided. "Before Chloe was his favorite he talked more freely to me, and besides—this is where I learned most—when he dozes he talks. You will know if I speak the truth. I commence, then. It is war he wants—war within five years. And peace, you. Am I right?"

"You are right," Warren Rand acknowledged.

"He has a great new scheme," she went on—"a new alliance. The face of Europe is to be changed once more, and Germany is to regain everything she has lost. Why do I talk like this, I wonder? You may succeed in forcing them to sign the Treaty—how do you call it?—of Disarmament. They sign it with the tongue in the cheek. The Peace Pact is to follow. The Peace Pact, which is to make the nations a flock of lambs. Oh, la, la! How I talk—and I do not even know yet for what recompense I run this terrible risk."

"If you tell me what I am hoping you will tell me," he said softly, scribbling on a check form which he had taken from his drawer, "I shall give you this chit. You see, it is for ten thousand pounds. They will cash it for you in the bank below at any moment. It is a million and a quarter francs."

"You are a prince!" she gasped, a flood of joy suddenly dissipating all her fears. "With money like that, one can live. I shall tell you my own story—the story of Clara von Trugner, whom you know only as Lucie. When I have told it, you shall judge whether it is worth while. Come nearer. Every one of these words would mean a knife in the heart if those others were here."

Warren Rand leaned across his desk and listened. When she had finished her little torrent of hoarse, breathless words and had passed over to him the little scented pocketbook which she drew from a portion of her clothing, he handed her the chit for ten thousand pounds.

X

TELLESOM lay flat upon the rocks, the upper portion of his bathing costume, as was the custom at Antibes, removed, his long, brown body glistening still with the sea shine. His arms were outstretched, his eyes closed, his whole state one of luxurious repose, indicating to all appearance a torpor mental as well as physical. Appearances, however, lied. Half the time he was listening for a familiar sound entering the bay; the other half his eyes were traveling down the winding path which led to the little cluster of hut bungalows built among the pine trees. Sarah Hincks, the spoiled, precocious darling of the hotel, clad in pajamas, and with her deep yellow hair blowing in the breeze, stopped to speak to him.

"Colonel Tellesom," she remarked, "who is this charming, overwhelming, fat giant who seems to have taken all the young women by storm? Rather a nice little thing of his own he seems to have, too—Mademoiselle Chloe, I think they call her. I saw her wave her hand to you the other day."

Tellesom raised his head. "Don't know the gentleman," he replied.

"They say he's a German," she went on. "Can't be helped. I think he's most amusing."

"A trifle noisy," Tellesom ventured.

"Better than being thoroughly unsociable, anyhow," she rejoined, with a friendly grimace, as she passed on.

Into the smiling bay, with its thronged rafts, its sprinkling of motorboats, its crowd of young people swimming and aquaplaning, came commotion. A small racing motorboat, her nose well in the air, leaving behind a long trail of churned water, flashed round the bend from Cannes and headed for the landing place. The motley gathering of pajama-clad loungers leaned over the terrace to watch its approach. The man at the wheel sat motionless and unbending at his task. His single companion—a mechanic—sprawling on his stomach in front, was almost invisible through the spray. A ripple of curiosity ran through the onlookers. It was a cliquy little place, yet an unknown motorboat had found its way into its jealously guarded waters.

"American engines," one expert declared.

"Faster than anything here—faster than my boat," Merton Joyce, a cotton millionaire, sighed. "Wonder where he got her?"

The throb in the air suddenly ceased. The boat swung round in a graceful semicircle and glided to the landing stage.

Everyone watched Warren Rand's disembarkation and approach as he climbed

(Continued on Page 133)

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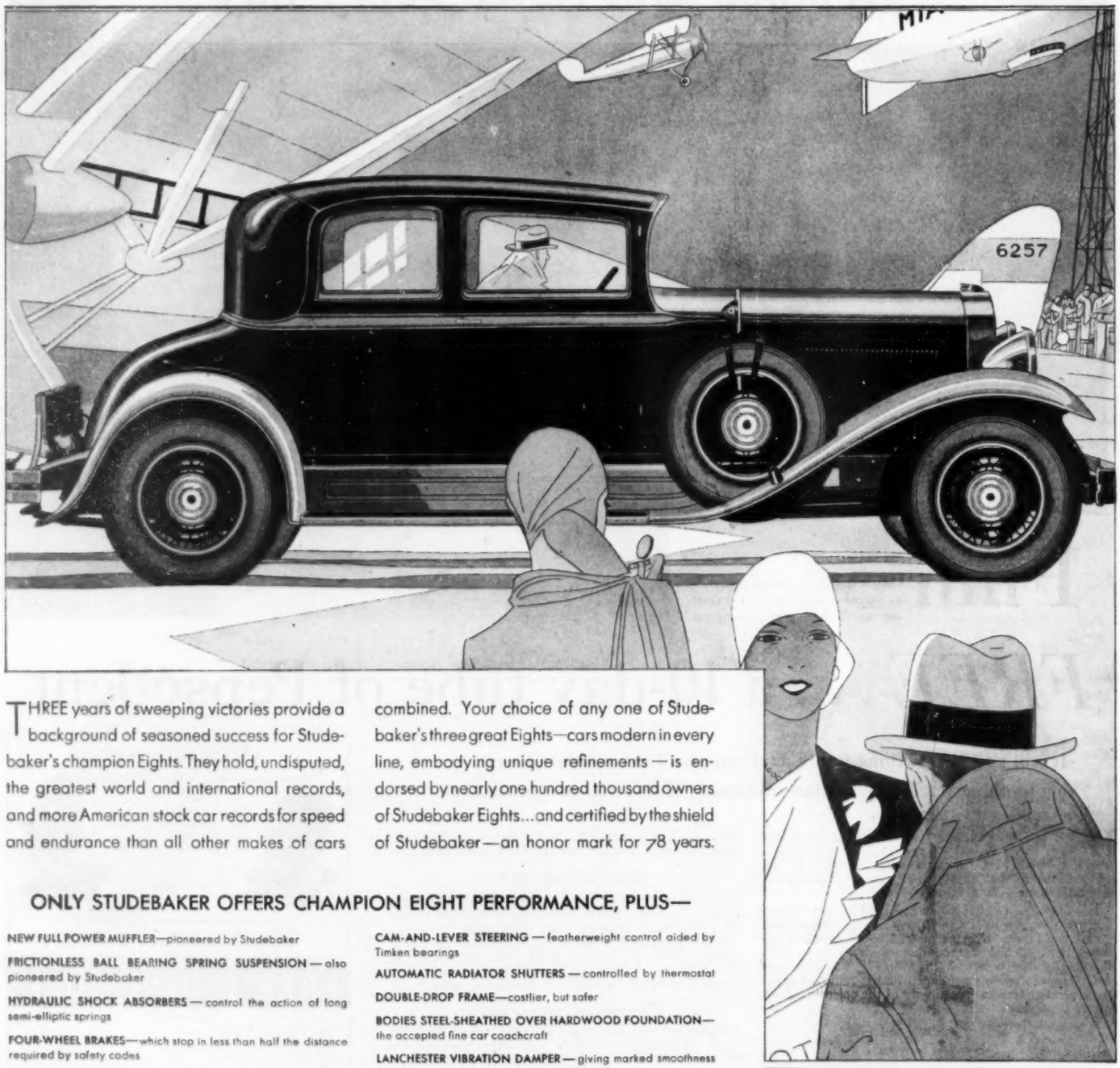

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(Continued from Page 130)

the steps. He wore the customary double-breasted blue serge coat and a pair of white flannel trousers, but if one had figured him as a sailor, it would have been as mate, and not captain. He faced the curious regard of the little assembly at the top of the steps, however, without self-consciousness, and threaded his way among them with indifference. Merton Joyce addressed him pleasantly.

"A fast boat, that of yours, sir," he remarked.

Warren Rand paused. He hesitated almost to the point of incivility before replying. When he did so, however, his voice created, as it often did, a curious impression. Not absolutely agreeable, it possessed still, in indifference, the cool and cultured diction of a person of breeding.

"She is speedy," he admitted. "Could you tell me if Colonel Tellesom is here?"

A dozen fingers pointed to the rock below, now deserted.

"Colonel Tellesom—he was there a moment ago. He generally has a little corner of his own."

"Here he comes, up the steps," someone else volunteered.

Tellesom, who had donned a thin silk dressing gown over his bathing suit, came swiftly on to the terrace to meet his visitor. The two men moved to one side together.

"I got your telephone message at Geneva, and started at once," Warren Rand began.

Tellesom nodded. "The Italian is here," he confided. "He and Behrling have gone down to one of those huts together. Poynton hasn't arrived yet. I have two men watching. What do you wish to do?"

Warren Rand spoke without hesitation.

"I wish to wait until they are all together," he decided. "Go about your business until that time comes. I shall sit over there," he went on, indicating an umbrella-shaded seat, close at hand. "Fetch me when you get word."

Tellesom turned away into the dressing room, his acquiescence the slightest and most British of gestures. When he reappeared a few minutes later the loiterers had returned to their places. Warren Rand was seated upon the extreme outskirts of the little gathering, gazing seaward. Sarah Hincks, who had been lounging on the top of the steps leading to the bathing pool, came over and seated herself by Tellesom.

"Say, you needn't look as though someone had stung you," she expostulated. "I suppose you are human, even though you don't want to talk to anyone. You are one of the few men here who haven't asked me to have a cocktail this morning. What are you going to do about that?"

He summoned a waiter grudgingly and transmitted an order. Sarah Hincks was practically the only person who had not respected his closely drawn mantle of reserve, his obvious, double-dyed British desire to be left alone himself, precisely as he left everyone else alone.

"You ought to be playing with your dolls instead of smoking cigarettes," he said, with just that underlying note of humor in his tone and twinkle in his eyes which saved his remark from being offensive.

She indulged in a gesture of derision—a gesture with which was associated the extreme tip of a pink and shapely tongue.

"Listen to grandpa!" she scoffed. "Don't keep on looking into the woods, please, when I am here."

Tellesom removed his eyes from the closed door of the distant bungalow. Notwithstanding her undoubted charm and the envy he was exciting among the crowd of young men gathered round the bar, he could have picked her up in her pajamas and thrown her into the water with pleasure. All the time the same chorus of questions was throbbing in his brain. Exactly what was happening in the hut? Had he been wise in keeping Warren Rand away until the arrival of the Italian? Exactly what was to be the next move? The cocktails were brought and served. Sarah leaned forward in her chair.

"I am going to put you through it now, Colonel Tellesom," she threatened, "so it's no use looking like a thundercloud. I have found you out, and I'll tell everyone if you get fierce with me."

Tellesom's spasm of impatient irritation had passed. He was apprehensive, but polite.

"So you have found me out, have you, young lady? Tell me exactly what that means?"

The most attractive hazel eyes in the world laughed into his. She laid her little hand, still moist from the sea, upon his own, with an almost affectionate gesture.

"Don't get so scared," she begged. "Listen to me, please. A week ago I spoke to you. They all bet me that I wouldn't, but I did. How fierce you were!"

"Are these reminiscences essential?" he asked.

"That sort of talk won't put me off my stroke," she assured him. "Listen! I asked you why you didn't come swimming and jollying around with us. You snapped out that you didn't swim and didn't play tennis. You followed that up with a sort of muttered growl that the young people of today talked a jargon that you didn't understand."

"Well?"

"Two mornings following," she went on impressively, "I looked out of my window at six o'clock, and saw you take the high dive and swim out to the raft. At seven you were playing tennis with the pro, and yet this morning is the first time you have even put bathing clothes on at a civilized hour, and no one but me has ever seen you with a racket."

Tellesom made no reply. He had fancied that he had seen someone moving among the trees, and his eyes were once more fixed upon the hut.

"I am not through yet," the girl continued, with unabated cheerfulness. "I asked you to dance with me the night before last, and you said that you didn't dance. What about Maxim's the other evening?"

He looked at her, frowning. "Were you there?"

"I certainly was, and I saw you with that beautiful little Austrian blonde. There didn't seem to be much you didn't know about the tango. Why do you hide all your accomplishments and keep away from us? We are rather noisy sometimes, but we aren't a bad crowd. Too much shouting and gramophone about us, I know, but we'd tone down if it was worth while."

"I think you're all very charming," he assured her, "but, to tell you the honest truth, I don't like crowds, and you're all of an earlier generation than mine. I'm here for a rest, and I really want to be left alone."

The mischievous light left her face, and she was silent for a moment. "All right," she sighed reluctantly. "I'll go."

"I suppose," he observed, "that you've told all your friends that I swim early in the morning, play tennis with the pro and dance at Maxim's?"

"I haven't told them a thing," she rejoined indignantly—"not one single thing."

He was eying her keenly enough now. "Why not?"

"It was a silly idea of mine," she admitted. "I just felt that you had some reason for keeping apart from us all and keeping your accomplishments to yourself, and I thought I wouldn't give you away."

Then, for a moment, Tellesom looked at Sarah Hincks as she had very much hoped from the first that he might some day look at her. She almost blushed with pleasure.

"I thank you very much," he said gravely.

"Who is that?" she demanded. "The man who came in the motorboat? The man who is looking at us so strangely now?"

His eyes followed her gesture. Warren Rand had risen to his feet and was looking across toward them. There was something in the fixed intentness of his observation which almost startled Tellesom.

"I can't tell you anything about him," Tellesom replied.

"Why can't you?" she persisted, with a curious note of eagerness in her tone. "He asked for you. You must know who he is."

He could feel her cold fingers gripping his flesh. Opposite to them, Warren Rand was standing like a figure of stone.

"I will tell you this much," Tellesom confided: "He comes from your country, but he is not anyone whom you would be likely to know. You see, I treat you with every confidence. He is my employer, and if I told anyone his name without his permission it would cost me my place."

"Your employer!"

He nodded. Her fingers relaxed. She waved her hand to the vociferous group of her friends who were hailing her.

"I must go," she said.

She left him without further questioning or word of farewell. He watched her cross the sunlit little space, with a frown upon his forehead. She had lost all her easy grace of joyous movement. Once she paused, gripping an umbrella post as though to steady herself. Her light-hearted crowd of companions had sallied out from the pavilion bar and half carried her in. The man who had torn down the broad road from the hotel upon a motor bicycle, with a cloud of dust behind him, touched Tellesom upon the shoulder.

"The Englishman has arrived, sir," he announced. "He is on his way to the hut."

XI

THE door of the little bungalow in the woods to which Tellesom led his chief was closed, but from the opened windows came the soft murmur of voices. At Tellesom's summons the voices ceased. He tapped again, and after a brief delay the door was swung open, casually enough to all appearance, although Felix Behrling's bulky figure blocked all ingress. His sunny smile, which had endeared him to so many of the holiday makers at Antibes on his frequent visits there, was gone. There were suspicion and consternation in his eyes as he looked out and recognized his visitors, a scowl upon his forehead.

"What do you two want here?" he demanded, without any form of greeting or without even an effort at civility.

"We wanted to join in the discussion, if we might," Tellesom confided. "My chief has certain propositions to make."

"What discussion?"

"The discussion between you, Signor Cantani, and the Right Honorable Frederick Poynton," Warren Rand answered dryly.

"You are talking rubbish," was Felix Behrling's brusque comment. "I am here to meet a friend in my private bungalow, to talk over a purely personal matter."

"There are times, Felix Behrling," Warren Rand said, "when a bluff may come off. This is not one of them. You are here for the purpose of holding a discussion with Signor Cantani, the Italian Minister of War, and Poynton, who is an English cabinet minister. You all three represent countries who made peculiar difficulties about the Disarmament Treaty, and who have suddenly adopted an entirely evasive attitude with regard to the Peace Pact. What are you here to discuss? Why this hesitation about agreeing to sign the Peace Pact, which would seem to be the natural corollary to the Disarmament Treaty?"

"What the devil business is it of yours?" Felix Behrling demanded. "You don't represent anybody. You have not the slightest right to break in upon a private conference."

"If you will ask Mr. Poynton and Signor Cantani to present themselves," Warren Rand promised, "I will explain to you exactly what part I am likely to have in the conference, and how important that part is."

There was a little movement from behind the partition. His two guests were evidently waiting to take their cue from Behrling. He, seeming larger and grosser than ever in the narrow confines of the room, remained for a few moments speechless, his eyes fixed upon the intruders. It was a silence pregnant with unseen forces. Outside was the soft gurgle of the sea; in the far distance, the low strain of the orchestra

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THE CAP WITH THE LITTLE LEVER

playing for the lunchers at the Eden Roc. Warren Rand's immobility of feature remained undisturbed. Behrling's expression, on the other hand, was dour and threatening.

"You can come in if you must," he conceded, in a tone which literally shook with anger. "At your own risk, mind, as soon as the door is shut."

"We both have courage enough for that," Warren Rand remarked as he stepped inside. "Now then, if you two gentlemen behind that partition will come along, we can perhaps get on with the business."

They made undignified entrance—Poynton, a sturdily built man, of sandy complexion, rather coarse features, and a slight tendency to a cast in one of his eyes; Cantani, the typical Italian, with black hair, sallow complexion, mustache and imperial streaked with gray. Both were a little anxious. Both were thoroughly out of temper with their host.

"What are these fellows doing, butting in?" Poynton demanded.

"We came for a private discussion," Cantani added. "I object to meeting strangers. Who is this young man who knows my name?"

"Compared to his companion, he is insignificant," Behrling confided. "He held a position in the British Intelligence Department during the war."

"You don't hold a British Government post now," Poynton asserted. "I am sure of that anyway."

"I do not," Tellesom acknowledged.

"Then what are you? An independent spy?" Poynton sneered. "I will have your antecedents traced when I get back to England. My people aren't standing for any more of this secret-diplomacy business."

Tellesom smiled. "Then what, might one ask, are you doing here?" he ventured.

"What the devil do you suggest I'm doing?" was the angry rejoinder. "I am out here for a holiday and to meet a few of my friends. As for you, sir, I still don't know what you mean by forcing your way in here with your taciturn companion."

Tellesom smiled again, and to all three men there was something menacing in the level and mirthless parting of his lips.

"I have at the present moment another activity in life," he admitted, "which is perhaps of even greater importance than any post I ever held under His Majesty's Government. I am chief of the staff, if I may call myself so, to my friend here, who plays some part in international affairs."

"And who, in the name of the devil, is your friend?" the Italian exclaimed.

"My friend's name is Warren Rand," Tellesom confided. "Behrling knows him."

The announcement came like a bombshell. The Italian and the Englishman exchanged swift glances of apprehension.

"Does that mean that our meeting here will be reported in all the newspapers?" Poynton asked nervously.

"Not of necessity," Tellesom replied. "It depends on how our conference ends."

"This is the position, gentlemen," Warren Rand intervened: "I have a representative at Geneva whose reports I study carefully, and I do not understand the eagerness on the part of certain of the powers to sign the Disarmament Treaty, while at the same time they preserve a vague attitude to the Peace Pact. Furthermore, my agents in Europe have reported a continual stream of correspondence between Berlin, Rome and Downing Street, and a number of secret meetings such as this one between representatives of the three countries. I am inclined to believe that there is something afoot of which the press has not been informed."

"Why this continual drivel about the press?" Behrling demanded. "We are bullied enough by them, but we are not yet the slaves of the newspapers. Supposing negotiations have been going on between the three countries for a change of policy in certain directions, why the mischief should we give away the whole thing to the press before we have come to a definite understanding ourselves?"

"In other words," Warren Rand remarked coldly, "why should the League of Nations exist at all, why should you not make whatever sort of alliance you like outside, and then spring it on the world exactly when you choose?"

"Our conversations, such as they are," Poynton declared, "are entirely in the cause of peace."

"With Felix Behrling taking part in them!" Warren Rand scoffed.

"Blast!"

The air outside was suddenly filled with the music of feminine laughter. They came flooding in without waiting for an invitation—girls in all manner of bathing negligees and pajamas, blandly oblivious of the fact that they were unwelcome guests. Leaning through the window, one of their escorts addressed Behrling:

"Say, Felix, these girls won't settle down to lunch without you. They say you kept them laughing until four o'clock yesterday afternoon. Miss Chloe has finished her swimming lesson and swears that she is ravenous. Come right along back with us, there's a sport!"

Lucille, the beauty of the party, thrust her arm through Behrling's, and a general exodus began. As they neared the terrace Warren Rand turned around to his late companions.

"If I weren't afraid that you'd throw me overboard, I might ask you to return and lunch with me at Cannes," he suggested tentatively. "We could have this matter out between ourselves. Behrling's had his say. Mine's worth listening to anyhow."

"Nothing would please me better," Poynton assented. "You'd have nothing to fear from me, even if I had any sentiments of enmity toward you. I'm frightened to death in a motorboat."

"And I, I have too much respect for my host to lay a finger upon him," Cantani declared.

"Then we will leave it to fate," Warren Rand proposed, with a dry chuckle, "whether we eat together the very excellent *sole Mediterranée* I have ordered at the Majestic, or whether the fishes eat us."

XII

LUNCHEON was served in Warren Rand's sitting room, and was the best the hotel could offer. Conversation during its progress was a little difficult. The host himself made scant contribution to it, and apparently ignored any responsibility he should have felt in the matter. As soon as the meal had been brought to a conclusion and the coffee and liqueurs served, Tellesom locked the door. Warren Rand, then, with one of his big black cigars between his fingers, plunged at once into speech.

"Signor Cantani," he began, "and you, Mr. Poynton, I should like you both to listen to me carefully. I am going to brag, but I am going to tell you the truth."

"It is plain speech which is excellent," Cantani declared, helping himself to a cigarette.

"I own sixty-eight newspapers in the United States," Warren Rand went on. "I own secretly the most popular English morning newspaper, and twenty-two others in various parts of the United Kingdom. I own ten newspapers in Germany, seven in Italy, eight in France. I direct the policy of every newspaper I own. Do you realize what this means?"

"One can only form an idea," Cantani murmured.

"It is prodigious," Poynton acknowledged.

"It means that I have my place in the ruling of the world," Warren Rand proclaimed in a moment of impersonal grandiloquence. "I can sow the seeds for war if my desires run in that direction, or I can scatter them to the winds. We believe in the policy of the eternal drip. My editors are my own men, and we never leave off. We badger any government which pursues a policy of which I don't approve, as a hound does a muzzled bear. He can never reply. We score every time."

Poynton knocked the ash from his cigar.

"I am quite willing to admit the comparative truth of what you have said," he agreed. "I, for one, have never underrated the power of the press; especially when backed with the colossal fortune which you are said to possess. Since we are to have the cards upon the table, I shall ask you this question: What is this present move of yours which brings you down to a remote French watering place to interfere in a friendly conversation between an English cabinet minister, an Italian statesman, and a German banker?"

"Call him by his proper name," Warren Rand enjoined curtly—"a German underground politician. I am here to prevent the forming of any more unnatural alliances."

"Do you think that we are mad enough to dream of another European war?" Cantani asked, with a thrust of shrewdness.

Warren Rand remained unmoved. There was something Napoleonic in his unflinching coldness.

"There must never be another war," he pronounced. "The last one was fought upon false principles, and with a false grouping. England and France were never natural allies, and the English statesmen who made it necessary for England to enter the war at all were fools. Consider the state of your country, Poynton. She has never been so badly off in her life. She is the most heavily taxed nation in the world, her scale of living is the lowest, her reserve of gold has vanished."

"And therefore?"

"Therefore, Felix Behrling, who has been working for this thing for years, has brought you here with a twofold purpose. Logically, of course, he is right. The only possible European alliance is between Russia, Germany, England and Italy. The general principles of such an alliance, I presume, you have already discussed. Your meeting down here is probably to draw the threads together."

There was a profound silence. Warren Rand took a gulp of his brandy.

"The idea is, I suppose," he continued, "when the Peace Pact comes on the table in Geneva you will delay the proceedings as long as possible, and, in the meantime, you will sign the treaty, a copy of which Felix Behrling has in his strong box at the Provençal Hotel."

Poynton intervened angrily. His show of temper was unconvincing, for his voice was shrill and anxious.

His cigar was burning unheeded in the ash tray by his side. He had the air of a man mentally disturbed.

"You are talking like a sensational newsmonger, Warren Rand," he declared. "Neither Cantani nor I are empowered to sign any treaty."

"You can sign the draft, though," Warren Rand pointed out, "and you can pledge yourselves, on behalf of your governments, to support the principles upon which the treaty is based. That's good enough for a start, I should imagine. You intend the final treaty to follow. I am here to tell you that it will not. I am here to tell you that this carefully arranged meeting will come to nothing. This new treaty of alliance will end in smoke. The peace of Europe will remain undisturbed, for a time, at any rate. That I promise you."

"On what authority do you proclaim this good news?" Cantani demanded.

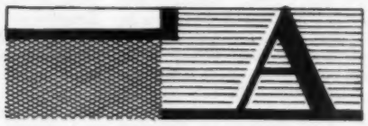
"My own, if you will. Believe me, I am no idle sentimentalist. I am a hater of warfare, it is true, but mine is a logical and definitely evolved frame of mind which, before long, will be shared by the whole world. This scheme of yours is damnable. It is only one of a dozen others of which my secret service—from which, mark you, you are never free; which is better than the secret service of any government in Europe—sent me word. I came to Europe to set my heel upon this whole epidemic of plot and counterplot. I shall do it."

There was a sudden blaze of passion in the Italian's white face. His eyes flashed.

"You exaggerate your power, my friend with many newspapers!" he cried. "The provisional pact, of which your spies seem

(Continued on Page 136)

EARNING POWER



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(Continued from Page 134)

to have brought you word, will be signed tonight at the Provençal Hotel. Upon whom are you relying to stop it? The myrmidons of the Quai d'Orsay? The Geneva pacifists? Let them come. They shall be dealt with. I can promise you that."

Warren Rand reflected for a moment. The silence which ensued was one which possessed peculiar qualities. The conversation had lost its smoothness. The specter of drama had arisen.

The Italian, with his teeth showing and his white face strained, was nervously pinching his cigarette to pieces. Poynton was sprawling across the table with the air of one anxious to speak, but whose tongue had become paralyzed. Warren Rand's personality, suddenly a flaming thing, dominated the two.

"There are reasons," he said at last, "which make the postponement for a few hours of the final phase of this conversation advantageous to all of us. A plain statement from me might not be sufficiently convincing. Tonight at twelve o'clock, in the baccarat room of Juan-les-Pins Casino, I will show you why the draft of your treaty had better be destroyed before mischief comes of it. Felix Behrling can be present if he chooses."

"Why not tell us now?" Poynton demanded.

"You probably would not believe me," was the cold reply. "There is no reason why you should. Tonight I can produce the proof."

At five minutes to twelve that evening, in the baccarat room at Juan Casino, Tellesom stood behind Lucie's chair—Lucie, whom the world saw as a small, fair young woman, personable, very beautifully dressed and plentifully bejeweled. She was the center of a great deal of observation, for piles of mille notes and counters were built up in front of her, and she was running the best bank of the evening. A familiar voice sounded in Tellesom's ear. He turned round, to find his chief by his side.

"They are waiting in the bar," the latter announced.

Tellesom nodded and pointed to the table. "As soon as madame has finished her bank."

Warren Rand, with his feet planted firmly upon the carpet and his customary, almost Oriental, lack of expression, watched the game. Just then the banco, a trifling affair considering the immense *bénéfice*, was called and won. The blond lady, with a little laugh, pushed back her chair and rose to her feet.

"*La moitié pour monsieur*," she instructed the croupier, indicating Tellesom. "Now, my friends, I am for you. We smoke a cigarette and drink a glass of wine, yes?"

"If you will be so gracious," Tellesom assented, leading the way.

"I shall walk with my dear, generous friend, Mr. Warren Rand," Lucie declared, linking her arm through his. "Perhaps he will discover that he has more millions for the deserving poor, yes?"

"For the same value, madame," Warren Rand rejoined, "my check book is always at your disposal."

They entered the bar and found the corner where Poynton, Cantani and Felix Behrling were already established. Tellesom held an easy-chair for the girl, who sank back into it with a gracious little gesture of thanks. Her freakishly manicured fingers, ablaze with diamonds, toyed with her vanity case. Her arms, from the wrist to the elbow, were covered with bracelets in the fashion of the moment. Behrling alone eyed her as though she were a ghost; the other two with admiration.

"May these three gentlemen not be told my name?" she asked, speaking in English, but with a slight and not unpleasant Viennese accent.

Tellesom stretched out his hand.

"Let me present Mr. Poynton—the Right Honorable Frederick Poynton—Signor Cantani of the Italian Senate, and an old friend, Baron Felix Behrling, to Lucie of London—to Madame von Trugner, to be more precise."

The three men rose and bowed. They were equally disconcerted; Cantani dumb with the shock of that so familiar name. Behrling, however, asked a question:

"The wife of Professor von Trugner?"

She looked across at him and a strange light shot out of her eyes—a light which faded almost as she spoke:

"His widow."

Upon Behrling the blow had already fallen. He looked meditatively across at Warren Rand as he resumed his seat. This was indeed one of the great men of the earth!

"I told them all it was a mistake," he groaned. "Again we must pay for the stupid, purposeless ferocity of these Frussians."

"You must pay, indeed," Madame von Trugner assented, glancing at the mirror in her vanity case. "You lost the last war through that very ugly characteristic. You have now lost your chance of the next. My wonderful friend here will tell you all about it."

Warren Rand drew forward his chair and resumed the conversation which had been broken off in the sitting room of the Majestic Hotel at lunchtime.

"Some seven years ago," he began, "you may remember, although the fact was not made generally public, that a certain German general, highly popular in his native land, who had never been able to accept philosophically the defeat of his country, offered a great prize to anyone—scientist or layman—who could invent an entirely new weapon of war which would place the country using it in a dominant position. The prize was won by Professor von Trugner. He invented a bomb to be transported in a new type of exceedingly small aeroplane, which bomb, upon being released, exploded automatically at a certain distance from the earth and released a score or more smaller but deadly infernal machines filled with a new and most devastating explosive. These spread out in fanlike fashion, and the result was that a single bomb was sufficient to destroy practically the whole of any ordinary-sized town. A flight of twenty or thirty planes could put Paris or London off the map in a few minutes. Very few particulars leaked out in the press. The secret, on the whole, has been marvelously well kept, although for some years there has been considerable uneasiness in the intelligence departments of both England and France. No definite information, however, concerning the new discovery was ever available. Both aeroplanes and bombs were manufactured in a jealously guarded corner of Russia, where no one was allowed to penetrate. Four of my own staff, as a matter of fact, who received some inkling of the affair, entered Russia at different times in search of information, and have never since been heard of."

Behrling took a long gulp of champagne, but remained gloomily silent. Why had this man not been born a German?

"Germany was now," Warren Rand continued, "in a marvelous position. She had discovered a means of reëstablishing herself, she could still become the mistress of Europe. How was she to proceed? On the whole, her plans were sound enough, especially as Russia had to be recompensed. She had only one enemy—France—and France was rich enough to pay the greatest indemnity the world had ever heard of. She had learned the lesson of the last war, and knew perfectly well that there was no sense in the destruction of her neighbors. She was a commercial country, and she must preserve her customers. America was, with perfect reason, entirely ignored. Any country against which this new engine of war was launched would be on her knees long before the power of America could make itself felt. The preliminary draft of this new pact was to have been signed somewhere about midnight tonight at the Provençal Hotel."

"Was to have been?" Cantani repeated harshly.

Warren Rand looked at him with thoughtful eyes, in the depths of which lurked a gleam of dominant scorn.

"I do not think that it will be signed," he declared. "Germany is, without a doubt, a country of intellectual men, but she is a nation capable of making the most colossal blunders. She lost the Great War, not through any lack of military or naval skill but by her folly in sinking the Lusitania. Now, in this present case, Madame von Trugner will bear me out when I tell you that Germany made practically a prisoner of the professor, showered money and lands upon him—for his 'future enjoyment,' they said—but surrounded him by spies who watched him and his work hour by hour. When they felt sure of themselves they calmly accused him of attempting to communicate with some foreign country and shot him. Trugner was a martyr, if ever there was one, but again Germany suffers for her cruelty."

Lucie set down her vanity case and leaned suddenly forward, a real woman.

"They forgot me!" she exclaimed. "In Vienna, from school I went to the university, where I studied chemistry. I had degrees. I won honors. It was so I met and married Carl, and I traveled with him to Germany and to Russia, where everyone thought me a frivolous little doll. One night Carl was afraid. He wrote me the formula for the manufacture of the bombs; he gave me a tracing of the secret part of the aeroplane. He sealed both up in an oilskin bag, which I wore inside my chemise. When they murdered him, I, the sobbing widow, was given a miserable pension and sent away. I drifted to London. Oh, la, la! Mr. Warren Rand, he finds me out. He pays me like a prince, and the secret of Germany is a secret no longer. It is a present to Whitehall, without the necessity of signing any treaty, a present to Washington, a present to the Quai d'Orsay."

A valet bowed at their table.

"It is the hand of madame," he announced.

She rose swiftly to her feet and moved gracefully away with a backward wave of the hand, Viennese in every movement, chic and well-mannered, a creature of perfumes and jewelry, gayety and kindness. Warren Rand leaned back in his chair and lit a cigar.

"Have I kept my word, gentlemen?" he asked.

"Damnably!" was Behrling's bitter reply.

Poynton coughed nervously.

"I admit," he said, "that these disclosures are not without their effect upon the situation, but it should, I think, be understood that the pact which was to be submitted to us was merely a draft for future consideration. Neither Signor Cantani nor I was inclined to consider it too seriously."

"My own convictions were against signing it," Cantani interposed.

"Buncombe!" Warren Rand declared, with purposeful brutality.

He rose to his feet without any pretense of farewell civilities, and made his way through the rooms to the outside door. Tellesom followed him. They stood on the steps of the Casino together. Warren Rand's car appeared as though by magic.

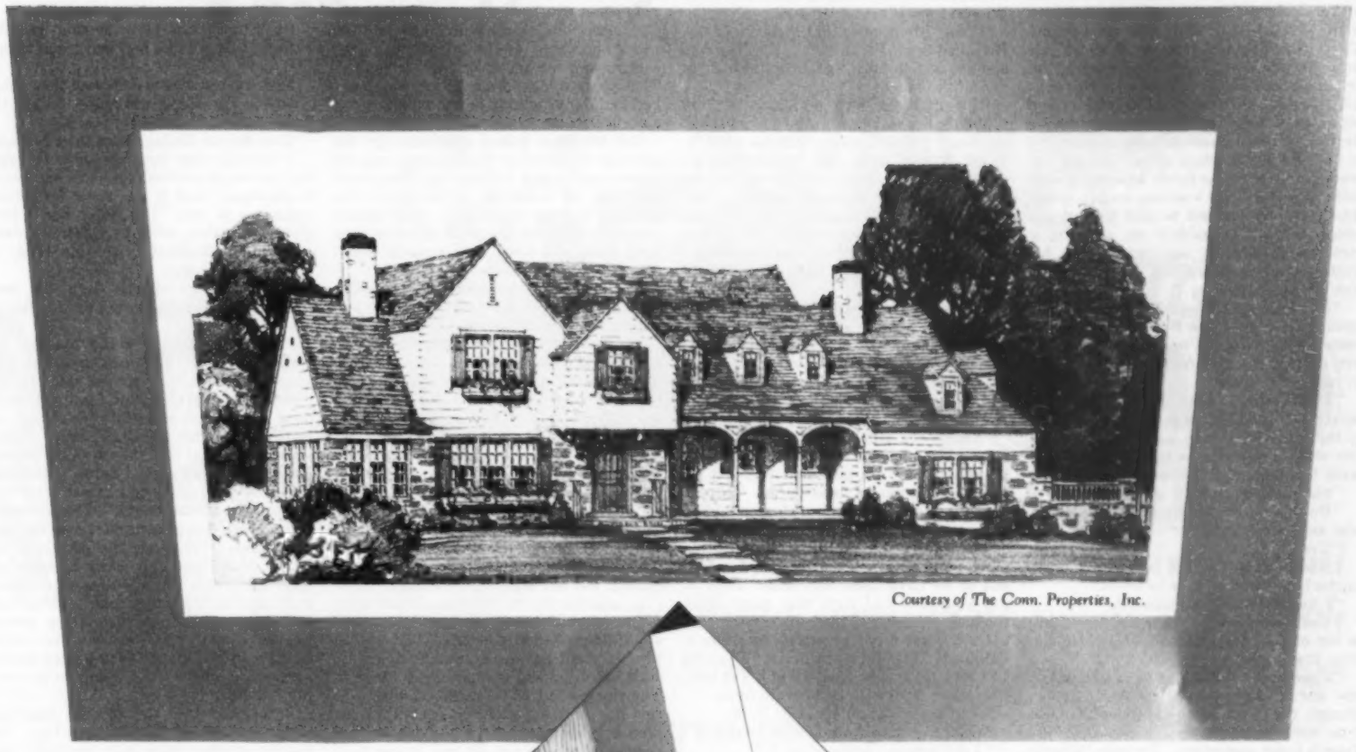
"And you?" the latter asked.

"I shall drive with you to the Majestic at Cannes," Tellesom suggested. "Afterward I have an engagement at the little dancing place across the way."

"Keep it at once," Warren Rand enjoined, stepping into the car. "Tonight I have a fancy for being alone."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

FIRST—A COAT OF METAL PROTECTION FOR PRIMING OR UNDERCOATING



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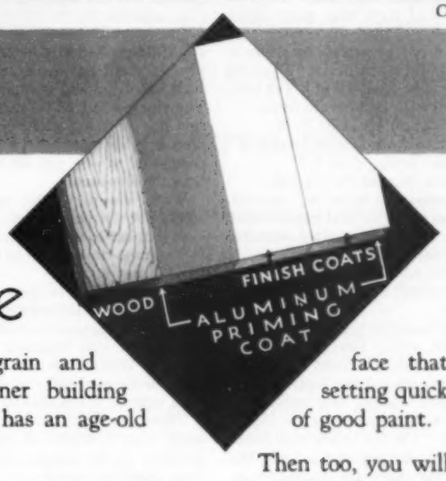

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THE DOOR

(Continued from Page 23)

"The more I study this crime," he said, "the less I know about the criminal. Take this case: These three murders were cold and audacious. They were committed by a man without fear and without scruple. They were fiendishly clever. Yet we run into this situation: We find and arrest the criminal, because he has not been clever at all. He has buried his weapon in his house, although, if he killed Somers, he could have dropped it into a dozen streams on that trip of his. He has absolute nerve—a thing few men possess—and he faints when he is confronted with it. He is strong enough to get into that airshaft and to pull himself out later—a thing I couldn't do, and I'm a strong man for my age—and here's his doctor swearing he's a sick man, has been sick for several years.

"I've built this case. I've got evidence enough to convict Jim Blake and still have some left over. But I'm not satisfied. Not yet, anyhow." He broke three toothpicks in rapid succession.

"Personally I don't believe we have scratched the surface of this thing. Go back to the night Miss Judy was hurt. And, by the way, has she ever told you why she went to the garage that night?"

"She said she wanted a foot rule."

"But she asked Joseph where the ladder was kept, didn't she?"

"Yes."

"Now, what did she want with that ladder? To look at it or to use it?"

"I haven't an idea, inspector."

"Curious," he said. "She had something in her mind. She's shrewd. Now, let's go over that night.

"Joseph has heard the dogs barking in the shrubbery; they stop suddenly, as though they had recognized the intruder. You and Joseph start to the garage, and Joseph hears something. He calls 'What's that?' There is no answer, and you both go on. Someone is in the shrubbery, or has passed through it. The next day I find footprints there—not the original ones—planted. And by the way, those prints were made by a woman's shoe. I've done some work on them! Not shoes from this house, however. Joseph and I have seen to that. But here's the point. Miss Judy was hurt at ten o'clock, and it was two when Norah saw this figure in the grounds.

"And here is what I want to know. Where would Jim Blake go, between ten and two o'clock at night, to get a pair of shoes belonging to a heavy woman who walked on the outsides of her feet? He has no women in his house. Even his laundry goes out. And why would Jim Blake cover those footprints as skillfully as he did, and then bury that cane in his cellar? The act of a fool or a lunatic; and the man who made those prints was neither."

"Have you told the district attorney all this, inspector?"

"He wants an indictment. That's his business." And he added: "A man who's been indicted by the grand jury has a pretty hard time of it. His trial may prove him innocent, but he's got the stigma anyhow."

He picked up a pencil from my desk, examined it, laid it down.

"Let's go back still farther," he said—"to when Blake first talked to you about Sarah Gittings' disappearance. When was that, and where?"

"In this room, the next day. When she did not come back I sent for him. He was uneasy, but that was all."

"You recall nothing else?"

"Nothing important. I remember now that he asked about Howard."

"What did he ask?"

"It was something about his health, and if he was able to travel; if he had been here lately."

The inspector slid forward on his chair.

"That's an interesting point. Now, why would he ask such a question? The talk, I gather, had been about Sarah Gittings?"

"Entirely."

"And he knew Mr. Somers' condition, of course. Did you understand from that that he had reasons for thinking that Somers had been in town?"

"Yes. I remember that it surprised me. He asked me if I was certain that Howard had not been in town. I thought it unlikely myself."

"I suppose you have no reason to think that he had been here?" And when I shook my head: "Don't answer that too quickly. Think it over, Miss Bell. Sometimes we think we know all about certain individuals, only to find that we know nothing at all. Why did Howard Somers secretly alter his will last summer while he was here? What is this secret fund of fifty thousand dollars? And what made Mr. Blake ask if he had been here recently?"

"I don't believe Howard was here. He was ill, and his wife seldom left him."

"But it would be possible? Some night when his wife had retired early? Or was out to dinner? He had a fast car, of course, and a dependable chauffeur."

"Possible? Yes, I dare say. But why?"

"That's the point, exactly. If you can induce Mr. Blake to tell his attorneys why he asked you that question, it might be helpful." He moved impatiently. "If people only told all they knew, there would be no miscarriages of justice. But out of fear or self-interest or the idea of protecting somebody, they keep their mouths shut, and so we have these mysteries. Look at you yourself; you burn that carpet, and produce evidence against Jim Blake that to the average jury is enough to send him to the chair! Why did you burn it? What did you find that we'd overlooked? I'd been over that carpet with a fine-tooth comb."

"And there was no oil on it?"

"Oil! You found oil on that carpet?"

"I did indeed. A ring of oil."

He got up and reached for his hat.

"It may interest you to know," he said, "that there was no oil on that carpet when I examined it, the morning after Florence Gunther's murder."

But whatever conclusion he drew from that, his last speech that night was small comfort to me.

"Well, I don't see how that will help with a jury," he said, rather heavily. "On the surface it's a water-tight case, Miss Bell. He had the weapon and the motive. The only thing he didn't have—and you'll have to excuse the word—was the guts. Mind you," he added, "I'm not saying that Blake is innocent. He looks as guilty as hell. But I am saying that there are discrepancies, and I've got to have an explanation of some of them."

XX

THAT was on Wednesday, the eighteenth, a month after Sarah's death and about six weeks before Joseph was shot.

I went upstairs that night, exhausted both mentally and physically, to find Judy curled on my bed and very despondent.

"Let me stay a while," she pleaded. "Until mother comes in, anyhow. I want to talk."

"I didn't know she had gone out," I said.

"She took Robert and the car. I think she went to Uncle Jim's. To Pine Street."

That surprised me, but Judy explained that it was to select some clothing to be sent to the jail.

"Only why would it take her all this time?" she added, almost pettishly.

"I didn't hear the car."

"You're a little deaf, you know, Elizabeth Jane. I wouldn't be surprised if a lot goes on that you don't hear. Or hear about."

"What goes on that I don't hear about?"

"You didn't hear Elise scream last night."

"I had taken a sleeping tablet," I said with dignity. "And what did Elise scream about?"

"She saw the ghost," said Judy.

And when I came to examine that story, and to talk to Elise, I had to admit that she had seen something.

The Frenchwoman was still pale when I saw her. It appears that she had wanted to tell me the story, but that Joseph had sternly ordered her to keep quiet. Also that she was under no circumstances to tell the women servants, or she might "have the cooking and the housework on her hands." That seems to have been sufficient, but she had told Judy, talking in her rapid, gesticulating French.

But her story gained credibility by the fact that she spoke no English, although she understood Joseph well enough. She could have had no knowledge of the talk in the kitchen and servants' hall, and indeed Joseph had told me later that he had warned both women to keep their mouths closed over the whole business.

Her story, punctuated by dramatic pauses where Judy saw that my French was inadequate, was as follows:

She was occupying Mary Martin's room, and the night, as I have said, was sultry and like midsummer. She went to bed, leaving her door open, but the breeze was from the opposite side of the house. She got up and opened the door across, thinking that it belonged to a room there. It was, however, the door to the attic staircase which she had opened, and she was surprised to find not only the steps but that a faint light was going somewhere above. She was curious rather than alarmed. In her bare feet and night dress, she went on up quietly, but not thinking of caution. However, near the top she must have made some sound. She had only an instant to see a white figure bending over something. The next moment she was stumbling down the staircase. But she was not quick enough. The thing—and she shuddered when she said it—the thing overtook her and passed her. She felt the brushing of its spectral garments, as she put it, and it was then that she screamed.

When Joseph found her—the women would not stir out of their rooms—she was locked in her room and was still screaming. It was some time before he could induce her to open her door.

When I talked to her—which was that night—she was still sitting in Katherine's room and obstinately refusing to go to bed.

"I think you dreamed it, Elise," said Judy. "What's the use of being a fool? There is no such thing as a ghost."

"I saw it. I touched it, mademoiselle."

"Well, you can't touch a ghost. And, mind you, nothing of this nonsense to mother. Go to bed and say your prayers. That ought to help."

We had to take her up ourselves finally, and wait until she was locked in. Then, and only then, did Judy look directly at me.

"Now," she said. "She saw something or somebody. She may be an idiot, but I'll say this for her: It takes a lot to keep her out of her bed."

Together we went up to the attic, but although it was rather ghastly at that hour of the night, I could not find that anything had been disturbed. Judy, it appeared, had been up before and had found nothing.

It was from Joseph, still waiting in the pantry to admit Katherine, that I secured what looked like a partial explanation.

"The sewing-room window on the second floor was open," he said. "I think he got out there, madam. He could drop to the roof of the kitchen porch."

He had, it seems, instructed Elise to say that she had seen a mouse! Which, as Judy said, was from the sublime to the ridiculous.

Katherine came in very late, and I thought she looked rather better. She had been going over Jim's house, she said, and she had decided to move over there.

"It looks as though I shall be here for some time, Elizabeth," she said. "At least until they have cleared Jim of this ridiculous trumped-up charge. And there are three of us. I don't like to crowd you. I can get the servants from New York and be quite comfortable."

I made no demur. I saw that she was determined, although Judy looked rather unhappy over it.

"What will you do with Amos?"

"I shall let him go," she said with decision. "I don't like him and I don't trust him."

The net result of which was that Amos gave his damaging testimony before the grand jury and then disappeared.

That was on Friday, May the twentieth.

I dare say some such system must exist, but the whole proceeding drove me almost to madness. And it was sheer farce from beginning to end. The result was a foregone conclusion, with, as Godfrey Lowell says, the indictment typed and ready to sign before it began.

There was no chance from the first; from that sonorous opening by the district attorney:

"Gentlemen of the grand jury: it becomes my duty this morning to bring to your attention a most serious case. On the night of the eighteenth of April last, when most of us were peacefully asleep in our beds, a human life was ended under circumstances so brutal that they stun the normal mind. A woman named Sarah Gittings, a nurse, devoted solely to a career of service, was atrociously murdered." There followed certain details, dramatically presented, and after that: "Through the efforts of the police department, an array of facts has been discovered which points to a certain individual as the guilty man. These facts will now be presented to you by certain witnesses, and it is for you to decide whether a true bill shall be presented against prisoner, or not. . . . Shall we proceed, Mr. Foreman?"

From that until the end the mounting testimony against Jim was appalling. The district attorney grew more and more unctuous, and his secret satisfaction was evident. When all was over he made, I believe, a dramatic gesture with his hands, and standing by the table, ran his eyes along the half circle of chairs.

"Gentlemen," he said, in a low voice, "I have done my duty. Now must you do yours."

As he closed the door behind him and stepped into the hall, Dick says that he was still acting for the benefit of the press men and the crowd. He stood still, half leaning against the door like an exhausted man, and mopped his forehead with a fine handkerchief, faintly scented. Then he drew himself up, justice personified, and marched along the corridor.

But in between those two dramatic moments were two days of sheer horror for us. The secrecy of the procedure, the oaths of silence, the occasional cheerful amusement of the twenty-three men who sat in that semicircle of chairs, the terrified or determined faces of the witnesses, the avid crowd of reporters outside studying these faces as they came and went, and then rushing to their typewriters: "It is reported that Miss Bell stated ——"

Building a case that might send a man to the chair, out of staircase gossip, a look, a gesture, or such information as was refused by the district attorney, but managed somehow to reach them via his office.

Experts came and went. The heap of exhibits on the long table grew—poor Sarah's stained and pierced clothing, the ghastly fragments of Florence Gunther's checked dress and blue coat, for although Jim was only charged with Sarah's murder, there were no legal limits, no laws of testimony, to be considered before the grand jury.

The sword stick was brought in, its ancient mechanism arousing a sort of childlike interest among the jurymen; and small boxes of earth, each duly ticketed and bearing the impress of the stick as Jim had touched the ground with it. And Dick telephoned once to say that there was a

(Continued on Page 142)

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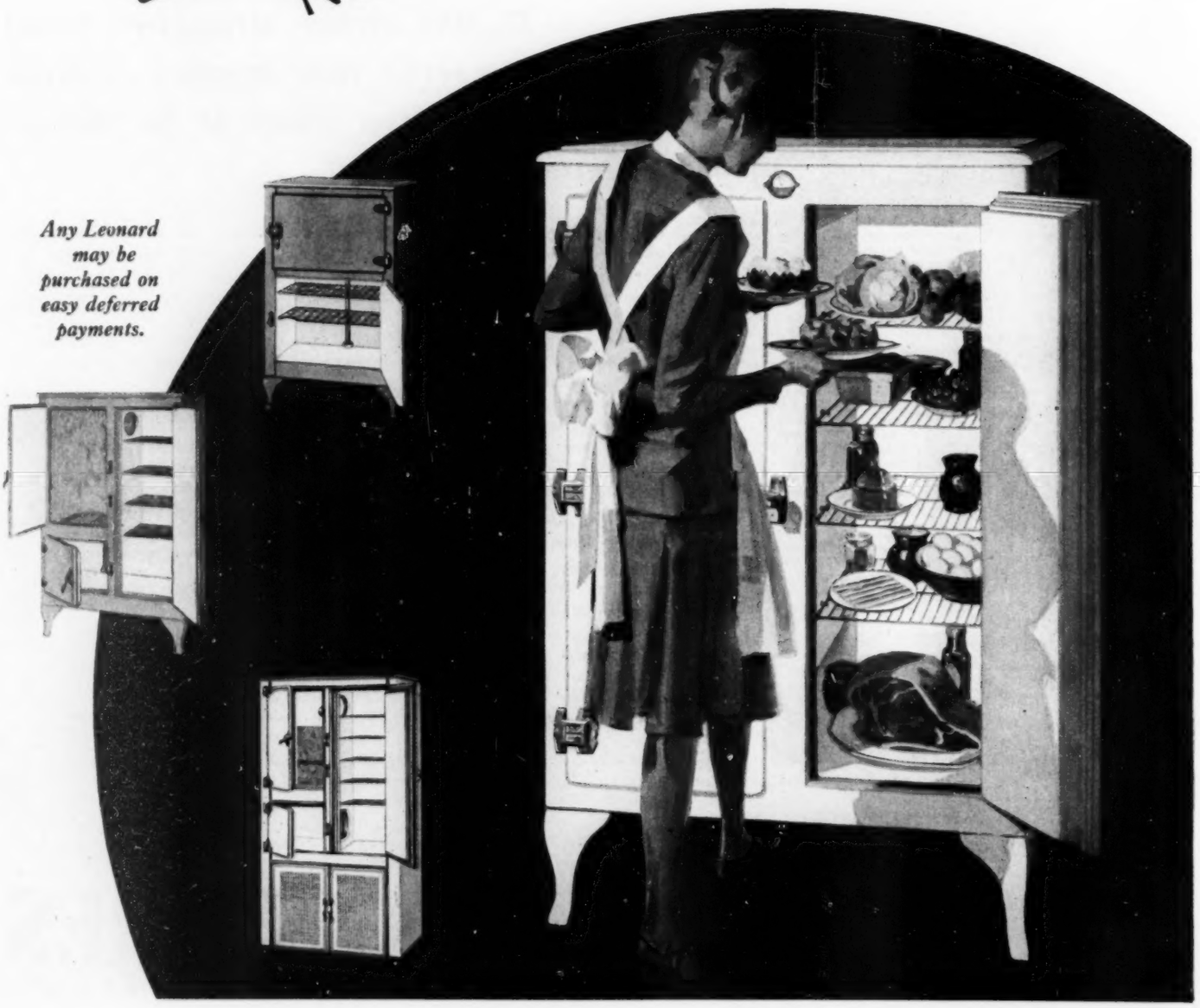

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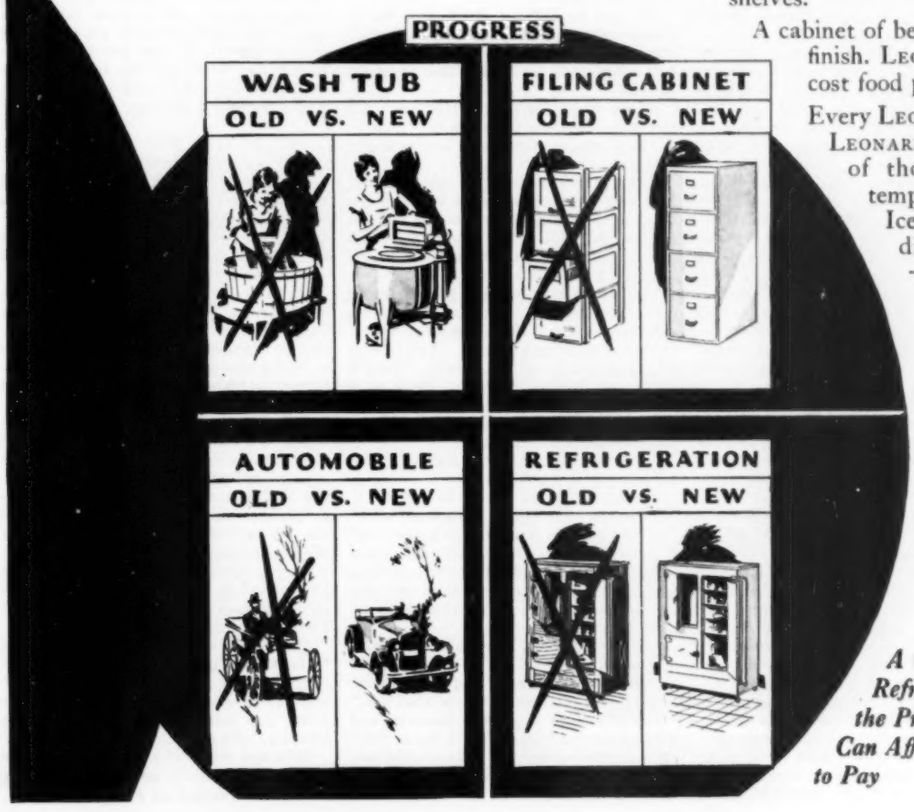

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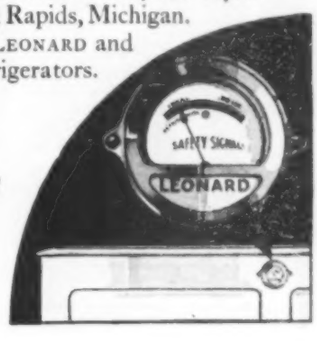

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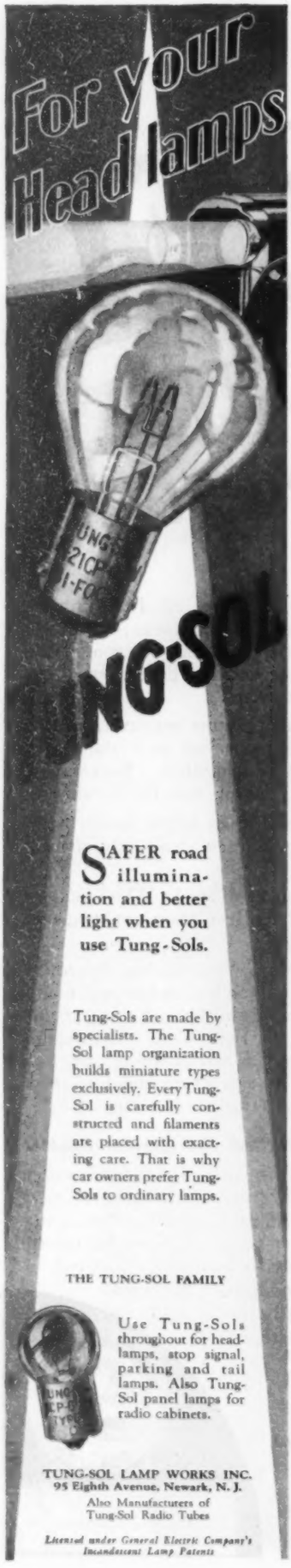
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(Continued from Page 138)

story among the newspapermen that something had been carried in, carefully covered with a cloth, and that the story was that a letter Jim had burned had been restored and had been introduced as incriminating.

We were all in the library, and I thought Katherine started when Judy repeated this. But she said nothing. She sat staring at her emerald ring and made no comment.

The list of exhibits grew: Sarah's uniform, with a mirror so that the writing on the sleeve might be read; the plaster casts of the foot marks Inspector Harrison had made in my garden; the snaps from the carpet which had been rescued from my furnace; even the pencil which Wallie had found in the airshaft, the fragments of broken glass from my drawing-room door, the rope which had once tied the dogs and had later on been used to drag poor Sarah's body down the hill; and certain pages in Sarah's own hand of her sick-room records, designed to show that the reversed writing on Sarah's sleeve was authentic.

There were photographs also—showing the sewer structure, showing poor Sarah within it, showing the well-marked spot where the body had lain near the tree, and that room of hers as it was discovered the next day. Florence's room was there, too, and Sarah's, in the disorder in which we had found it on the morning of the nineteenth of April. It must have been like sitting through a crime play to those jurymen, lifted out of their humdrum lives into that welter of crime and clews and blood.

And against all that, what had we? My own testimony, received with evident skepticism, that the man on my stairs the night of Sarah's murder had not worn light golf knickers but conventional dark trousers! At no time was it brought out that the stains in Jim's car had been put there later; were not there when the police examined it the following day. It was sufficient that I had burned the carpet. And when I suggested that any juryman over forty was welcome to try to hang in the light shaft by his hands, and then to try to pull himself out of it, there was general laughter.

There was also one other development which left us in little doubt of the final outcome. This was the introduction, on the second day, of the colored woman, Clarissa, from the Bassett house on Halkett Street.

It was Dick, too, who reported this to us. He had seen her taken in, uneasy and yet somehow deadly. A big woman, powerful and determined, but frightened. When she came out, her relief was manifest, and Dick took advantage of that relief. He followed her, caught her at a corner, and brought us what he had learned.

Briefly, this woman, Clarissa, having positively identified Jim at the jail, stated that on the night of Sarah's murder he had spent some time at the Halkett Street house with Florence Gunther. He had sat in the parlor with her for an hour or more, and she remembered that he had a stick. That we already knew. But she had further testified that, going forward to lock the front door before leaving for the night, she had heard Jim speaking, and that she remembered distinctly what he had said.

"He said: 'I'd better start, then. I may meet her on the way back.'"

Some little hope, however, we had on the second day. The jury sent out for copies of the two wills, and they were duly produced. It looked for a time as though they might be looking for a larger picture; that the clause referring to the fifty thousand dollars might lead elsewhere.

But to offset that, the district attorney produced those two exhibits which he had held for the psychological moment. He brought in Jim's walking suit and his golf shoes, to prove that by laboratory test there was blood in minute quantities on both. And he reintroduced the sword stick.

The blade of the weapon had been carefully washed, but from inside the sheath, when it had been soaked in the laboratory, there had come a pine needle of the same variety as had been found on Sarah's clothing, and traces of blood—human blood.

It was after that that the district attorney made his dramatic gesture:

"Gentlemen, I have done my duty. Now must you do yours."

I dare say none of us was greatly surprised at the outcome. Certainly at least twenty-two out of the twenty-three men on the grand jury believed Jim guilty, and the indictment was signed, late on the second day.

Katherine received the news better than I had expected. "An indictment is not a verdict," she said, quoting Godfrey Lowell, no doubt.

Judy, however, took it very hard, and as for Wallie, the effect on him seemed devastating. Newspaper extras had announced the result, and he came in while Judy and I were at dinner. Katherine had retired to her bed and to tea and toast on a tray.

"The fools!" he said. "The fools!"

Judy looked at him out of eyes that were red and swollen.

"Since when have you changed your mind? You were sure enough."

"Well, I was a fool myself. That's all. He didn't do it. And he'll never suffer for it; I promise you that, Judy. Nothing is going to happen to him."

"Even if you have to tell all you know? Why don't you do that now and save time? You might die or get run over, and then where is he?"

He said nothing. I had had a good look at him by that time, and I must confess that his appearance shocked me. His clothes were unpressed; his eyes were congested, as from sleepless nights, and he had developed a curious tic; now and again, by some involuntary contraction of the muscles, his left shoulder lifted and his head jerked to the right. I saw that he tried to control it by keeping his left hand in his coat pocket, but in spite of him, up would go the shoulder. It was pitiful.

I saw, too, that he had not wanted to come; that he had dreaded the visit, and that to reënforce his courage he had taken a drink or two before he started. Not that he showed any effect, but that the room was full of it.

Judy eyed him. "You look terrible," she said. "And stop jerking. You'll have me doing it. Stop jerking and tell us where Mary Martin is."

He said he did not know, and sat in silence until we had finished. It was not until Judy had gone up to her mother and we had moved into the library that he spoke again.

"Look here," he said. "How soon are you going away for the summer?"

"How soon are they going to release Jim Blake?"

"That's ridiculous," he said sharply. "He's well enough where he is. He'll get some of the cocktails and food out of his system, that's all. They'll never send him to the chair. They can't send him to the chair. It's absurd."

But it seemed to me that he was listening to his own words, trying to believe them, and that when he looked at me his bloodshot eyes were pleading with me. "You believe that, too, don't you?" they said. "They'll never send him to the chair. They can't send him to the chair. It's absurd."

"When I'm certain of that I shall go away. Not before, Wallie."

He jerked again, rather dreadfully. "Not if I ask you to go?" he said.

"Why should you ask me to go?"

"Because I don't think you are safe here."

"Who could have any design against me? I have no enemies; no actively murderous ones, anyhow. I mind my own business, and my conscience is as clear as the ordinary run of consciences. Why should I run away?"

"I'm telling you. That's all. Get away, and get Judy away."

"Then you know something I don't know, and it is your business to tell me what it is."

He refused to be drawn, however, and with all the questions I had in mind, managed to get away before I could ask him any of them. Save one, and that had a curious effect on him.

"Can you tell me," I said, "why Mary Martin suggested to Judy that your father should not be left alone at night?"

"Because he was sick. That's enough, isn't it? Why try to read into this case something that isn't there? And why drag her in? She has nothing to do with the case. Absolutely nothing. She's as innocent as—as Judy."

I made my decision, then, to tell him the facts as to his father's death. I told him as gently as I could, with my hand on his arm. But he showed no surprise and pretended none. Save that he grew a shade paler, he kept himself well in hand. I felt, then, that he had been certain of it from the day Howard died.

Jim was arraigned a day or so later. It was a hideous ordeal for him and for the rest of us; the courtroom crowded, and the crowd hostile. It seemed to me that the concentrated hatred in that room was a menace in itself, that if thought is a force—as I believe that it is—there was enough malignancy there to have destroyed a man.

They had brought him from the jail in the black Maria; very carefully dressed, he was, and holding his head high. He had not come alone. There were criminals with him, black and white, and even one yellow man. He had to wait while they entered their pleas, and he fixed his eyes on Katherine. I saw her smile at him, and her whole face warmed. A queer woman, Katherine, filled with surprises.

He listened gravely to the reading of the indictment, and nodded a sort of mute "thank you" to the clerk when he had finished. I saw him draw a long breath, and I fancy he had meant that his "Not guilty" was to be a full-bodied and manly thing, a ringing assertion of his innocence. But he failed. At the last moment he looked at the crowd, and its concentrated hatred struck him like a blow in the chest. I saw his spirit fall under it and lie there, a broken thing, and Judy moaned a little. His "Not guilty" was not heard beyond the front benches, and he knew it.

Some hysterical woman somewhere giggled, and he heard it. I have never seen such torture in a man's face. When they took him out, he stopped at the prisoners' door, as though he would come back and face them down, but Godfrey Lowell put a hand on his arm, and he went out to face again the battery of news photographers waiting outside. I have one of those pictures now. It shows him handcuffed to another prisoner and with his head bent. The other man is smiling.

XXI

SO WE entered into that period of dreadful waiting between the indictment and the trial. Not that the waiting was to be long. The prosecution was doing everything possible to get the case on the docket before court closed in June, and the press was urging haste.

On the twenty-fourth of May, Tuesday, Katherine moved into Jim's house and took Judy with her. Apparently she paid no attention to the curious looks of the neighbors or to the cars which halted in the street to survey the house. She was like a woman set apart, not so much hardened as isolated.

As Laura wrote: "She seems superhuman to me. I'd come on if she wanted me, but quite frankly she doesn't. And what is this mysterious fund, anyhow? Poor dear Howard leading a double life seems rather incredible, at his age and with that heart of his. As for the rest of it, I don't see why Wallie shouldn't have his share. No matter what you think about Margaret, she stood by Howard in the early days, and he was certainly crazy enough about her, although I wouldn't care to tell Katherine that."

She said she would be on for the trial, and to be sure to get the best men to defend Jim; and she ended by saying that the whole thing was preposterous, and that the grand jury must be insane. "Collective insanity," she put it.

Dick was rather at a loose end after the move. There could be no informal dropping

(Continued on Page 144)

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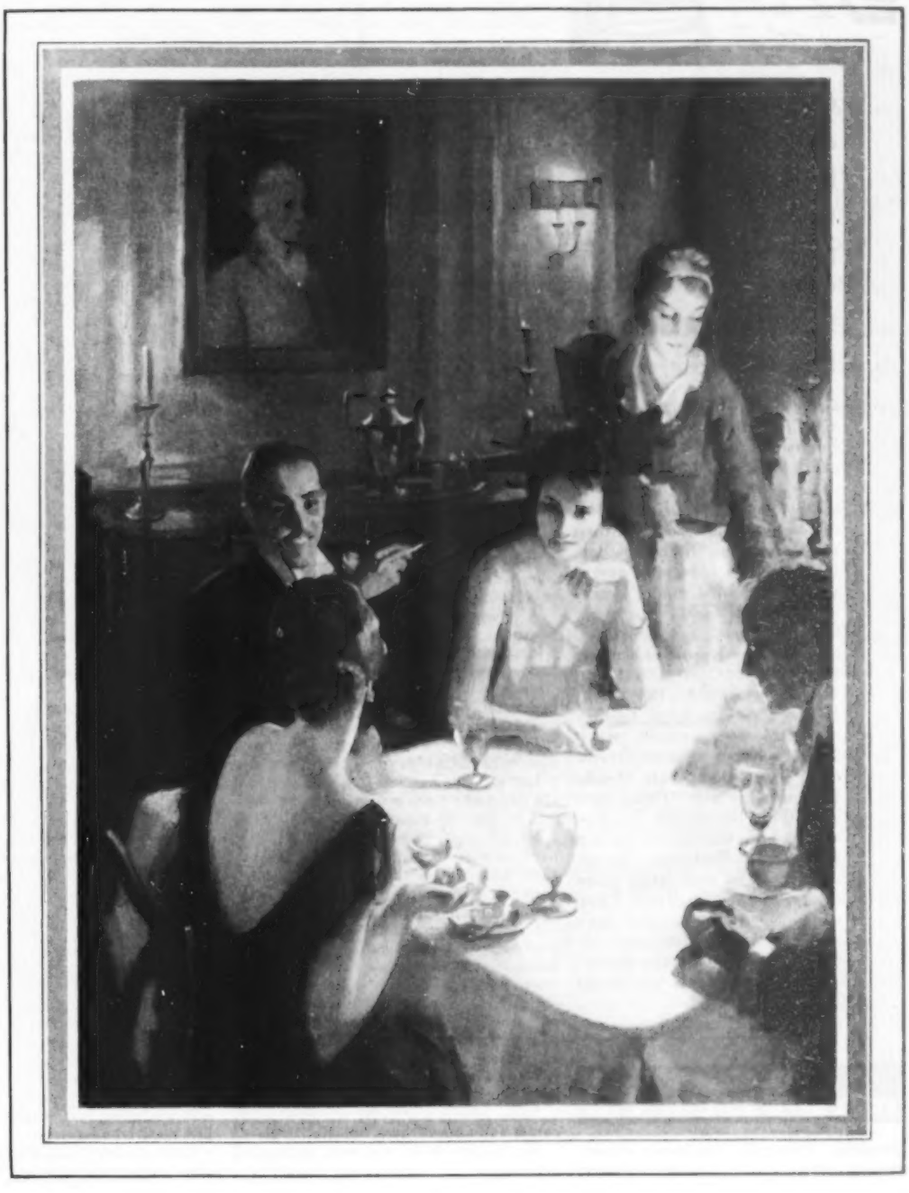

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DETROIT, MICH. WALKERVILLE, ONT.

(Continued from Page 142)

in at any house of Katherine's. Amos was gone, and a part of her own staff from New York had taken his place. Just how they found house room I do not know, but somehow they managed. Judy reported to me daily, and so matters went on for a week or so; Jim in jail, I alone once more in my house, and Katherine moving silently and austerely about that little house, sipping her after-dinner coffee in the back garden and passing, in order to reach it, the door to the liquor closet and the passage to the cellar stairs.

Then one day Judy told me that her mother wished to see the manager of the Imperial Hotel, and wanted me to go with her.

"But why, Judy?"

"She didn't say. She thinks something must have happened here last summer; I know that."

"The hotel wouldn't know about it."

"They might know if father had had any visitors."

She glanced at me, then looked away. I think she felt that there was something shameful in this prying into a dead man's past, and that she had herself refused to go.

I agreed, however. It seemed the least I could do, although I do not frequent hotels. I had never been inside the Imperial in my life. I dare say I belong to a generation which is absurd to the present one, but it has always seemed to me that well-bred folk should use hotels as necessities, not for pleasure.

But the hotel manager, a short ruddy man, swollen somewhat with good living, was unable to help us.

"I knew Mr. Somers well, of course," he said, "and I gave him the suite he usually occupied.

"I remember asking him if he wanted so much space, for he came alone. Usually he brought his valet. He said he did, and I went up with him myself. I thought he looked tired, and I suggested he have dinner in his sitting room. He said he would, and that his son would dine with him.

"The attack came on just after dinner. I was in the lobby when the word came, and I went up. The hotel doctor was there, and we got Doctor Simonds also. He—it looked pretty serious for a while."

"Walter Somers was there when it occurred?"

"Yes. He telephoned for help."

As to visitors, he did not know. The floor clerk might remember. From her desk near the elevator she could see the doors of the suite clearly, and of course Mr. Somers was an important guest. It was a chance, anyhow. She had known Mr. Somers for a number of years, and naturally his grave illness had been a matter of interest and solicitude.

A pleasant enough little man, if rather unctuous. He took us to the sixth floor and left us with the floor clerk. I imagine he had wanted to remain, but Katherine's "thank you" was a dismissal. He turned and went away.

The clerk at the desk on the sixth floor turned out to be a middle-aged woman with keen eyes and a shrewd mouth. Long ago, I dare say, she had lost any illusions as to the men and women whose comings and goings it was her business to watch. They came and went, intent on their own affairs, hardly aware of her at all. But she saw them and studied them; their tragedies, their serio-comedies. A thousand small dramas were played about her.

I saw that Katherine had impressed her, even before she heard her name—her air of breeding, the heavy handsome black she wore.

But Katherine was intent on herself and her problem; her eyes were on that long corridor, with its mirrors and heavy jars, its chairs and its rows of doors.

"You were here, I believe, while my husband was ill last summer?"

"Yes, Mrs. Somers. He was in 610, the corner suite down there."

But Katherine did not look, although I did.

"And I suppose that you know we are in trouble. Very great trouble."

"I do indeed. I am so sorry."

But the interview—at the time at least—appeared to develop very little. Miss Todd, the floor clerk, was on duty from four o'clock in the afternoon until midnight, when she turned in her keys to the main office and went home. She knew of no visitors to Howard during those hours.

"His son came and went," she said. "At first, when Mr. Somers was critically ill, he stayed all night, getting such sleep as he could, and there was a day nurse and a night nurse. When Miss Gittings came she replaced the day nurse, and after he began to gain strength she took the case herself. The night nurse was dismissed. She wanted it that way."

"The evening he was taken sick, do you remember anything unusual about that?"

"Well, I do, in a way. Mr. Walter Somers came out about ten minutes before the attack. He had his hat, and I remember thinking he had eaten his dinner in a hurry. He came along to about that third door there, then he turned right around and went back again."

"And it was after that that he telephoned for help?"

"About ten minutes. Yes."

Katherine hesitated. She was a proud woman, and only desperation could have forced the next question:

"You don't know if there had been a quarrel—some excitement, to bring on the attack?"

It was Miss Todd's turn to look embarrassed.

"Well, I hardly like to say. The waiter, William, said there were some words while he served dinner, and that Mr. Walter looked upset. But these waiters talk a good bit."

"He had no idea what the trouble was? Did he hear anything? I am sorry," Katherine interrupted herself, "but this may be more vital than you realize. What was said? What did this William hear?"

"William's gone now, but he said Mr. Somers had accused Mr. Walter of lying about something. And he said: 'You can't put that over on me. I know. I've got the facts, and if you think you are going to hold that over me, you can think again.' Those are not the exact words, but after he took sick, William came here and told me."

Katherine sat very still, thinking that over. It must have satisfied that furious jealousy of hers that Howard and Wallie had quarreled. But it must have puzzled her, too, as it was certainly puzzling me. She drew off her gloves, sat smoothing them absently.

"But of course that was nothing serious," Miss Todd went on brightly. "Things were all right after that, and Mr. Walter was devotion itself. He came in every day. He was nice to everybody. We all liked him."

Katherine moved in her chair.

"Did Mr. Somers have any other visitors?"

"Well, it was summer and his friends were all away. There were the doctors, of course; Doctor Simonds had called in several. But I remember no callers."

"Were you on duty when Mr. Waite came in?"

"Yes. Both days. The manager, Mr. Hendrickson, brought him up himself. He had only the stenographer with him; she sat here until Mr. Waite opened the door and signaled to her. A quiet person. They came back again the second day, and I think they called up the notary from downstairs. Mr. Walter brought him up, I believe, but I was at my supper at the time."

"Was his son—was Walter Somers with his father at these times?"

"On the first day he met Mr. Waite in the hall and took him in. But he did not stay. He came out and rang for the elevator. I remember that, because he brought me some flowers from the sick room. He said his father had suggested it. He had just received a large box."

I saw a quick flicker of suspicion in Katherine's eyes, and I knew that her quick jealousy had been again aroused. Flowers to her meant a woman, and with some justification, at that. Men do not ordinarily send boxes of flowers to other men. And this had been in midsummer, when practically all the few people Howard Somers knew in the city would be out of town.

"Flowers?" Katherine said. "I suppose you have no idea who sent these flowers?"

"I haven't an idea," said Miss Todd, looking slightly surprised. "Mr. Walter Somers would know, of course. He came out and got some vases for them."

Katherine's face set, as it always did when Walter was mentioned. Nevertheless, she was calm enough on the surface.

"And who brought these flowers, Miss Todd? Walter Somers?"

"No. They were delivered by the florist. At least I suppose so. An elderly man brought them. Usually such parcels are left here at the desk, but he said he had been told to get a receipt for them, and I let him take them in himself." She stopped suddenly. "That's curious," she said. "I don't remember his coming back this way, now that I think of it."

"He delivered the flowers and did not come back?"

"He may have, of course. I was pretty busy that day. I just don't remember seeing him again. But there is a service staircase near the suite. He could have walked down. I remember him," she added, "because it was a rainy day and he was soaking wet. He seemed old and feeble to be out and working."

She remembered nothing else of value. The messenger with the flowers she had seen only once—a shabby man, elderly, and with longish white hair, and considerably stooped. Several times during the illness a squat, heavy-set woman had come to give Howard a massage. She had reported at the desk the first time; after that she had merely nodded and passed by.

Visitors were forbidden. Walter came and went, getting little sleep at the beginning, but later on in better spirits. It was evident that Miss Todd had liked Walter. Sarah Gittings had gone her efficient way. "Very particular about his food, she was too!" As Howard improved he had insisted that Sarah take a walk in the afternoons, and she did so. At such times Walter often stayed with his father and read to him. Sarah would wait until Walter could come, after office hours, and then dutifully go out.

There was no fuel there for Katherine's jealousy and suspicion to feed on; the record of a normal illness, with no women visitors save a muscular *masseuse*. No men, even, save Walter and the doctors, this messenger from a florist, the elderly man with stooped shoulders and a box of flowers, and Mr. Waite himself, sole survivor now of that little group of three which had stood by a bed in that hotel suite and watched a wavering hand sign a will which was to send four people to their deaths and three others into danger and injury.

Before we left, Miss Todd asked if we would care to see the suite. Katherine refused, but I agreed. It seemed to me that the secret, whatever it was, might lie there; that if the florist's messenger could depart by a rear staircase, it would be possible for others who wished to avoid scrutiny to arrive by the same method. Something had happened to Howard Somers in those rooms, I felt—something which had altered his attitude toward his family and toward Walter, and which Jim had indicated in his defense.

And—strange how things will come to one at the most unusual times! It was while walking down that corridor, with its Chinese vases on pedestals, its gilt mirrors here and there over console tables, that I thought of Margaret Somers.

Suppose Margaret were still alive? And suppose that Walter knew this, had secured that fund of fifty thousand dollars for her? No wonder, in that case, that he had refused to explain it! He had shown a real fondness for Judy, and detest Katherine as

(Continued on Page 146)

"They must be hard up!"

"IT'S a shame, the way they're letting their place run down. I don't believe they've painted it since we moved on the street. I guess they must be hard up!"

Perhaps such comments are unfair, but unfair or not, we cannot escape the opinion of other people.

A good-looking, freshly-painted house is not only a joy, it's an asset. But a shabby one—it's nothing but a liability. Not only because of what it makes other people think, but because it cuts the value of our property and requires so much expense, inside and out, to fix it up—*needless expense*, had we but painted.

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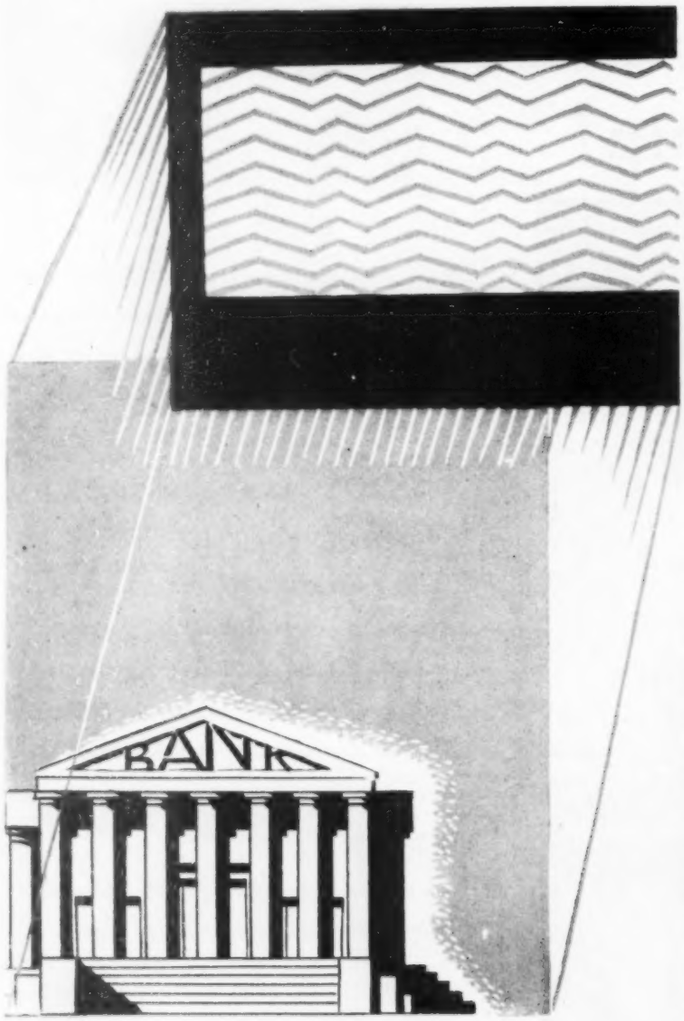

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LA MONTE
NATIONAL SAFETY PAPER
FOR CHECKS

(Continued from Page 144)

he certainly did, he would certainly never willingly invalidate his father's second marriage at the cost of exposure of Margaret's deception.

So perfectly did this theory fit the facts that I found myself stopping in the hall and turning to look back at Katherine, secure in the dignity of her grief, handsome and immobile in her chair.

The suite was a four-roomed one. Each of the rooms opened onto the hall, and the sitting room occupied a corner. To the right was the room which Howard had occupied, and beyond it a small one for maid or valet. Opening from the sitting room on the left was another bedroom, and just beyond it lay the service staircase.

Miss Todd was explaining: "The small bedroom was used by the nurses, as it connected with the sick room. The one beyond was kept for Mr. Walter, and for several nights he slept there."

But whatever their secret, the rooms yielded nothing.

I was still thinking of Margaret, and I wondered then if Katherine suspected what I did; if behind her strangeness during these last weeks there had been such a suspicion, a terror in which she saw her wifehood not only stultified but destroyed, and Judy nameless. And I know now that she had suspected, had feared just that. Why had Howard come, almost stealthily, to the city, light of luggage and without his valet, prearranging to meet Walter and dining upstairs so that they might talk undisturbed unless it was that Walter had some shocking and terrible thing to tell him? Something which Howard refused to believe, and later had believed.

When I went out into the hall again she had not moved in her chair.

Miss Todd glanced toward her. "She looks very sad."

"She is in great grief, naturally."

She was locking the door. Now she turned to me swiftly and lowered her voice.

"He was a fine man—Mr. Somers," she said. "No nonsense about him; you know what I mean. If you sat where I do —— So you'll understand me when I tell you this: There was a young woman who tried to see him after he began to improve. I think myself that she had waited below in the lobby until she saw Miss Gittings go for her walk, and then came up. She didn't come to the desk. She got out of the elevator somewhere below and came up the service stairs. I happened to see her, or she'd have been inside. She had tried the bedroom door, but it was locked, and I caught her before she got to the sitting-room door."

"What excuse did she give?"

"She said she must be on the wrong floor. She was looking for a Mrs. Stewart, from St. Louis. But I took the trouble to find out that there was no Mrs. Stewart, from St. Louis or anywhere else, in the house." We were close to Katherine now, so she lowered her voice still further. "She was a pretty girl," she added hurriedly, "with bright red hair. And she went as white as a sheet when I spoke to her."

XXII

I HAD plenty to think of that day, and plenty of time in which to think.

It is a strange fact that death or sickness brings friends in numbers. They call, send flowers, telephone. But real trouble—a trouble like ours, with its accompaniment of tragedy and shame—embarrasses them. The kindest thing apparently is to stay away.

I did not miss them, but I did miss the inspector. I had grown fond of him, and his visits had been breaks in what were long and not too cheerful days. But he, too—perhaps out of some mistaken sense of delicacy—was absenting himself, and I was much alone.

I needed him badly that day. Elise's discovery of a ghost in the trunk room, the possibility that Mary Martin, as long ago as last summer, had tried to see Howard, and that angry statement of Howard's to Wallie, "If you think you are going to hold that over me you can think again"—all these must have some bearing on our mystery.

And he was friendly to us. I knew that. Friendly and not too certain of Jim's guilt. I was resolved that from now on there would be no reservations on my part. I would show him the clock-dial paper and tell him of that quarrel in the hotel. But before I did that I would go over Sarah's record of Howard's illness. She had a habit of scrawling on them odd facts, not always relating to the patient.

"Set mouse trap," I recall seeing on one of them long ago.

It was with a certain amount of hope, then, that I went up to Sarah's room that afternoon. The records I had placed in the lower drawer of her wardrobe trunk, and I got them out and laid them on the bed. They were all there—Judy's diphtheria, the measles among Laura's children, the time I fell downstairs and broke my collar bone, and Katherine's periodical quinsy.

At last I found what I wanted. I sat back and went over it carefully. The early days of that sickness at the hotel had been active ones; the records showed treatments, hypodermics, careful comments on the patient's pulse, his weakness, his depression. It was clear that he had been depressed.

Then came improvement. "Patient more cheerful." "Appetite better." "Sitting up in bed today." On the eighth day came an entry at four o'clock. "Mr. Walter with patient from four to six while I took walk. Reports him more cheerful." After that, not regularly, but often, came the entry: "Out for walk. Patient comfortable."

It was not until I reached the date when Mr. Waite had made the rough draft of the will—August twelfth, that I found anything of importance. The page for that date and the one for the day following were missing!

I could not believe it at first. I went over the record again and again; I even searched the other records, neatly clamped together and docketed. But it was not until I reëxamined the page dated August eleventh that I found anything, and what I found was more surprising than helpful.

At the bottom of the column marked Notes, Sarah had written in pencil: "August twelfth and thirteenth withdrawn for safekeeping." And beneath that: "Clock dial. Five o'clock right. Seven o'clock left. Press on six."

"Withdrawn for safekeeping." Then Sarah had known that she had written something on those two pages which was of grave importance; I only prayed that she had not known how grave. What visitors had she entered in that column on the twelfth? Or what had happened to make Howard Somers, on that very day, decide to make a new will and leave Wallie half of his estate plus a secret fund?

It was beyond me. I locked the room, went downstairs and telephoned for the inspector.

He came that night, looking sheepish and uncomfortable.

"Didn't know you'd care to see me," he said.

"You know well enough that you don't believe Jim Blake is guilty, inspector."

To my alarm, he shook his head.

"I'm not so sure. He was with the Gunther girl that night, according to the colored woman. He knew about the will all right. Mind you, I'm not saying he'd planned the thing. He got excited and angry, and Sarah Gittings wouldn't give up the will. Maybe he knocked her down first. Then he went crazy and he finished the job."

My heart sank.

"After that he'd have to do away with Florence. She knew too much."

"And Howard?"

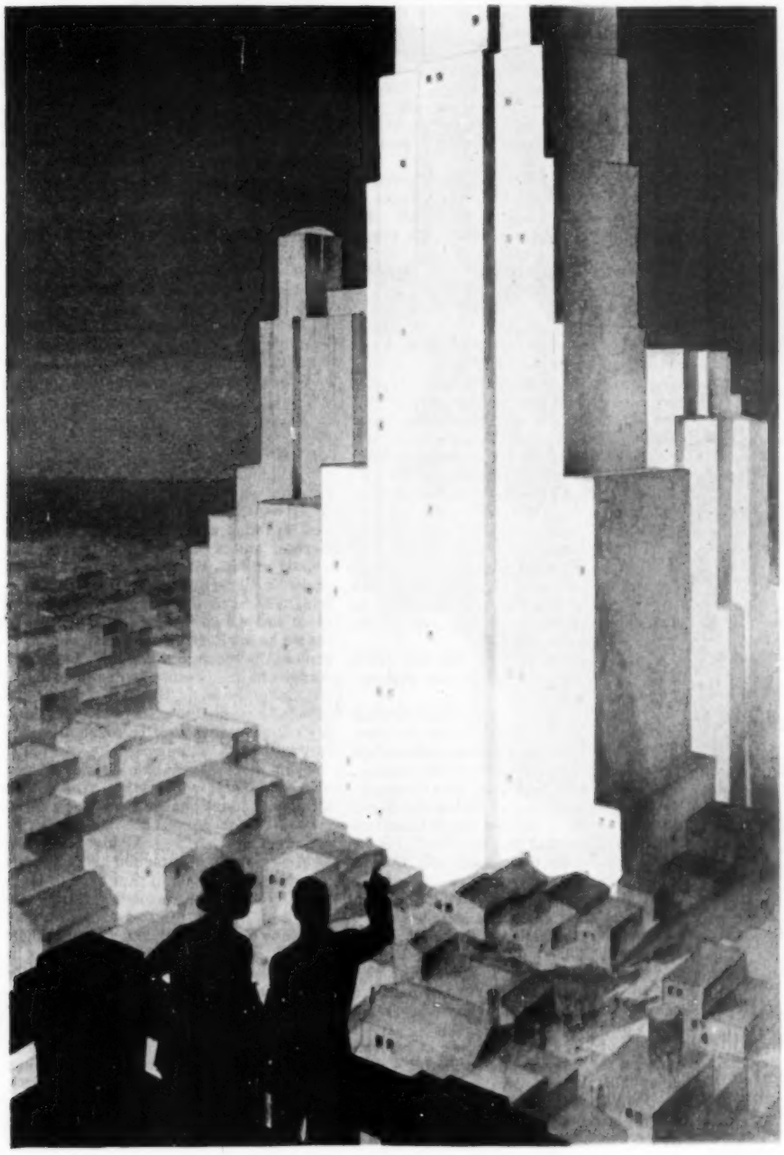
"Murder's not proved there."

However, when I told him of what we had learned at the hotel, and about Mary Martin, he seemed less certain.

"Funny thing about that girl," he said. "We can't locate her. You'd think she'd be

(Continued on Page 148)

We have but one story for you . . . . . *there it is*



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NATIONAL CASKET COMPANY, INC.
DISPLAY ROOMS IN TWENTY-SEVEN CITIES

(Continued from Page 146)

looking for work, but she hasn't. The district attorney isn't interested, but I am. She knows a lot, if you ask me."

"Do you always find what you are looking for, inspector?"

"Pretty often."

And then I laid out on the desk that page from Sarah's record and the clock dial Judy had found in Florence's shoe. His face was a study when I explained the latter.

"So Judy found it, eh?" he said, and poked it with the end of a toothpick. "Intelligent girl—Miss Judy. And what does she think it means?"

"In view of the record, I think it indicates the place where Sarah hid the two missing pages."

He placed the two clock-dial directions side by side and fell to studying them.

"They are not ciphers," he said. "They are perfectly clear directions, if one only —— I suppose you've tried all your clocks?"

"The young people have," I said resignedly.

"The chances are that it doesn't refer to a clock at all. Something which might be described in clock fashion, that's all. And something to which one or both the women had access. Not a safe, either."

"You think I'm correct as to the records?"

"It's probably so. What happened is this: Until Sarah learned the terms of the new will, those records lay in her room. They had no importance, no value. But she learned the terms of the will, and then for some reason they were important. So she hid them. She may have hidden them first in the wood cellar; that would account for the chair. But before she went out that last night she hid them again. Now, let's see. She didn't leave the house between her return at 5:15 and seven, when she left again?"

"I don't know. I don't think so."

"Still, that means nothing. She didn't die until ten o'clock. Between seven and ten she was somewhere, and according to the colored woman, she was not at the house on Halkett Street."

I was tempted then to tell him Jim's story to Godfrey Lowell of that evening. But I did not.

"She went somewhere, and she hid those records," he said. "Find where she went and we find them, and perhaps some other things I'd like to know. Why, for instance, with these two women dead, does the search for these records go on? What did Sarah Gittings record on at least one of those two days which is vital to the killer? Here's Jim Blake under indictment, and they're apparently still important."

"Still very important," I said, and then I told him about Elise and her ghost.

He asked at once to see the window, and later on he talked with Elise, while I interpreted as best I could. It was not until he was with us in the hall on the way out that he asked me if I suspected any of the servants.

"They could be bribed, you know," he said. "Are you sure all this fright is genuine?"

"I have almost to put the women to bed myself, inspector. As to Joseph, he puts up a good front, but I notice that he draws the window shades before dark now, and I'm terrified to walk suddenly into his pantry at night, for fear he shoots me."

"He still maintains that he was attacked?"

"He's sure of it."

I went out to the drive with him. It was a warm spring night with plenty of stars, and the inspector stopped and looked up at them.

"Mighty nice," he said. "I like the stars. I like Nature too. And I'm in this sort of business!" But a moment later he was advising me to get back into the house.

"Either Jim Blake's guilty, or whoever is guilty is still free. And that's not a nice thought, Miss Bell. It's somebody who can think faster than the police, and see every angle and every emergency. A dangerous mind, Miss Bell, prepared to go to any length to attain its end. Big men in business often have it, professional gamblers have it, some traders on the Exchange have it. Lombroso says there's a criminal type. There may be. But there is a criminal mind, and this fellow has it."

He waited to see that I got safely back into the house, and then went on. That was the evening of the twenty-seventh of May, and long shall I remember it.

At half-past nine Judy and Dick came in. Katherine had made it clear that Dick was not welcome at the Pine Street house, and so now and then the two of them met in my library. On such occasions I would discreetly retire, but I think even Katherine would have found these meetings harmless enough. Early and late the two were on the crime. On one never-to-be-forgotten night, for example, Dick had lowered himself into the light shaft by his hands, and found that it was just possible to obtain a precarious foothold on the iron bar beneath. But getting him out had been a different matter, and when at last he hung panting on the sill, both Judy and I were exhausted.

"Well," he said, "if Jim Blake did that by himself, he's a better man than I am, Rudyard Kipling."

On this particular night they came in filled with suppressed excitement.

Amos had emerged from hiding long enough to see Dick that day, and he had told him certain details which he had withheld before the grand jury.

Dick did the talking, while Judy watched him.

"In the first place," he said, "do you believe Jim Blake is guilty?"

"I do not."

"Well, neither do we. But I've got something to tell you that will make you think. Amos went into his room the next morning, and he found some blood on Jim Blake's clothes, and a handkerchief pretty well soaked with it. He showed it to Blake, and Blake said he'd cut his hand the night before. The hand was tied up, all right, and there was a cut. Amos saw it later. Of course he might have done that himself to explain the blood, but we don't believe it. Amos is hiding because he doesn't want to tell that at the trial. He cleaned the clothes as best he could, but when he sent the laundry out some time later he found that Jim had washed the handkerchief.

"But there's something else. The next day, after Sarah was missing, at noon and after you had telephoned to him, Jim Blake got out of bed, dressed in some old clothes and went out. It was raining, and when he came back he was wet and his shoes were muddy. Now I'll admit that all that looks queer. I believe he was on that hillside the next day, looking for something. What? Either he'd killed Sarah and was afraid he'd dropped something incriminating, or he knew something had happened there the night before. He was there. He saw somebody or something, but he isn't saying what or who. Now why? Why has he done the things he has done? Why leave that sword stick around until the body is found, and then only put it in a closet? That's foolish.

"And why go to bed? Guilt? The normal thing would have been to go around as though nothing had happened. But he goes to bed like a baby. Now what puts him to bed? If he wasn't guilty he wasn't scared. So what's the answer? He's shocked. He's had an awful jolt of some sort. He's either happened on the body or on the murderer with the body. If he saw only the body, he'd have notified the police. But if he saw the murderer ——"

"I dare say I'm stupid, Dick. If he'd seen either of them, why not call the police?"

Judy turned to me.

"Dick believes," she said patiently, "that Uncle Jim recognized somebody on the hillside that night, and that he is either afraid to tell who it was, or that he has—other reasons."

"For not telling?"

"For not telling."

(Continued on Page 150)

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(Continued from Page 148)

"Reasons so strong that he is willing to go to the chair rather than tell them? That's ridiculous."

"Not if he recognized the person he saw on that hillside, or wherever it was."

And I saw between them once more that practically wordless exchange which I found so irritating—Judy staring at Dick, and Dick making a gesture at once protesting and protective.

"But who could that be? Not Wallie. We know that."

Judy looked at me, and I have never seen so tragic a look in a child's eyes.

"Dick thinks it might have been father."

I do not blame them, poor young things. Indeed, thinking that over later, I was not so sure that they were not right. Here was Jim, asking, the day after Sarah's death, about Howard, and if I was certain he had not been down recently; and burning his papers later on, as though some such inquiry might have been made by letter and answered.

And there was the whole situation; a secret will, to be kept from Howard's family, and even embodying a further secret clause. Howard might have had reason in his own mind for desperate measures to prevent Katherine learning of that will. And then, unable to bear that weight of guilt, or confronted with Jim the night of his death, he had resorted to suicide.

I was, however, profoundly shocked at the time; so much so that Judy rang for some sherry for me.

"I know," she said; "I feel like that too. But if Uncle Jim's innocent he's not going to the chair. And it will be the chair unless something is done, and done soon."

Apparently there was something to be done, simple enough on the face of it. We were to go—the three of us—to the path into the park, and there conduct an experiment as to the possibility of recognising each other.

"It's the same sort of night," Dick said. "Stars, but no moon. You two can go down to where Uncle Jim said he rested"—even then I noted the Uncle Jim—"and I'll cut across the hillside. I'll stop when you can see me clearly enough to recognize me."

And this we did. That end of the park was deserted, and we saw no one. Dick left us at the Larimer lot and cut across directly to the hillside. We could hear him working his way through the brush for some time, then we lost him. Judy and I followed the street to the path, and then down the hill.

Halfway down we stopped and Judy lighted a cigarette. She had not spoken at all until then—an unusual thing for her—and by the light of the match I thought she was crying.

"It's a crazy idea," she said. "We're all crazy. And why the devil doesn't he come?"

It did seem to be taking Dick a long time. Judy sat down finally, her hands clasped about her knees.

"There's more light than I thought," she said. "That street lamp up there helps. I can see you plainly, Elizabeth Jane."

But stare as we might, we could not see Dick, and at last Judy got up.

"I'd better go over," she said. "He may have fallen."

I had a queer feeling, even then, that something was not right. The silence was appalling, and I remember wishing we had brought the dogs. Judy was ahead, hard to follow in her black dress, and so we progressed for some two hundred feet along the steep hillside.

But we did not find Dick at all. Judy was frantically calling him by that time, and I remember looking up, to see my own garage towering above me, and so excited was I that I hardly recognized it. And then, hearing Judy's voice, Joseph came on the run, and in no time at all we had the police there.

They found Dick unconscious in a deep wash beneath the Larimer lot. Whether he had fallen or had been struck, we did not know, but he had a deep wound on the back of his head.

They took him to the hospital at once, and up to the operating room. There was no fracture, however, but a bad concussion of the brain, and both Judy and I spent the night in his room.

Sometime during that endless night, with Judy sitting beside the bed where Dick's long figure never moved and nurses came and went in that silence which is as ominous as death, a thought came to me, who seemed not to be thinking at all. This thought was that here was a crime which could not be laid to Jim; which might even help him. Whether Dick lived or died—and I prayed God that he live—the unknown killer was still at large.

And, now that Dick was to live, something of that relief, and more, was in Judy's mind.

Toward morning she got stiffly out of her chair, and coming over to me, put her hand on my shoulder.

"You see, we were wrong," she said, rather childishly. "We were both wrong, Elizabeth."

At dawn Dick became conscious and reached out for Judy's hand. But it was not until evening of that day that he told his story.

He had reached the edge of the lot and was climbing down the hillside. When he reached the gully he stopped, hesitating whether to cross or go around it, and at that moment he heard a sound above him.

There was at this point no direct light from the street lamp, but a faint, reflected radiance. The crest of the hill, however, with the lamp behind it, stood out clearly silhouetted against the night. And against that outline something was moving; an indistinguishable mass, close to the ground.

It was perhaps eight feet above him, and he had thought at first that it was a dog. He decided to go up the hill and around the head of the wash, and then the thing came at him. That was all he remembered, and even now that is all we know. It is probable that nothing more than surveillance of our movements was intended. But Dick altered his course, recognition was imminent and the reaction was quick and violent.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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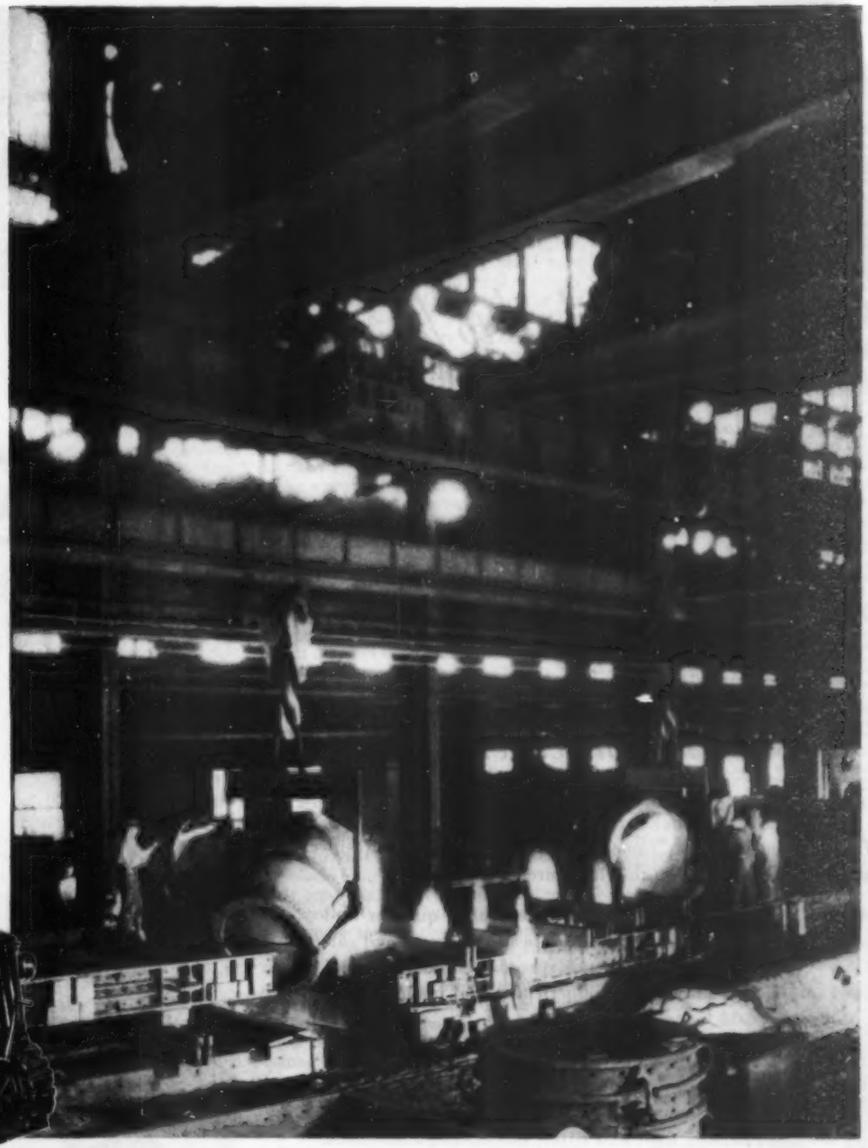

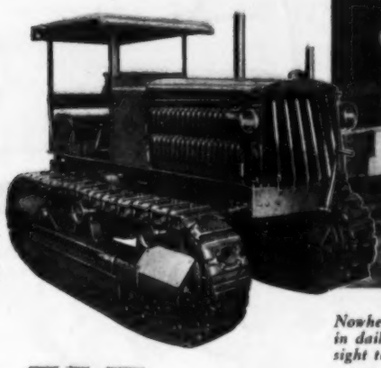

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THE ELEPHANT FORGETS

(Continued from Page 15)

some hay and feigned its huge enjoyment, meanwhile keeping his gaze on the top of the tent. As suddenly as the mood had come to Old Mom, it passed. Rather dazed, she went back to her position at the head of the herd; there was no explanation for the menagerie men when they came back from dinner to find two elephants with their stakes pulled. Old Mom seemed a bit more fretful than of late, that was all.

In fact, the turmoil of her brain had increased greatly. Not that she recognized it wholly; an elephant cannot psychoanalyze. In that fierce moment of conflict, memory had all but returned to her, giving her power and supremacy. Then it had floated away again. But it had left a strange aftermath.

"Either that big lobster's sulking, or he's decided to be a good boy," said the bull boss a few days later. "Noticed how decent he's been actin' lately? No breakin' out of line, no bullying of the rest of the herd, no sapping at Billy Sunday?"

"Know how far I trust that bull?" asked Stumpy. "Just as far as I can throw him. . . . Hey, men, rig up that block an' tackle!"

So they brought Goliath forth; long runs and late arrivals had prevented an attempt at schooling since the day before Old Mom's outbreak. With his departure from the elephant line a queer change came over the brute.

It had manifested itself with the first loosening of his chains—an eager fretfulness which increased as he padded through the menagerie to the big-top connection and then to the training area. Goliath presented the appearance of one glad to be away; he raised his trunk and trumpeted with a note of freedom, and the bull men set about their work with more enthusiasm than usual. For once, Goliath was giving evidences of understanding; perhaps this time he would not slump down like a mass of soft dough when they affixed the mechanic.

"Shake a leg there!" commanded the bull boss of his assistants. "Let's get goin' before this baby changes his mind. All right, lower that belt. . . . That's it—lower! . . . Now you men slip it under his belly. . . . Nix—drop it—drop it and get the hooks. . . . Goliath!"

The tremendous beast had suddenly whirled and, his trunk weaving low, stood blasting defiance. The bull boss seized a hook and raced forward. The animal threw him off, tossing him ten feet away with scarcely an exertion of his trunk. Stumpy Brooks came limping forward, white-faced—he had seen Goliath act this way before. Then a dozen men scrambled to catch the defiant animal off guard. He whirled before them, fending them off with a flailing sweep of his trunk. At last, with a bellow that shook the tent, he crashed forward, knocking men from his path, surged blindly across the newly laid ring curbs, crashed through a half-erected section of seats, and out under the open side wall, a plank wagon careening from his path as he collided against it.

The big top was dynamic with energy now; half of the bull crew following the rampant beast, the other half, led by the bull boss, running for the main elephant line in the menagerie. Chains clanked. Elephants chirruped with reflected excitement. Old Mom trumpeted commands in relay as they were given her by the bull boss, swinging her forth to herd her charges before her. Then a man came running under the side wall.

"Rush them bulls! We've got a chance to take him! He smacked into the cook house and knocked it down! He's over there, thrashing around under the canvas!"

"Quick! Before he breaks for the open!" shouted the bull boss, and gave Old Mom the hook for action.

Out under the side wall went seventeen tremendous hulks; Phœbe, her punks and Billy Sunday had been left behind. Over the soft, rocking soil of the circus lot they raced to where the wreckage of the cook house billowed and tossed to the movements of a gigantic figure beneath, moving aimlessly as he strove to free himself of the tangle of canvas. Swiftly the bull boss sent the rescue elephants into a circle about the wrecked tent. Then, cupping his hands, he shouted above the bellowing and thunder of hoofs:

"All right, men! Close 'em in!"

"Mule up!" shouted a dozen voices, and seventeen elephants swung to a tightening circle.

"Canvasmen! Razorbacks! Loosen them seams! Yank loose that tent!"

A half hundred men leaped to their task, jerking at the ropes which held together the sections of canvas, and working gingerly until they were almost within touching distance of the distraught elephant beneath. Then to a new command, they pulled furiously; the seams parted. The truant giant stood released, eyes red and raging, trunk upraised.

"Close in!" came in a chorus from the bull men; again seventeen elephants lessened their circle. Goliath bellowed, Goliath trumpeted, as if for new defiance; and as suddenly he was silent. Abject, quiescent in surrender, he stood there, panting and waiting for the attendants to come forward and take him under their guardianship. But in the meanwhile the bull boss flopped suddenly at the end of the hook which he had placed in Old Mom's trunk, and yelled for help.

"You old idiot!" he shouted at her when two assistants had come to his assistance. "What's got into your cockeyed brain now? Ain't we had trouble enough, without you flying off the handle?"

Old Mom, still trembling, answered with a querulous chirrup. She did not know why the desire had all but overwhelmed her, to race forward, head down, and attempt to give this hulking giant the beating of his life. Like a mist clearing before the sun, the veil of forgetfulness had thinned for an instant, giving her again that sense of power and dominance which she had felt the day when she had paraded before him, and then it had left her. Now she only trembled and chirruped apologetically, and felt foolish. The bull boss gave her a kick on the shins and an affectionate pat on the trunk simultaneously.

"Have some sense, old gal," he said indulgently. "You ain't no spring chicken." With that, he shouted for formation, and Goliath obediently took his place in line, to be led back to the menagerie. There he allowed himself to be chained behind his red-velvet ropes, apparently docile. Only his rolling eyes hinted that venom might flow beneath the calm.

Two days passed after that, in which the boss bull man and his companion in trouble, Stumpy Brooks, held many conferences in their canvas lean-to just outside the menagerie tent and decided upon nothing. That was bad, for the Old Man, called away on the afternoon of his arrival, was coming back again. This time, with the memory of that fifty-eight thousand dollars' worth of paper on his mind, he might not be content with words.

"Still, if we try to work him, he'll bust again!" argued Stumpy. "That's his habit."

"I've been thinkin' about that Effie bull," cut in the boss elephant man. "Wonder if he'd work if he'd fall for some lady in our line."

"I don't know. Effie was quite a bull. For that matter, she treated him like mud. Always taking a sap at him."

"That's out," said the bull boss. "He's the guy that does the sapping now."

"Yeh," agreed Stumpy. "That's out."

The bull boss jerked mournfully at his cap.

"So 'm I," he added. "Out a hundred bucks to that dressing-tent gang unless I work that bull."

"Better start diggin' for your grouch bag," said Stumpy. "'Cause we ain't going to work him. He'll bust out again, and the next time it won't be no picnic."

Thus they presaged the future, while in the menagerie a giant elephant stood behind his velvet ropes and sulked. His eyes were narrow and vicious, and he rolled them often toward the head of the line. But he made no further evidence of rebellion. There was reason. Memory may have failed Old Mom, but it had acted in wholly the opposite manner for the object of her hate. On that day when the fretful old herd leader had paraded before him, supreme in her momentary triumph, recollection had seethed in Goliath's brain, calling up hateful memories of long-gone days and bringing a certain sense of caution. Cunning had come with it; he had waved his hay and looked at the top of the tent and pretended not to see her. He had been obedient since, except when the bull men had led him away. And now he was obedient again, on the surface. But beneath the exterior he boiled and fumed, and waited.

His watchful eyes rarely left Old Mom—the caution of a beast incessantly vigilant; and when she looked in his direction, he assumed more placidity than ever. But one afternoon Goliath suddenly shifted his interest; fifty feet away, Billy Sunday grunted along on his usual foraging expedition. The trainer had hurried Billy through his act that afternoon, and the extra exertion had created an appetite of tremendous proportions.

Here and there the baby went, snooping a few wisps at intervals, digging down after peanuts which the bigger elephants had dropped during the excitement of many offerings when the circus crowds had flooded through, wandering under the stomachs of the placid brutes in line, squeezing between their legs. Goliath watched him silently. As he watched, Billy Sunday became something more than a mere frolicsome baby elephant. He emerged into an epitomization of hate—old hate which traveled years and years into the past, back to the Whitten Brothers Circus and a herd leader named Old Mom. Closer came Billy Sunday, sniping a peanut, a bit of orange peel, at last halting to stare with gluttonous eyes upon a joint of sugar cane which lay directly before the red-velvet ropes.

He squealed and scampered away, as if to see what would happen. Goliath apparently took no notice of him. Then the side wall rose, to reveal the bull boss, waving an arm to the one attendant on duty.

"Loosen up Old Mom and bring her out here!" he commanded. "Got a wheel off the stake-and-chain wagon!"

The attendant obeyed. The bull line gawked and craned its necks and stretched its trunks with curiosity. Then the swaying rear of Old Mom disappeared under the side wall and the picket line grew complacent again. Billy Sunday squealed anew and moved a step nearer the sugar cane. Goliath gave no evidence that he even saw the baby. Closer came Old Mom's pet, and still closer, his stubby trunk extended in exploration of forbidden ground. Still there was no bellow of remonstrance, no padding of great hoofs; only those piggy eyes growing steadily more narrow, those great ears coming flatter to the head. Billy saw only the sugar cane. He forgot caution. A hungry squeal came from his throat and he eased forward, mouth working voraciously, and bent to scoop up the dainty.

But he shrieked as he did so—shrieked and twisted like a bird in the grasp of a boa constrictor. The tremendous trunk of Goliath had curled above him and descended, catching him full about his funny little potbelly, and raising him, a screaming thing of terror, in high circles. A bellow of triumph sounded from the giant's throat; then, while the rest of the elephant line swayed and pitched and trumpeted, Goliath

(Continued on Page 155)

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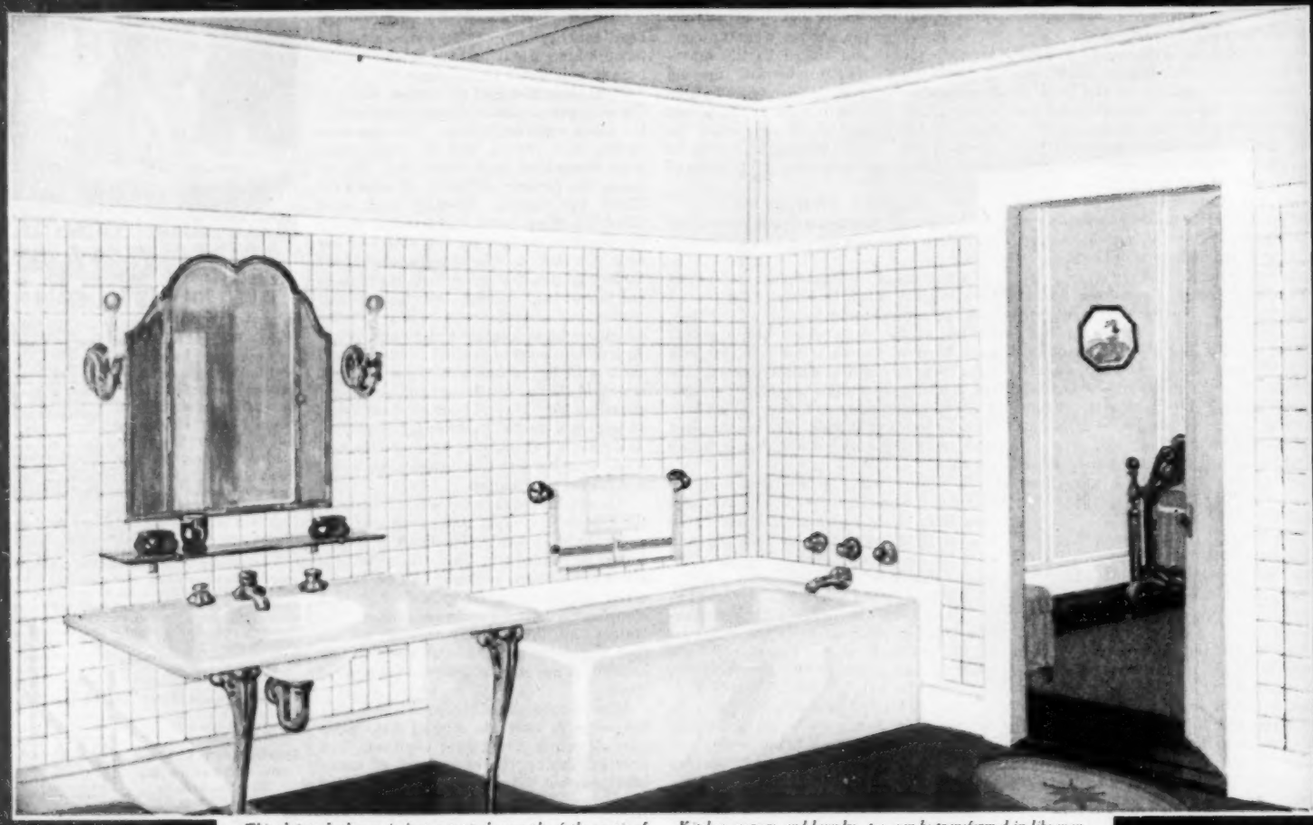

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(Continued from Page 153)

snapped his stake from the ground as though it were nothing, and plunged through the velvet ropes into the open, the better to achieve his vengeance.

He swung the stricken baby madly. He lowered him and scraped him, squawking, along the ground, his hide rasping horribly. He turned him, he mauled him, while great grunts of joyous anger came from the tremendous beast's throat; then he sent that serpent-like trunk into suffocating tightness, until Billy Sunday's ribs distended and his agonized screams drowned even the cries of the other elephants and the snarls of suddenly frenzied beasts in the cat cages. Again and again Goliath scraped him on the ground; then suddenly he raised him and whirled him downward, one foot lifted to crush out the life of the semiconscious infant.

There he halted, his eyes glaring, his great hoof raised impotently. The side wall had fallen, jerked from its fastenings by the impact of a hurtling body. A thunderous bellow echoed which stilled the bull line. Herself gigantic in anger, Old Mom now moved forward, the whites of her eyes fringed with angry red, her great trunk curled for attack, caution forgotten, comparative size unheeded; a demon was progressing, with no thought save that of the protection of her beloved pet.

The pursuing bull boss caught at her with his hook; she tossed him off. An assistant came at her and she sent him tumbling with what seemed no more than a wriggle. She bellowed again, while before her a giant suddenly seemed to shrivel. Goliath had lowered his trunk. His legs had lost their stiffness. Squealing anew, Billy Sunday came to his feet and scampered away, unheeded. Goliath saw only the approaching Nemesis, and Goliath quailed. In that instant Old Mom trumpeted anew and with a different note. That moment of cowardice had been enough. She remembered now!

No longer was she old. No longer was she afraid of greater strength, a longer trunk, bigger shoulders. She was back on the Whitten Brothers Circus, dealing with a bulk of elephant flesh in which the psychological color of yellow predominated, a faker who must be driven to his act, a cowardly bully except when she stormed upon him. Old Mom knew him now, and the giant bulk before her shrank to the being which once she had beaten and flailed and stormed into tractability. She lowered her head. Her trunk gusted with her heavy breathing. Then, a swaying, unconquerable catapult of rage, she swept forward to the attack.

Vainly Goliath whirled and sought to avoid her; the full force of her impact caught him in the midriff, knocking the breath from him in a blast that rose even above the scraping of their armorlike hides. Goliath staggered. Again he sought to whirl, but the heavy head of Old Mom was beneath him and her neck muscles straining to throw him off balance. The giant reeled in the air, he scrambled mightily; a screech like the grinding of steel came from his open throat; he fell, he rose; then, bellowing his fear, he ran!

But he could not escape. A dozen men strove to halt her; Old Mom did not know they were there. She saw only one thing—this giant coward, this being who had violated the rules of her little monarchy and who had assaulted her beloved, pampered Billy Sunday. Ancient legs streaked in pursuit, and vengeance was faster than fear. She circled him in the center of the big top and halted him. Again she lowered her head and plunged, again she caught him low and in a spot of pain. The giant Goliath bellowed piteously; Old Mom answered by a series of flailing blows about his mouth and head that drove him from her in another attempt at flight. But he turned just at the wrong moment; a five-ton battering ram had come upon him again. This time he rolled helplessly for an instant, taking the blows of hoofs and trunk before he could struggle to his feet again. His mouth was wide, now, in frantic fright. The curl was gone from his trunk, his rear legs dragged. Again and again the cries echoed from his deep throat—cries of anguish, of fear—cries for mercy. Old Mom still continued to drive upon him, while bull men worked feverishly at the picket line, to surround the tent with the remainder of the herd, in case of new flight.

There was no flight. There was only a new attack, new screams, and still another attack to follow that, while Goliath dodged frantically or bent to the blows which a rapidly weakening herd leader swung at him. Then suddenly, as fatigue brought a momentary halt to Old Mom's assaults, the giant swerved, cried forth piteously and ran into the ring.

He knelt and bellowed. He rose and, trunk sagging, began to move his feet in the semblance of a dance—a dance such as only a trained elephant can know. A shout came from behind Old Mom, where the bull boss and Stumpy were moving forward, bull hooks extended. In the ring, the biggest elephant in the world halted, dazed, trembling.

A trumpet call came from Old Mom, as, weaving from fatigue, she strove for the strength for one more assault. Goliath answered with frantic begging. He knelt again and rose, and knelt once more, squealing anew. Then the bull men rushed forward to surround the weaving old herd leader, while past them streaked another form—that of the head elephant man, shouting commands as he leaped into the ring.

"Knees, Goliath!" he shouted, and the elephant obeyed. "So you need a tough gal like Old Mom to make you work, eh?" He yelled as he danced about the harassed bull. "Halt! Head up! Now, knees, you yellow bum! Knees!"

On went the routine, the regular actions that are as instinctive to a trained elephant as life itself, while panting, vigilant, Old Mom stood in glowering survey. Outside the tent a command sounded and the main herd moved back into its place at the picket line. Someone ran for a washtub and a quart of iodine for the squealing Billy Sunday. Stumpy Brooks, his work with the main herd ended, limped back to the big top, where Old Mom snorted a blustering second to the bull boss' every command.

"Anything I can help you with?" shouted Stumpy Brooks. The bull boss looked up from his work of making Goliath, the biggest elephant in the world, roll over.

"Yeah," he said laconically. "Go tell that dressing-tent gang that I'm ready for my hundred dollars."

COMPANY CRAZE

(Continued from Page 25)

investment trust was a device for letting somebody else do the work and taking the responsibility. "This company," these latter would say, "is not interested merely in deriving profits from dividends and market appreciation, but rather is directly concerned in increasing the usefulness of its constituent companies."

Valid or debatable as these distinctions may be in normal times, they were largely lost sight of in the mad scramble to ride the very top of the final wave of stock-market profits. In those days one might explain or even defend almost any kind of company on the ground that variety was needed to provide for every financial requirement and type of mind. But no one bothered to explain or defend. It did not matter whether functions were clearly set forth and followed or whether the picture was confused to the last degree. Any kind of company went over big, no matter what it did, and that was all that mattered.

To say that the company craze suffered in the panic of last October and November is putting it mildly. The argument had been advanced that an investment or holding company enjoyed the protection of having its risks distributed like a life-insurance company. But after the stock market collapsed the analogy was more like that of a life-insurance company after half the population had died off in a plague. Declines of as much as 70 per cent were common in stocks of so-called investment and holding companies. A few even fell 90 per cent, and at this writing, early in January, many of them show almost no recovery from the low points of November.

One of the best known of the giant trading companies sold at 57 in August, 10 in November, and is 12 at this writing. Another reached 29⅝ in August, 3⅛ in October, and sells at 7 now. Perhaps the most famous of all, formed somewhat earlier, sold at 121 last March, fell to 32 in the panic, and now ranges around 35. Another one was promoted early in September at 104, sold at 120 before the official offering, was naturally oversubscribed on a spectacular scale, and in a few days reached 136. A few weeks later it dropped to 63, and is now around 70. Still another big fellow reached 201½ late in August, 64 in November, and hovers around 75 now.

Many of these companies, as we shall see later, multiplied in groups or clusters, like mushrooms in rich soil. It cannot be said that these fared any better. One which almost reached 400 late in September, was split six for one, sold at 64 for a while, and sank to 10. It is now 13. But this company gave birth, while the birth rate was high, to three others. In such fecund months as August and September they sold up respectively to 85, 60 and 15, but are now around 25, 33 and 9. Another parent of many offspring started out with its stock around 18. This sold at 4 in November and has managed to work up to 5 by now. Nor have its children, or affiliates, done any better.

What this means is clear. Just as in the mania of the moment these shares were pushed far above their true worth, so, when the artificial structure fell apart, they dropped in a number of cases below their book or liquidating values. From one extreme they have gone to the other, with the reckoning measuring the scope of the previous excess.

"The Devil was sick, the Devil a monk would be; the Devil was well, the Devil a monk was he." So we find that companies which boasted of the profits on their common-stock holdings last August and September now issue statements in which they say that "only 50 per cent of our assets are in domestic common stock," with the word "only" underlined. In the same way we find that companies which gloated in their reports, even up to the middle of September, because of the enormous income or profits from market operations, now tell their stockholders and the public in solemn phrases that all investments were made because of intrinsic values and prospects of growth quite apart from changing market conditions.

Who could be so cruel as to suppose that any other thought ever entered the minds of these ultraconservatives!

But, alas, the record is all too clear. Since the crash there has been a complete change of tune. Besides the omission of several dividends and numerous official statements of shrinkage in values, the rights to subscribe to new stock issues were canceled right and left, in several cases outstanding stock issues were reduced or subscriptions for them were returned to the owners, and in a couple of spectacular instances individual holders actually made voluntary donations of stock to the corporations. In one case two individuals donated to the company for retirement 1,000,000 shares of

(Continued on Page 158)

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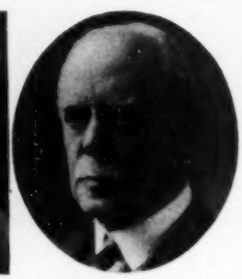

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Diphtheria goes the way of smallpox and yellow fever. Five million babies a year, in America, are spared this ravaging disease. We rejoice as one by one the worst scourges of humanity are conquered.

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IT is particularly fitting that this annual award should be made by *Popular Science Monthly*. For more than fifty years this magazine has told of the miracles of Science—so that these great achievements might be of greatest possible use to the world—so that the men who have made possible these great achievements might be recognized and acclaimed.

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(Continued from Page 155)

their personal holdings without any obligation on the part of the company, present or future.

But we do not hold our breath when the law of gravity operates; it is defiance of the law which thrills us. There is no excitement in watching a juggler drop his weights; what we wish to see is how he keeps them up. So the main theme of my story is not the inevitable if rather dull and depressing aftermath of these company promotions; it is the strange manifestations and extent of what went on before.

One ominous feature of much of the pre-crash company craze was the pyramid, spiral or shoestring method employed. This has marked every bubble, whether in tulips, town lots or stocks, for centuries past. But it is doubtful if any other similar period has seen such overlapping, dovetailing, inbreeding and involution of companies. Holding, financing, trading and investing companies came out one after the other, in families, clusters and groups, tied up and related one to another. A appeared and then organized B, in which it had an interest, while B likewise had an interest in A. This, however, is a relatively simple illustration; far more complicated ones might be given, but it serves to illustrate the point.

The Nonstop-Bull-Market Idea

It is normal enough for a parent or holding company to own a subsidiary, but when a subsidiary turns around and puts most or a large part of its assets into stock of the parent company, we have what seems an abnormal type of involution. Yet this practice became very common during the craze.

A whole book would be required to describe this type of finance, but in general it was devoted to the art of pulling oneself up by one's bootstraps. Where connected companies buy into one another they can mark one another up in a way which is quite free from the ordinary laws of supply and demand which should obtain in the market place. This scheme of swapping stocks around among a group of companies, each in cahoots with the other, is simply a way of making profits for the promoters or insiders as long as the public remains mad. As a method of bolstering up a series of companies by each one buying into the other, it works beautifully as long as the weakest link in the chain is accepted at full value.

Perhaps the simplest illustration of how this was done was given recently by Professor Ripley, whose denunciation of many of these practices in their earlier stages created such a sensation several years ago. If A has twenty horses, says Ripley, and wants to sell four of them at a price above the real market, he makes a deal with a confederate B so that B appears as the owner of ten horses. Then B sells eight of his ten horses to A, and A sells eight of his ten horses to B. It is now very easy to sell the four horses to outsiders at a good price.

In other words, if several corporations swap one another's stock, the whole amount can be priced artificially high on the basis of a relatively small block. Or one corporation can place a big block of its stock in another newly formed company at a price below the market, so that at a later and convenient date an enormous book profit is shown. In either or both of these ways every new transaction means additional profits as long as the market goes up. On the strength of an increase in assets, the investing companies put out more stock or promote new companies, and with the proceeds buy more stocks in the market and thus report still more results. It is an apparently endless chain by which the secret of success is to be found either in new stock issues or continued company promotion, or both. The nonstop-bull-market idea, which so many people believed in last summer, was quite enough of an approach to Utopia in itself without adding thereto the element of sheer bookkeeping.

Some of the instances were unbelievably fantastic. One series or family of companies was based almost entirely, as far as any real assets were concerned, upon an important holding company owning several excellent operating concerns. But you could go into the open market and buy all the stock you wanted in this basic corporation at from one-third to one-fifth of what you would pay on the same day for the shares of the newer of the many superimposed holding companies. In other words, it was simply a new face on an old situation, devised, perhaps, for the purpose of selling more stock and at far higher levels in the old situation than could otherwise have been disposed of. It was a scheme, successful while it lasted, of beating the devil around the stump. While professionals and amateurs alike speculated furiously in a variety of shares of a half dozen different but related companies, there was, as far as real substance was concerned, practically only one company.

The speculation which ended so disastrously last fall was defended noisily before the crash and somewhat more quietly since then, on the ground that while too many new companies were exploited and nearly all stocks were pushed too high, the whole movement, after all, was based largely on essentially sound securities. Indeed, it may be said that the holding, investing and trading companies went in too strong for blue-chip stocks. It is argued by their apologists that these new buying companies did not have large enough assets in proportion to all listed stocks either to be responsible for the rise or to prevent the subsequent slump. But this statement does not quite portray all the facts. Large owners of blue-chip and other high-priced stocks would not sell because of the tax situation, and many small investors would not sell under any circumstances. Therefore, the concentrated buying of several hundred new investing and holding companies, when directed to the relatively small floating supply of a relatively few stocks, did have a marked effect.

Inflation and Dilution

But this is not the question I am concerned with now. The point is that the mania did not consist of selling shares in a company to send milkmaids to Brazil, such as happened in one of the English bubbles. The essence of the delusion was twofold—first, in the overvaluation of sound securities, and second, in superimposing layers of companies upon the original overvaluation. The inflation or dilution was carried to the second, third and fourth degrees.

If one desires to be a bit sarcastic, there are many remarks which might be made. There was the mythological creature which lived by eating its own tail. There is such a thing as meeting oneself coming in the door as one goes out, and there was the famous perpetual-motion scheme in which the cats were supposed to eat the rats and the rats were counted upon to eat the cats.

The difficulty is, of course, that while these schemes are not so dangerous to start with, they finally become so complicated as to prove their own undoing. They are like the fabled professor of mathematics who wrote a series of texts, the first of which even the students could understand, the second of which only the professor could understand, and the third of which even he could not make out.

"Where can I find an explanation of all these complicated and interrelated holding and investing companies?" was the question I put early last September to a financier who himself heads an investment trust.

"I will tell you where to go," he answered solemnly as I saw a grin spread over his face. "You will have to go to Germany and see Professor Einstein."

But his advice was hardly practical, and besides, I am not sure but the mathematical analogy is less accurate than that contained in the old story of the man who was addicted to drink. A friend urged him to ask for sarsaparilla after he had taken several drinks of a stronger nature.

"But when I get that far," said the drunk, "I cannot pronounce sarsaparilla."

So I had to confine my inquiries to financial authorities in cities like New York, Washington, Philadelphia and Baltimore, rather than seek out the professors of relativity. One banker said he believed the multiplication and inbreeding of buying companies were merely the form which the speculative fever took. That is, each period of excitement must develop its own appropriate vehicle by which the public is to begin its ride to riches. This means a new type of security or a largely expanded use of an older form. Expressed differently, each new generation of speculators must have its own suitable medium in order to convince itself that a new system of economics and a new era have arrived.

Among others whom I approached for enlightenment last summer was the president of three investment trusts, not of the new mushroom variety but organized quite a number of years ago to look after the investment interests of the employes and officers of a great industrial corporation. Here was an experienced institutional investor. What did he think of the practices then in vogue?

Inbreeding Stock Issues

"I have not wanted to inbreed with companies similar to my own," he replied. "Lots of people are sold 100 per cent on buying what they call management. But I'm it, and I am not in a mood to buy myself. I want the thing they want, not the same kind of thing I am myself. I want the best operating companies. This inbreeding simply means paying a premium for the underlying company, and that is a doubtful policy over a period of years. Suppose the stock of an investing company has a liquidating or asset value of ten dollars and the public pays twenty dollars for it. That means they pay 200 per cent for a cross section of the stock market, which in turn means that the management has to make 100 per cent from sheer ingenuity, and there is no formula in the world for doing that. Therefore, the responsibility which the management is forced to assume to the stockholder is far greater than any management has the right to take on."

But it requires no ingenuity and no approved formula to make money in the investment company or any other business when the stock market is soaring, provided one buys stocks or puts out new stock issues. After the president of an investment trust connected with one of the country's great and dignified banking groups had made his report to the board of directors last summer, there was general back patting and mutual admiration expressed among the directors because of the large profits shown. Suddenly a damper was

put on the meeting by one kill-joy director, who remarked:

"Oh, that's nothing. I gave my boy in college $5000 and told him to play the market with it, and he has made twice as much as we have on a percentage basis."

In course of my inquiries I had lunch with several representatives of a great banking house, famous for its successful flotations. One of the men was quite scholarly, and he carefully classified for me the different types of investing companies, placing each one under its appropriate heading as I took notes. There were those whose research studies were world-wide, covering all markets. Then there was another type engaged in "selective diversification" in particular industries in the United States. Then there were those whose presidents sought to obtain inside information from any corporations they could make close contacts with.

In the luncheon group was a salesman connected with the firm, but from a small Western city. He happened to be in town and had been invited to the luncheon, but was somewhat awed in the presence of several of his superiors from the home office. At this point, however, he joined the conversation for the first time:

"Out in my town there is an investment trust with half a million capital which has already made a million. They have no contacts with anybody and no inside information whatever. They just pick stocks off the list."

Early in my researches I went to one of the big New York noonday clubs for luncheon and passed a table where sat a group of acquaintances dating back to college days. I knew they were lawyers by training, but beyond this, had no knowledge of their present occupations. I asked one of them where I could obtain the most information about the new crop of holding and investing companies. He replied carelessly:

"Everybody's doing it. We have a little one of our own. It has quadrupled since last spring and may it quadruple again by next spring."

No unkindness is intended when it is said that many of these companies were started without any plan or program and that for a while they could be run as well by the office boy as by anybody else. Unfortunately, as the inevitable climax approached, more and more banking and brokerage firms and other financial groups of good standing entered the game. I was discussing with the financial editor of one of the newspapers the names of people to interview and mentioned that of the most conspicuous banking house engaged in such operations.

"You won't get anything out of them," he said. "They don't have to talk. Why should they? They are making too much money."

A Dangerous Gun to Fire

Banking and brokerage firms which would have been scandalized to take a single discretionary order from a customer a short time before, found themselves handling such orders to the extent of from $5,000,000 to $50,000,000. The temptation of easy money was too great to resist. A few groups were afraid of the responsibility, and though their fingers itched, they simply did not dare make the move. As the representative of one of these powerful banking houses said to me at the very height of the boom:

"I believe if this firm put out a $100,000,000 investing company in the present temper of the market the stock would be selling at $200,000,000 in a few days. But for that very reason we won't do it. We are afraid to load such a gun and fire it off."

There are those who regard the whoopee stage of holding-investing-company promotion as almost a swindle upon the public, and who bitterly complain that the public was played for suckers. It is true that the corporate promoters became very cynical, and many of the promotional intercorporate-stock-issue deals were merely cold-blooded market operations designed to line the pockets of the operators. One experienced bank officer said, toward the end of August:

"The present attitude down here in Wall Street is simply this—why shouldn't we stick everybody we can? That's the only view we can take under present conditions. I learned my lesson in 1921. I was then a vice president of the old National Bank of Trade, and the president, Mr. A, saw trouble ahead. So he tried, in and out of season, to get his bank and the banking system in general in shape to meet the storm. He urged the Federal Reserve authorities to raise discount rates. Did he get any thanks for his foresight? I should say not. When deflation set in, he was blamed right and left for helping to bring it on."

When Speculators Go to Jerusalem

One really gets no credit for warning people of the danger of speculation. A bank officer who probably saved a customer several hundred thousand dollars by forcing him to pay a loan on speculative stocks months before the crash not only received no thanks later on but was upbraided bitterly by the customer at the time. The truth is, of course, that the bankers, company executives, brokers, promoters and insiders, whoever they may be, were not a bit more cynical in their operations than the speculative public in its own dealings. The public merely was given what it asked for.

I personally doubt if even the most complex inbreeding of stock issues fooled anyone. Company was piled on company, like a house of cards, because that was precisely what the public was begging for and fairly eating up at every opportunity. There will be about a thousand articles written in the next year or two about protecting investors, but I regard that sort of talk as mostly insincere, mawkish sentimentality. For a period of several years the investor didn't want any protection; he wanted to be let alone to gamble to his heart's content.

Nor am I talking generalities when I say these unpleasant truths; it is hard reality, and technical reality at that. I refer to the almost universally prevalent custom of riding, especially on the new holding-investing-company stock issues in the months which preceded the collapse. Thousands of people of all kinds and descriptions, counting on a quick rise in these new issues, subscribed for them and then sold out almost immediately on the rise. They were not only riders; in a sense they were free riders. At the height of the craze third cousins of clerks in law firms were begging for advance information on the formation of a new trading company, so that they might subscribe and ride. The story is told of one Stock Exchange firm which had to buy back in the market almost immediately 10,000 shares of stock of its new trading company subscribed for by its own employes.

Why not speak frankly about such a practice, which had been more or less typical of the stock market for a year or so before the break came? It was not speculation in any real sense of the word, and it is unduly dignified even by calling it gambling. In reality it was a method of sticking the other fellow, and that is what it should be called. These games always have but one end, like Going to Jerusalem. There are not enough chairs to sit in when the music stops. Many speculators would have denied this charge at the time; they said they wanted to participate in prosperity and believed in being a bull on the United States. Or at least they would have said that the new companies were being formed by such prominent banking and brokerage houses that success was insured. But if you had asked these free riders if they intended to keep these stocks, they would have replied:

"What do you think I am—a boob?"

Late in December I attended the annual meetings of several of the learned societies dealing in economic, statistical and sociological subjects. One session of a very

(Continued on Page 161)

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And in this, our Golden Anniversary Year, there is especial satisfaction in the leadership which we sincerely believe Waverly has won.

Waverly is an All-Pennsylvania oil, skilfully refined by an organization of 50 years' experience—an organization whose first thought is to make Waverly the very best that a motor oil can possibly be. Today's faster motors, and higher heats, demand the protection and service that only an oil of exceptional quality can give you.

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The man who buys Waverly oil for his car is a careful, thoughtful, thrifty buyer. He knows he may pay a slightly higher price—but that he'll get greater economy and finer results in return. And he'll go a little out of his way, if necessary, to get Waverly.

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WAVERLY OIL WORKS CO., *Pittsburgh, Pa.*

Waverly

ALL-PENNSYLVANIA MOTOR OIL

A Trustworthy Guide to the Utmost in Oil

(Continued from Page 159)

ancient and honorable society was devoted to a rather solemn and pretentious consideration of the methods of security valuation. It was all on a scholarly, dignified plane, but the president of the society, himself a shrewd, able, institutional investor, remarked to a small group in the hotel elevator afterward:

"I am sorry the speakers were so cautious and afraid to tell the truth. No one gave a damn about values in the recent bull market. They bought stocks simply because they thought someone else would take them off their hands at higher prices. In the same way I have known otherwise respectable people to invest in what they knew to be a swindle because they hoped to get out first."

But perhaps the most revealing comments were those made before the smash-up rather than afterward. Among these was the statement given me last summer by a New York dealer in securities. Formerly he handled bonds and more recently stocks. His house is not among the largest, but he is the head of it, and his experience runs over many years.

When I asked him why such large sums were being raised by the new holding-investing companies he said:

"Because now is the time to do it. Some people think these big houses which form these companies will stick their friends eventually. But I am making money in these new issues now, and that is what I am here for. If I can subscribe at 105 and someone else takes the stock off my hands in a short time at 139, that is what I am in business for. Of course, it's not sound; it hurts the conservative distribution of securities, and the fact that I make money in the process doesn't justify it.

"These new companies are so juggled about that I don't even know what the names mean. I used to be considered an authority on utilities, but I can't make them out any more. Why, they use the same names, such as Allied, American, International, Interstate, Investment, United, and the like, so often that it is just like the flash of a silver spoon among the pickerel. But then you know that people always go into a crap game when it begins to go fast. No one seems to give a hang whether it's right or wrong."

Play the Game

"One of my clients asked me whether a certain very active and profitable stock ought to go up or down. Formerly I was always bullish or bearish. Now I have no clear picture, but I don't want to stand in the path of making money for my clients or for myself. So I said to him, 'Don't take my advice as to whether the stock should go up or down. It's a live one. You are in a game and luck is coming your way. Play it; push it.'

"But I confess I'd like a real policy. I'm making a lot of money, and I have to support two establishments, one in the city and one in the country. But it's not a pleasing way to make money. There's nothing constructive about simply chalking up profits on the stock of a new trading company. It's neither nice nor worthy, and I wish we could get through this phase."

Well, we did get through that phase, and very quickly too. In a few weeks $4,500,000,000 of supposed credit vanished into thin air. Speculators had been borrowing on good stuff to subscribe to holding-investing-company issues, which were not so acceptable at the bank, and these companies themselves had been borrowing for the purpose of playing the market in anticipation of new stock issues of their own. The experiment of imposing $1,000,000,000 or so of inflated holding-investing-company shares on top of an already top-heavy structure came to its foredoomed finish. John Law went to Paris to print money of his own at the same time that he floated his vast colonization and exploration scheme. No wonder his stock went up for a while. In the same way many people thought we had a new banking and credit system which insured a continuous rise in stocks. But it stood up very little better than the same feature in the Mississippi Bubble.

The Fever Runs its Course

I do not wish to convey the impression through this article that holding and investing companies do not have a valuable place in the financial scheme of things. But it is doubtful whether stock speculation can be regimented, institutionalized and rendered safe on a wholesale scale for the masses of the people by even these devices. Perhaps, after all, the man who is smart enough to speculate successfully, in bad seasons as well as good, will always tend to keep that fact to himself and confine his activities to a ten-by-six office which he visits from twelve to two on three days a week.

Making speculation safe for everybody smacks of unreality and buncombe. But that does not preclude the usefulness of various types of investing companies, once they are beyond the fad and craze stage. They have served a useful purpose for years past and will continue to do so in the future, even if a more modest one than in the summer of 1929.

"It is shown, of course, that there have been investment companies of long standing," says the Commercial and Financial Chronicle, the dean of financial journals. "But these have been few in number and have sprung from legitimate corporate financial activities, attracting limited popular attention, and making no sensational appeal for stockholders."

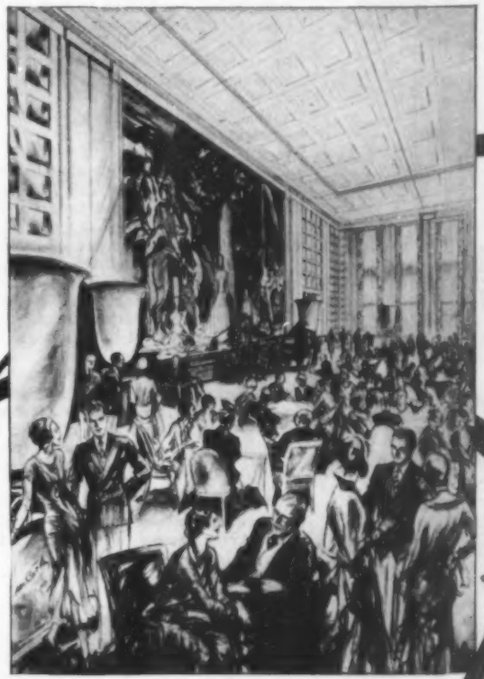
As for their recent phenomenal growth, says this old journal, it was in the very atmosphere of speculation, with the spirit of trading rampant, and little attention to earnings. "The bull market was long; just at what moment did these investment trusts secure their stocks?" But the fever has run its course. Fewer of these companies will be organized in the next three years than in the past three. Investment trusts will have time to prove themselves, will have opportunity to free themselves from the get-rich-quick virus, will grow gradually into substantial and stable integers worthy the purchase of those not schooled in stocks and bonds.

The distinctive feature of the new era which ended in October and November was the confusion of intrinsic values with quotations arbitrarily established by a speculative fever. But new-company craze was only one side of it. The other and just as important was the craze for more shares, not only of new but of old companies. I refer to such devices as stock dividends, split-ups, option warrants, no-par and low-par values, inherently sound in themselves, but perilous when used to whet an already raging appetite.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Mr. Atwood. The fourth will appear in an early issue.

Ile de France

... where one's sophistication comes of age



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"France"
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THE MAZE OF THE LAW

(Continued from Page 13)

One investigator, in a written report from one of our largest cities, adds to this impression by a picture of the courts themselves:

"The court rooms are a bedlam, overcrowded and noisy. The cases on trial suffer constant interruption of the judges' attention. A political leader, a friend, stops to converse with the judge while a witness is vainly trying to make himself heard over the clamor. Defendants and plaintiffs are unable to hear the judge at all. There is constant badgering of witnesses by lawyers."

This conception of litigation as a noisy and wily battle of wits, as a game where there are two sides, and justice and the public appear to be equally amused and equally powerless spectators, creates no respect for law. The condition, however, is a fertile field for the press. Newspapers seize upon certain cases, particularly those concerning personal relations, and report the jabs and jousts, the tricks and turns, as if litigation were a boxing match.

The trials which furnish the best material for exposing the weakness of justice to suppress the sensational court orator or the trickster, no matter how great a legal light he may be, are the trials taking precedence in news value. This creates no respect for law.

"This Smith case is great stuff," said a friend of mine who was city-desk editor. "I don't know whether to run it on the front page or in the sport section."

This creates no respect for law.

Making Light of Justice

The gaming atmosphere of litigation may be dissipated sometimes by a judge, but often enough the rules of procedure and pleadings and of evidence are the openings used to delay or defeat or make light of justice.

Wellman, in his book, Gentlemen of the Jury, recites several examples of the tomfoolery which the gamester instinct of our American court rooms allows.

In a trial conducted before a justice of the supreme court of a middle western state, a railroad company was being sued for personal injury. The experts for the plaintiff contended that, as a result of the injury, the plaintiff was a confirmed and hopeless victim of neurasthenia, and their evidence tended to show that one so afflicted had deteriorated mentally and would rapidly decline. On cross-examination, the attorney for the railroad developed from the expert doctor that the main ground for his opinion that the plaintiff was suffering from neurasthenia was the fact that he appeared to suffer no pain when pricked with a pin on the top of his head, and that this test was quite conclusive proof of neurasthenia.

The lawyer for the defendant was an ex-judge, a man somewhat advanced in years and exceedingly resourceful. Incidentally, he was as bereft of hair as the oft-cited billiard ball. When it came time to argue the case to the jury, he proceeded to expound the facts with clearness and vigor for a considerable length of time, and finally approached the subject of neurasthenia. He assured the jury that he felt he was a man of reasonable physical vigor and had always supposed he was still possessed of his normal mental faculties, but to his great distress he now discovered he himself was a hopeless neurasthenic, and would demonstrate to the jury that he had no business trying lawsuits, but should be preparing to meet his Maker.

Thereupon he turned back the lapel of his coat and extracted a good-sized needle, which he promptly stuck in the top of his head. He kept this up until he had some twelve needles sticking in the top of his head and looked like an animated pincushion. He finished his argument and, needless to say, a verdict was returned in favor of the defendant. He confided to the judge in later years that the last needle got outside the area of cocaine which his physician had hypodermically injected into his scalp just before he began his argument, and almost unmasked the hoax.

Judge Harley N. Crosby, of the New York State Supreme Court, gives another example. He represented the defendant in a suit brought for the purchase price of an engine to run a threshing machine. He says:

"I felt fairly confident of victory. I could not resist the temptation to tease my opponent: 'I not only have beaten you on the law and the facts in this case, but I also have some advantage with the jury, for I am on intimate and friendly terms with all but one of them!' My opponent made no reply, but when he summed up the case he talked for fully an hour and never once mentioned the case or any fact about it. He summed me up in glowing terms. He told the jury how many times he had been beaten by me, what a splendid fellow I was, what a splendid surrogate of the county I had been for many years, and pleaded with them not to give me a victory just because I was such a good fellow.

"The jury retired about five o'clock, and did not return with a verdict until 2:30 the next morning. They brought in a verdict for the plaintiff for the full amount claimed. I sought out the juryman I knew best and asked him how they reached the conclusion. He said, with a touch of feeling, 'By thunder, we are going to show you that you can't always win cases because you are a good fellow!' I asked him who hung the jury for nine hours and a half, and his answer was, 'That darn fool from the Town Line Road—the only one of us who didn't know you!' Judgment was reversed upon appeal, and the case was later tried before a jury not one of whom I knew. That jury brought in a verdict in my favor in less than five minutes."

I myself knew a Texas lawyer who told me that on more than one occasion when he knew he had no leg to stand on, he had addressed the jury with the air of greatest confidence, and somewhat as follows:

"I have listened with no particular interest to this absurd claim, and knowing that you gentlemen are from this intelligent and prosperous and neighborly region in this great agricultural state, I believe that you had no interest in the attempt to befuddle you. I therefore will make no argument whatever."

Killing Time in Court

Here he would pause and take out a little black book and a pencil. "Do you see this book, gentlemen? Already this book contains the names of seven men from this county. And if you bring in a verdict lacking in all common sense and indicating that you have been hog-tied by this opponent of mine, I will write down your names in this—my book. I call it the B County Jackass Book!"

And he won his cases.

One cannot give, in a short space, the endless examples of this gaming procedure, but here are two more. One shows that judges themselves sometimes engage in the playful romp, and the other that the expense of litigation as a game may exceed the expense of keeping a string of polo ponies.

The first case involved $2,000,000 and seven prominent attorneys represented the parties. Thursday the case was ready but was Number 60 on the calendar. The seven attorneys, feeling certain the case would not be reached, went week-ending. A youngster just out of law school answered the calendar on Friday, but the fifty-nine cases ahead were not ready, so the judge insisted that Number 60 proceed to trial, since it had been answered "Ready" the day before. The seven offices were called by a young assistant in the office of one, but he was unable to reach any of the lawyers. The judge insisted that he choose a jury, since he had answered ready for both sides. Desperately he began trying to kill time. Each juror was carefully examined as to his qualifications, first as attorney for the plaintiff and then as attorney for each of the six defendants. Then he began to use the right of peremptory challenge—six for each party. By the time he had reached his thirteenth challenge, the judge joined in the snickers of the attendants and prospective jurors. "You win, young man," he said. "The trial is adjourned till Monday."

Long-Term Credit

And here is the other: The action was for goods sold and delivered. The plaintiff served his complaint. Twenty days later the defendant entered his answer. The plaintiff might have moved at once for a preference and had a trial within two or three weeks. Instead, he was clever enough to notice that the answer forgot to deny that defendant owed the plaintiff $1000. He made a motion for judgment on the pleadings, which was granted. Defendant appealed. A month later the appellate division affirmed the order, but gave the defendant leave to serve an amended answer. First victory for plaintiff, but the defendant gained a two months' delay. The amended answer contained a counterclaim for breach of warranty, but failed to recite that defendant had duly performed all the conditions of the contract on his part to be performed. Plaintiff moved to strike out the counterclaim. This was granted and affirmed by the appellate division, with leave to amend. Second victory for the plaintiff and two months more of delay for the defendant. The third amended answer was foolproof on its face, so the plaintiff moved upon affidavits for summary judgment under a rule of court permitting summary judgment where the affidavits show that there is really nothing to be tried and that the answer is sham. His affidavit showed that two months after delivery of the cloth, the defendant had written a letter asking for an extension of time for payment and making no complaint as to the quality of the goods. Defendant's affidavit stated that he had not discovered the defects till after he had written the letter. Probably the explanation was a lie. So thought the judge, who directed summary judgment. Defendant appealed to the appellate division and then to the court of appeals. The highest court also thought the explanation to be an afterthought, but added that it could not say there was really nothing to be tried. A jury, not a judge, should decide whether the defendant was lying. Meantime another year had passed. When the case was finally reached for trial, the defendant was bankrupt! The game was over!

This example leads directly to the next indictment against the present machinery and administration of law—delay.

A part of the law's delays are traceable to cumbersome rules, ponderous, elaborate pleadings and useless technicalities. No one denies that rules of procedure are necessary and that any rules of procedure may sometimes create delays and exact from parties to lawsuits, quite properly, an orderly method of seeking justice.

Another part of the law's delays, however, may be attributed not only to overcrowding of the courts but also to mismanagement—often amazing mismanagement—of a whole judicial system, and also to the fact that the jury system does not contribute much to intelligent justice and certainly puts a rake handle between the legs of speed. All these elements combine, however, to create legal delays of a proportion and of a quality to create in the public the impression that the rules of the game are more important than the substance of justice.

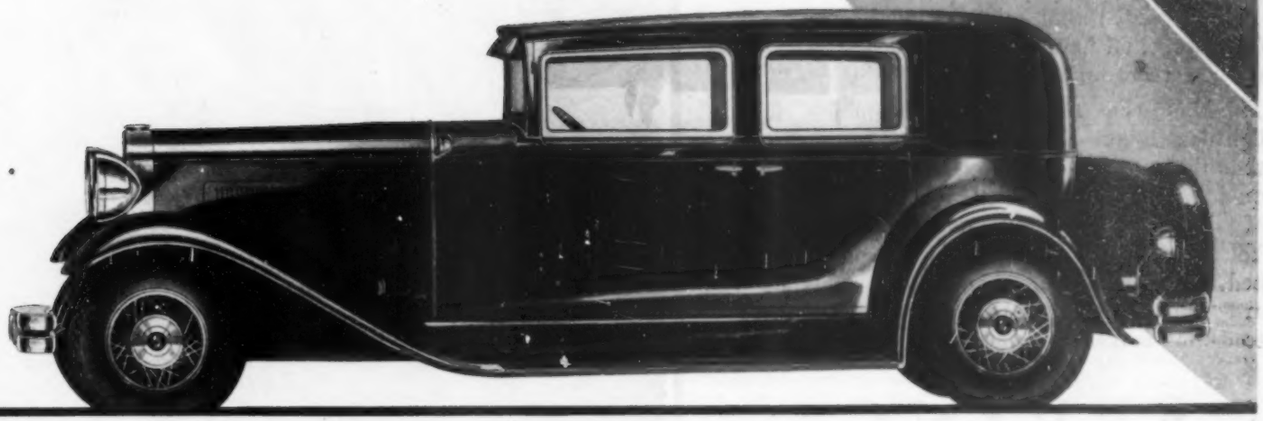
(Continued on Page 165)

1930 NASH "400"

TWIN-IGNITION EIGHT

TWIN-IGNITION SIX

..... SINGLE SIX



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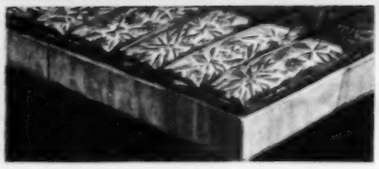
Think of what this means in cleanliness, in lightness, in quiet, and in beauty. Then realize that the supreme quality of all is the comfort quality that has put a thousand extra hours of sleep in every SPRING-AIR Cushion. You can have SPRING-AIR upon your every bed for but little more than the cost of standard mattresses; its twenty-year guaranteed life makes it much more economical.

SPRING AIR



Your choice of four lovely new colors—Seville Orchid, Sea-foam Green, Azure Blue and Belgian Rose—in genuine imported Belgian damask exclusively woven for SPRING-AIR. The New SPRING-AIR cushion assembly is offered at $50, the beautiful, durable, quality product of a Master Bedding Maker.

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Dayton Bedding Co. ..... *Bangor and Portland, Me.*
Dixie Mattress Company ..... *Richmond, Va.*
Grand Rapids Bedding Co. ..... *Grand Rapids, Mich.*
Hard Mfg. Company ..... *Buffalo, New York*
Holman & Company, Inc. ..... *Boston, Mass.*
C. O. Hasselbarth, Inc. ..... *Albany, New York*
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(Continued from Page 162)

I am informed that the New York State Appellate Division, for instance, in 1926 had 1440 appeals. Almost half of the entire lot were from interlocutory determinations or motions on pleadings. Only 52 per cent were appeals from judgments on the substance or merits. "In the first four months of 1927," says the investigator, "50 per cent were pure practice-squabble appeals. And in the special term in Manhattan the bill-of-particulars motions constituted more than 41 per cent of all motions submitted. Of these motions, 33 per cent were adjourned and 26 per cent were defaulted! And yet, every lawyer knows what particulars the plaintiff should furnish and what particulars the defendant has the right to demand."

An investigation a few years ago revealed that about 50 per cent of appeals in the United States were appeals as to form. No wonder that the public not only regards litigation as a game but realizes that the game itself is halted and often sidetracked by such squabbling over the rules that the game of rules submerges the merits of the game itself.

I am acquainted with one lawyer who has made his reputation in his own state because he is so skilled in irritating and infuriating judges into errors that he can delay case after case by appeals from rulings.

The Arena of Litigation

When, in 1926, there were 26,000 cases jamming the calendars of the Supreme Court of New York and Bronx counties, an attorney of New York stated well some of the dangers of the law's delays in the following words:

"What's the answer, when a soap-box orator declares that ours is a rich man's court and that a poor man had better never test American justice? There is the atmosphere of hurry and disquiet among overworked attendants and judges and lawyers. A misstep through ignorance, and the defendant or the plaintiff is likely to be rebuked until he is almost afraid to enter court. It's true. I have had letters from persons who said that one experience in court was enough for them. Hereafter they would take their medicine and settle for better or worse, rather than take chances in the hurly-burly of the court room. Then the delay. Witnesses disappear in the course of two and a half years. They get out from the jurisdiction of the court and the case has to be dismissed. That isn't justice. It is not what the law intended nor what the judges administering the law would have, if they could help it. But it happens just the same, and the result is that our whole judicial system is falling into disrepute."

Another lawyer from the Middle West writes me: "In any discussion of the law's delays we must not overlook the fact that the more delays there are, the more there will be. Anyone can see that it pays a defendant to appeal whenever the court to which the appeal is made is overcrowded with cases. He hopes to wear out his opponent. Defendants hoping to delay settlement add to the overcrowding of the courts, and the overcrowding invites more and more evasion of responsibility by resort to the wearing-down process which the law's delays invite."

Another says: "When delay is desired, it is often possible to continue finding flaws in the technicality of the opponent's papers, ranging from actual bad statement to a misspelled word or misplaced comma. I have seen these tactics successfully carried on for more than two years."

Plaintiffs who deserve action and defendants who evade it are equally amazed by the maze of the law. The American Arbitration Association, of which I was at one time president, received the following letter, a specimen of the hopeless attitude of the plain man's mind when he falls into the trap of litigation. Here were two parties who, having stepped into the arena of litigation, were puzzled and baffled. The names are omitted.

Dear Sir: Referring to our telephone conversation of this afternoon with your Mr. A, we would thank you to please approach the B Co., against whom we have now a case pending for almost two years, on account of them withholding payment of about $3000, and claiming that we never delivered a certain quantity of merchandise which they are of the opinion they had purchased from us.

According to our attorney's last communication of May second, the case is now on the calendar, but that there are 8000 cases ahead of ours, for which reason the case will not be reached before next fall.

The writer having seen and met Mr. B the other day, Mr. B suddenly stated that we ought to have the case arbitrated. As the B Co. was the party who originally started suit, we at that time had no alternative but to answer suit and start counter proceedings. Evidently their attorneys are not so sure any more of the case, for which reason they now request arbitration, and would therefore ask you to please start the ball rolling.

The delays in our legal machinery are not only evidence of mismanagement of a serious business but they furnish the principal basis for the sinister idea that the rich, and not the poor, may profit by seeking justice from the courts.

One writer on legal topics points to delay and expense as the usual reason for the general notion that the poor get the worst of it. A laboring man had put up a deposit with his employer. When he was discharged, the employer refused to return the money. The man brought suit. The employer's attorney forced a jury trial. That compelled the workingman to employ a lawyer. He received judgment and his money six months later. He had spent much more than he got! And in the bargain, the litigation had cost the public at large more than twice the amount the man sued for.

The expense and delays of awkward, mismanaged legal machinery are much more to blame for the dangerous poor-man-rich-man notion that somehow the poor man is framed, than any supposed corruption or bias of our courts.

A woman borrowed ten dollars from a usurer who, against the law, managed to collect from her nearly 200 per cent in interest. The law on the books gave the woman the right to apply to a court of equity and have the loan declared void. But though she stood on the threshold of the court, she was faced with paying five dollars for process service and entry fee, and ten dollars to have a bill of complaint drawn. No fifteen dollars, no law for her!

Proof But Not Evidence

One of my correspondents has estimated that the initial fees and expenses of entering lawsuits, without regard for the risks attendant upon delays created by the slow-moving machinery of justice exploited by opponents' attorneys, would bar 30,000,000 of our population from the courts. And this in spite of the fact, as we shall see later, that much effort to reform has been exerted already.

What impresses the poor man also is that he runs into snags which he cannot understand, and though they may be due to mere ungainly rules of procedure, he cannot believe that the processes of law are so stupid, and attributes his discomfiture to the influence of wealth. Take this case:

The plaintiff was a poor man, the defendant a rich corporation. The question before the court and the jury was this: Was the plaintiff injured by reason of the fact that the defendant had confined a natural stream within a pipe or conduit? Was the pipe of sufficient size for the normal flow of the stream? The trial consumed several days. After court adjourned one day, there came a heavy downpour of rain, lasting several hours. The plaintiff hastened home, found the water had risen above the mouth of the pipe of the defendant company and that his land was flooded.

Photographs were taken, witnesses were summoned to observe the condition, and marks made showing the high-water line of the flooded area. Testimony to these proceedings was barred by the court. The court would not admit as evidence anything that transpired subsequent to the entry of suit. The plaintiff under the rules had to stand the expense and delay of a new trial because the storm which absolutely proved his case happened after the trial started.

And then there is little hope for a poor man who cannot afford to pay an attorney.

At the very beginning of his case, when a man receives a summons commanding him to "appear before our Justice of the Municipal Court on Saturday, the twenty-first day of December, 1929, at nine o'clock in the forenoon. Fail not of appearance, at your peril," it is necessary for him to employ a counsel to explain that the plain English words do not mean what they say, but in law they mean in reality that he is not required to appear before the court at all, but must file an answer with the clerk any time on Tuesday, December the twenty-fourth.

Suppose the man is being sued for $1000 for a bill of goods for which he refused payment on the ground that the goods were unfit for use. The plaintiff has a counsel, but the defendant is too poor to afford legal assistance, and takes the stand himself.

"Your Honor," he says, "Mr. Jones told me to return the goods if I didn't like the quality."

"I object," says the lawyer. "The authority for the testimony of Mr. Jones has not been introduced in the case."

An Expert's Expert Testimony

With a counsel, the defendant would have established the authority of Mr. Jones. Without a counsel, he cannot bring into court the testimony of the one man on whom his case relies. He loses the case and comes away from court resentful and amazed by the trickery which prevents him from getting justice. He feels that courts are run to suppress not only law but facts also.

"A lawyer, therefore, is indispensable to me to conduct proceedings before the courts," writes a perplexed correspondent, "and yet the fees which he must charge for his services are more than I or millions of persons can pay."

The whole subject of evidence in law trials also appears to the mind of the layman to require revision. The old saying is that the laws of evidence tend to suppress the truth and not to expose it. There remain with us numberless instances where the laws of evidence give more advantage to the attorney who wishes to invoke them than advantage to justice itself.

A witness who is brought in as an expert, for instance, finds that he, along with judge, plaintiff, defendant, jury and other witnesses, is in the maze of the law. One engineering expert witness says:

"Many times when certain engineering principles are being elucidated, the attorney in direct examination and the attorney in cross-examination become hopelessly confused, and so also is the judge. The problem is to have the attorney ask the correct questions; he flounders, and the confusion grows greater. Now, if the expert, who is there to aid the court and jury, were permitted to say a few words upon his own initiative—the question, to him, being very simple—the whole situation would be immediately clarified. But no, the court must be governed by precedent.

"Let me illustrate an absurdity of the rules of evidence. A man was riding upon a trolley car so crowded that passengers were standing closely packed upon the rear platform. One of the passengers was thrown off, hit a trolley pole, rebounded to the track, and was run over by a following car, losing both legs. The plaintiff alleged that the condition of the track was so faulty, the speed of the car so great, and his foothold so precarious, that a violent lurch of the car caused him to catapult into the air, and eventually make a trip to the hospital, where he parted with what was left of both his legs.

"I was engaged to investigate the condition of the track and report upon it. I

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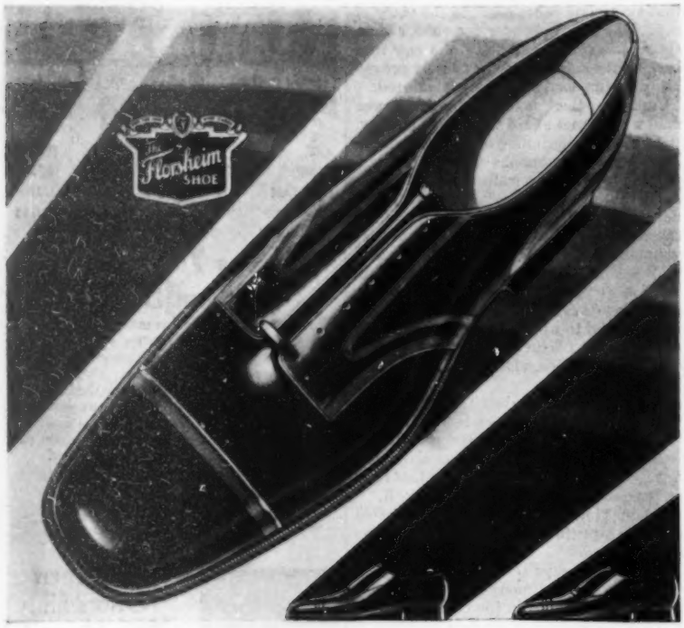

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was called to the stand, and a trialogue something after this fashion took place:

"'Mr. Witness, you have examined the tracks at the scene of this accident. Please tell the court and jury what you found.'

"'Yes, I examined the tracks very thoroughly, and it is a very bad ——'

"'I object, Your Honor!' thunders the defendant's attorney in great consternation, and the plaintiff's attorney appears chagrined that his own witness should commit such an egregious blunder as to be guilty of using direct language.

"The court, in a bored way, sustained the objection, giving no hint as to the reason for the objection, and I am admonished to begin over again, which I do in much the same manner, and again I am brought to book. This time the court turned to me and said, 'Do not characterize, Mr. Witness. Just tell what you found!' I must not tell the jury it was a very bad piece of track. That might influence them. So, being properly scolded and in deep humility, I begin all over again and say that the accident occurred on a curved track, and, according to good engineering practice, the outer rail of a curved track should be higher than the inner rail, and so on. All this I was permitted to tell, with a smile on the face of the plaintiff's attorney, and no word of protest from the defendant's attorney, because I had not 'characterized.' Nobody would suspect, from what I have just said on the stand, that what I started to say in the beginning was that it was a very bad piece of track! Precedent says that a witness must not characterize, and yet an expert witness is there for that very reason! To give his opinion to the jury. I can readily see that a lay witness should confine himself to what he knows or saw—an expert is retained to tell what he thinks."

Fifty Miles for One Word

"I was testifying in a case involving alleged damage to property due to the back water of a brook which had been diverted into a pipe alleged to be of insufficient size. To arrive at results, the drainage area had to be surveyed to determine its extent. I delegated my assistants to the routine of the survey, and after completion thereof, I made a study of the whole problem, based upon the areas of the watershed. The map of the watershed was taken with me to the witness stand, and, after qualifying as an expert, I was directed by the plaintiff's attorney to post the map upon the board behind the witness stand. The defendant's counsel objected to the admission of the map after he ascertained that I did not personally take the measurements and make the survey, but it had been done by assistants in my office. The judge sustained the objection, and we were at a standstill, as everything hinged upon the admission of the map. Finally I wired my assistants, fifty miles away, to come down, and by chance the wire reached them in time. They took the stand and had one question put to them—that is: 'Did you make the survey from which that map is platted and, if so, was the survey accurate?' The answer was 'Yes' and the case proceeded with the map in evidence.

"The absurdity of such a rule, which the court upheld, is this: Had I really been in the field during the progress of the work, and taken part in it, I could no more truthfully testify that the map was accurate, because I could not hold both ends of a hundred feet of tape and look through the transit in the same operation. No matter how accurately I did my work, my assistants might have made a mistake without my knowledge."

No one questions that the main body of the law of evidence is founded upon experience and safeguard of truth. But aside from the need to reform the law of evidence, there is the bad business organization of the legal machinery. Aside from the law there are cumbersome, foolish rules of procedure. Aside from the law there is the general human responsibility of lawyers and judges who fail to administer efficiently the law. Aside from the law there is the unfulfilled obligation of bar associations and lawyers to make legal processes short and dignified. Aside from justice are archaic rules suppressing truth.

An Indictment of the Law

The charges made are: First, the processes and papers and oral expression of our legal machinery are often ridiculous, pompous, absurd and not to be understood by the citizen.

Second, litigation smacks of an uninspiring game of wits, often exploited by the press.

Third, our present machinery of justice makes judges impotent and makes juries gulls.

Fourth, it is intolerably expensive.

Fifth, it is intolerably slow.

Sixth, thus it discriminates against the poor.

Seventh, it tolerates practices and precedents which lost usefulness long, long ago—in the Middle Ages, in Puritanism, in pioneer days, and in the coming of industrialism and urban civilization.

Eighth, it would last no longer than twelve o'clock Monday morning in any business office, factory or scientific laboratory.

Ninth, we need organization in our courts.

This is not to say that there are no exceptions; we are stating, however, the public impression. Nor do we deny that attempts, and in some cases efficient attempts, have been directed at reform. I do not assert that any one or any hundred men can either cure the public impression or repair the machinery some rainy Tuesday evening. Certainly we cannot do it by mere clamor on the one hand or pomposity on the other hand. Above all, it cannot be done by talk about letting the majesty of the law stand as is.

In other articles we will show what has been done and what the public impression would point out as possible achievements of common sense in organization for efficiency. Before doing so, however, we may take a look at the criminal law and its administration, with the burdens which modern developments such as traffic regulation and personal commandments have thrown upon it. There the condition is much worse.

The slogan should be "Respect for law and its machinery is founded, in any democracy, upon the respect the law and its machinery command from us, because the law is our own social will, rather than some king's or group's will, and because it is administered in a workmanlike way." On that slogan—so far—we have failed.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Mr. Child upon the law. The fourth will deal with the machinery of the criminal law.

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FROM CRADLE TO GRAVE YET

(Continued from Page 60)

should carry out his threat and insist upon cash in full —— Milton's eyes slowly turned toward the cherished press; the calamity was too great to bludgeon its way into his surcharged brain at the moment.

"So you ain't fur telling, then, if he paid out in cash or such securities?" Azariah asked softly.

Like a pendulum controlled by some sure mainspring within, Milton's head began to shake, and kept on shaking.

In the same silken voice, Azariah queried: "You would obstruction an officer of the law then? You would hold back lawful and legal informations from an officer of the law? Do you know what I could do you fur that? I could put you to the jail."

"The paper wouldn't be coming out then!" countered Milton desperately.

"Dang the paper!" erupted his chief. But he stopped; he looked musingly toward the press; almost he smiled, but it was a smile which curdled the muscles about Milton's eyes as he stared at him. "Yes," he agreed, surprisingly, "we got to keep the paper going. I am going to have a use fur that there till a while yet. I guess I anyhow am!" Unexpectedly he turned upon this and went toward the door with a pouncing motion as though he were carrying with him something heavy and precious; his coat tails even frisked playfully as he turned for a brief moment.

"I seem to be the only one," said Azariah pleasantly, "who feels fur giving out informations around here, so I will give out a little extry: The terms on that option will be cash money in full. Take a thought now and sleep on that."

Instead of following Azariah's excellent advice, Milton took several thoughts and stayed awake upon them. What could he do? For himself, after hours of squirming from one side of the bed to the other, nothing: Where was he to get nearly a thousand dollars in two months? For Hergenrather—well, he could warn him to be on his guard anyway. Against what? That, he did not even know. But he did know, after his weeks of dealing with his two employers, that Hergenrather was essentially an honest man, while Gudekunst was not.

However, he was not to be allowed to do even that small favor, it seemed; for though he made for the Hergenrather domain shortly after daybreak, he was just in time to see the familiar roadster wheel from the driveway and whirl rapidly in the opposite direction. Uncle Henry, appearing in due season with his usual vague smile, did not know where his kinsman had gone. The part-time delivery boy did not know. The hours of the morning hopped by with nervous speed, and with them hopped nervously Mr. Lampeter, growing more apprehensive with each stroke of the clock.

Appeared then early in the afternoon Miss Hergenrather, and she did know, but her knowledge was of no practical benefit. Her father was in Andore County; he had said that he would not return until after dark, but he had promised to be home in time for her party anyway.

Yes, it was the great day, her eighteenth birthday, and she was in eighteen kinds of flutter over it. But in the midst of peach ice cream in the cellar, paper lanterns in the yard and red-mint frosting in the kitchen, she had decided that she had—she just had—to have a blue ribbon for her hair.

"A blue ribbon for your hair?" repeated Mr. Lampeter. "Well, gee whiz!" He stood looking at the hair, at the face, at the little figure—all in pink and blue—and he not there to see.

Miss Jennie interpreted the look. "Pop," she faltered woefully, "has awful queer notions over newspapers."

"Well, to be sure, I couldn't be there anyway," Mr. Lampeter bravely clipped off a yardage of heaven's own blue. "I've got important business." He leaned earnestly across the counter. "Looky here, I got to see your pop, and in an important hurry too." He impressed upon Miss Jennie that the moment she laid eyes upon her father, she was to send him post-haste to the store. "I'll be waiting for him," concluded Mr. Lampeter, his eyes wide and ominous; "for something—something's going to happen."

Yes, something was going to happen. Milton P. Lampeter sitting tensely upon his couch in his little room that night, with the shade drawn, knew that. Something was going to happen, and it was going to happen that night; moreover, it was going to happen in that room. By some sure outreach of his spirit which seemed to be tickling his brain with some prescience which he couldn't quite grasp, he knew it.

Everything seemed closing darkly down about him; from some obscure sense of fitness, he rose without knowing that he did so and snapped off the light. The darkness without, his thoughts within—which were the blacker? For the first time in his twenty-two years, the valiant soul of Milton P. Lampeter well nigh failed him that night. For who was he anyway? A dub sitting there who'd lost the Clarion Intelligencer; a dub who wasn't even allowed to look at a girl in a pink-and-blue dress. Every other young buck in the county had a chance, but ——

What was that? A crack? A creak? Both! And a door knob, a door softly opening—the rear door upon the alley! This was not Hergenrather. Milton's hair rose precipitately; he himself rose precipitately. Footsteps! Light, cautious ——

He got himself behind the door. His eyes were straining toward the knob. He couldn't quite see it; he got his fingers upon it—if it should turn! The safe was in that room.

It was turning! Someone—someone—— With a strangled gasp, he flung himself about a thin body.

"Who's got me?" stifled a voice drowned in terror. "Ouch! Ach, leave me loose! Leave me loose!"

Milton's arms collapsed like strands of taffy. But, like taffy, they still stuck. In semifrenzy he kicked forward, collided with a chair and sank upon it, dragging down what he had captured upon his lap.

"I come," said his prey with some dignity, "to show you my dress."

"Gee whiz!" throbbed Milton dizzily. In the darkness he sat clasping Miss Jennie Hergenrather, and the most unreal feature of the whole unreal proceeding was that he simply sat and she simply sat, and that it seemed unnaturally natural that it should be so. Neither for an unconsidered interim moved or spoke.

She stiffened and slid off. "Can't you make a light oncet? I ain't no burglar. I come for to show you my dress."

Milton went scratching over the wrong wall for the light.

Ach, my, she went on breathlessly, it had been such a time as never was. Her pop had near caught her as she was running the door out—yes, if he hadn't! He'd been coming in as she was coming out.

"Did you tell him what I told you a'ready? That I got to see him? Tonight yet?"

Well, yes, but not until she had given him shame for looking so strubbly, and not until she had seen that he was fairly launched upon his shaving. "For how else," pleaded Miss Jennie, "could I have got loose for to show you my ——"

"Sh!" hissed Milton. Steps in the front of the store, loud, imperious.

With one hand Milton P. Lampeter threw up the window. With a backward swing of the other, he scooped up Miss Jennie Hergenrather and deposited her upon a rain barrel in the alley. Then he marched to strains triumphant into the outer room.

"Switch on that dang light!" Mr. Hergenrather was balefully extricating himself from a sample green portière. "What do you want of me anyhow? Has somebody been schnaufflin' around here?"

It might have appeared, indeed, that Mr. Hergenrather also had prescience of dire deeds afield that night. Contrary to his daughter's expectations, he had not delayed to complete his ablutions; he was coatless and collarless; from a vest pocket into which it had been distractedly thrust protruded the tip of a closed razor; one cheek bore the hairless innocence of youth, the other was still piebald with manly beard.

Milton led the way to the small room and in fervent detail poured forth that which he had to relate.

In dishabille of clothing and spirit, his employer sank down upon the couch. "Weasel! So he tracked down them taxable securities! I seen him schnaufflin' around Andore this morning a'ready. I smelled me some mice then. Slinker! But who would think that sleazer would go scoring into another county yet?"

"But what can he do you?" said Milton.

"Do me? He can't do me nothing. He can't do me nothing, fur the reason that I will fork it over, now that I have got to. Nobody," said Mr. Hergenrather in virtuous gloom, "declares ever on their taxable securities if they can help fur it."

Milton himself sat down. This, indeed, seemed weak anticlimax after his sleepless night, after his hours of frantic quest throughout the day.

"But he did something to Kornblower," he persisted, "under the same, if not similar, circumstances. He chased him off the county yet."

"Ach, yes, well," sighed the other; "but it's fur no use to make a stubborn head in front of a schnauffle hound; that there's where Kornblower made his mistake. Me, now that the worst has come to the worst, I will do what I forethoughted out long a'ready. Before he can git to me, I will git to him and I will say it's sumpin I might of forgot to remember about them securities, and I will hand him my check over them. Ach, yes, I will pull away the teeth from under him yet, the white-bellied shad!" He rose. "I got to be gitting along now. Ach, what it is to have a female child!"

But Milton, his eyes rapt, did not move. "But," he said slowly, "it's something on the underneath here that you ain't seeing into. You know what it was where ruined up Kornblower, don't you?"

The father of the female child gazed at him.

"It wasn't the church where took the name of deacon off him," cried Milton with growing momentum, "nor yet it wasn't the jail he set into! It was the powers of the printed word. It was Gudekunst giving him a fly-around in every issue of his paper—giving insults at his morals, making him a joke before the county, insinuating this and insinuating that until he had the whole county in a stir-around over him; until his business was ruined up for him and he was near loony. And listen! Gudekunst will do you the same. Just last night he put it out that he would soon have a particular use for that paper." His listener started visibly. "Ach, you just ain't beginning to realize the powers of the press."

But perhaps Mr. Hergenrather was, for he sagged down again upon the couch, and even his mustache dripped gloom as he said weakly: "What's a body to do then?"

"You can't do nothing," intoned Milton with dread solemnity. "It's nothing you can do against the powers of the printed word. You can pay out fur them taxes maybe, you can evade the jail maybe, but you can't evade the powers of the press where sees all and knows all and tells all yet. Why, he can keep making you such a joke for running to him at the last minute about them taxes, that the whole county will be turning laughs on you. Yes, and he won't ever be leaving loose neither; now

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that he has got this handle onto you he will keep a-turning it and a-turning it till he squeezes you dry. You will be glad to up and get out of the county."

In point of fact, Mr. Hergenrather looked like the turning process were already in progress—his arms squeezed tightly about his sagging body as he stared haggardly at the gloomy prophet. Even so, he demanded with feeble defiance: "Well, you write out the paper. Can't you be purtecting me a little?"

"But I don't own it."

"Buy it then."

"I can't."

As one who has reached the dregs, the other's voice came up hollowly: "Well, I can."

"No, you can't. As crazy as he is for to sell it, he'd never be selling it to you. I doubt if anybody could get it off him till a while yet. You mind he's got his reasons for holding on to it now."

Mr. Hergenrather sat and stared at ruin, financial, social and religious. Milton stood staring at the consummation of one of his visions, for certainly no one who saw Mr. Hergenrather at the moment would have doubted that he had at last arrived at the realization of the fearful powers of the press.

Suddenly Milton uttered an indeterminate sound and clapped a palm to his jaw. "My option!" The other regarded him blurredly. "My option! Why, of course! My option and your money —— Why, of course!" He stood, savoring with his lips that unbelievable inspiration, for the moment too pleasurably surprised to satisfy the palpitating figure before him. "I can make him leave loose of it! I've got his word to it in his own penmanship writing—'at the expirations of three months or before'!" He went kicking in young ecstasy about the room. "Yes, and I'm going to get it off him yet tonight. Tonight! I guess anyhow! With that next issue only two days off a'ready! Now, if you'll just make out the check ——"

"I ain't making out no check," growled the other, "and I ask to know if you've went off your head or what?"

But he did make out a check, and soon, too; and Milton went prancing with it to the door. There he paused and turned, hesitating: "I wouldn't want you to get the notion of the idea that I ain't eventually to be the owner of that paper ——"

"Ain't I told you a-plenty plain that you are to keep it underground that I even put my money into a loony newspaper?" gnashed the other.

"Nor neither I wouldn't want you to surprise me to the worst, like what happened to me once a'ready," stipulated Milton cannily—"I mean, make the terms cash down on me at some such sudden time. Now, if you would leave me take it out a little in advertising—a full-page ad oncet in so often?"

"Take it out any way you feel fur it!" burst out the other. "Only make quick about it now!"

Thus did another of Milton's visions come true. "From the cradle to the grave yet," he murmured in awe-struck tones as he emerged from the frontal whereon was emblazoned the spectacular array of Hergenrather equipment.

But amazing as had been the events of that stupendous evening, that which was to cause Milton the most profound emotional disturbance was yet to transpire. After he had returned half an hour later, a bill of sale clutched in his fervent fingers, and after he had breathlessly related the details of the triumphant business coup, Mr. Hergenrather started toward the door, turned and inquired blandly: "Why ain't you coming on the party along?"

Virtue went entirely out of Milton P. Lampeter then. His fingers gripped weakly at his bosom.

His employer misunderstood the gesture. "Ach, that shirt's good a-plenty, ain't it?"

It proved, indeed, good a-plenty.

ARRIVING AT A VALUATION OF YOUR ANTIQUES

(Continued from Page 52)

noticed that the table was the butterfly variety. There were two chairs—one of them a ladder-back and the other a very good Carver; and there are mighty few to be found nowadays. The last one I saw brought $700 at auction. "If these," said I to myself, "are a sample of what there is in this house, I am in luck." There was nobody about, so I rapped lightly with the knocker, and a very pleasing old lady responded with a ready smile and an air of actual cordiality.

"I wonder," said I, camouflaging my objective, "if this is the way to Brandon."

"Yes, indeed," says she. "Are you motoring? It must be lovely motoring. I've never been further than Burlington. Wonderful weather, isn't it?"

I acquiesced and complimented her on her garden.

She'd asked me to sit down, and we were having a very pleasant chat when diplomatically I referred to the tables and the chairs, and asked her if she had anything of that sort that she wanted to sell.

"Well," she observed, smoothing her apron on her lap, "not anything else worth while. You see, the farm is pretty well run down. My son is working in town; my daughters are both married and away; my husband's out most of the time taking care of the garden, and I'm all alone here. It's two miles to the nearest house and I don't have many neighbors; and sometimes when I'm so lonesome I feel like screaming, I just put these things out on the porch, and somebody's sure to stop and talk about them, and I can always get good company, and I love a chat with nice people, and I have used the furniture in that way for a number of years. I don't know as I'd ever want to sell it. What would you do?"

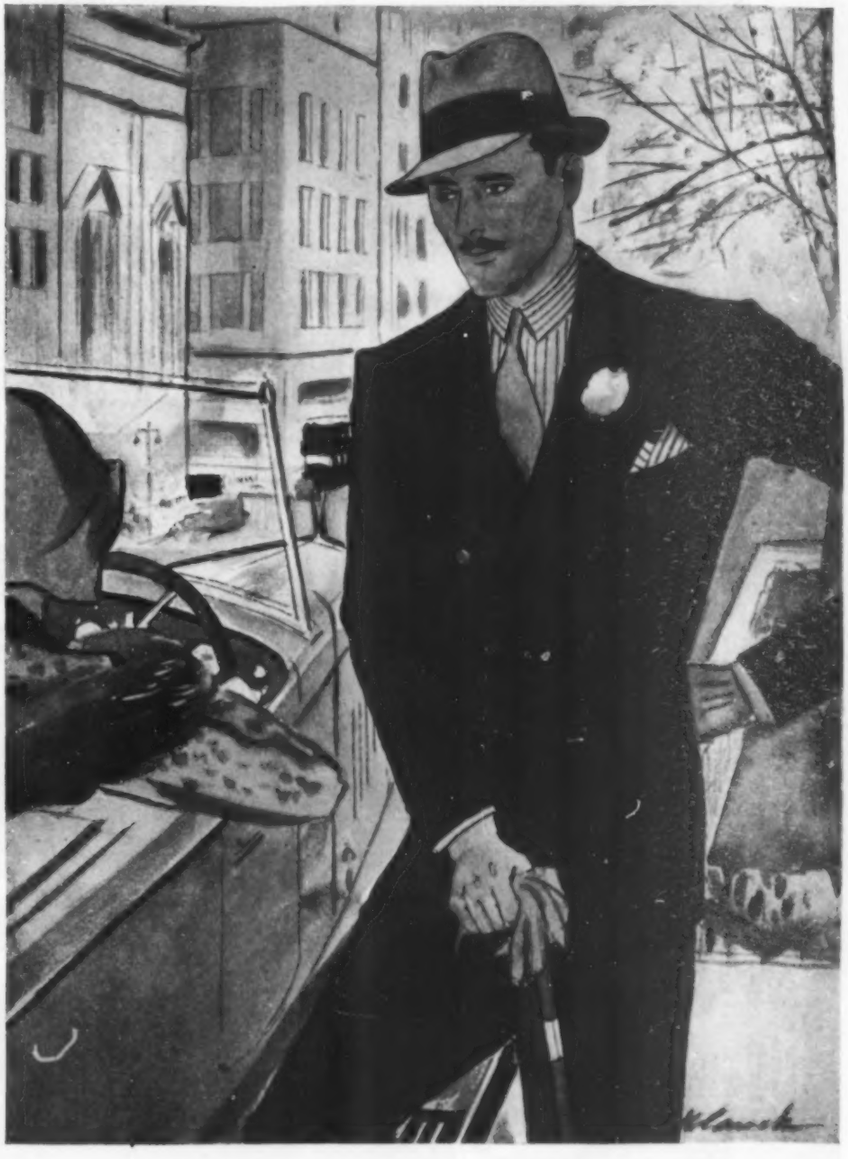
And she was such a dear old lady that there wasn't anything for me to do but advise her to keep it, and after a further chat, I went back to the car.

Two hundred miles that day. In the old days of the stagecoach twenty miles would have been good going.

In 1756, Mrs. Shippen, wife of Philadelphia's great jurist, visited her folks in Manhattan. The coach made the journey from Philadelphia in three days, but it was a wonderful trip, and the lady returned to her friends with a story of her adventurous exploit that held them spellbound.

We look back today, we with our radios, telephones, movies, autos and touch-button facilities, and marvel at the hardihood and indomitable spirit of a people who built with so little so gloriously.

THERE'S BRILLIANT STYLE...AND ECONOMY TOO... IN THE NEW KNOX "FIFTH AVENUE" HAT FOR SPRING



IT'S an economy—sensible economy—to buy Knox hats.

Take the new Spring Knox "Fifth Avenue" hat for example:

It costs $8.50;

It is made of fur felt which wears indefinitely;

It comes in 23 colors produced from the best aniline dyes obtainable;

It is made by custom hatters in five proportions, one of which is particularly suited to your individual type;

It is designed to snap down in the front without distorting the curl of the back brim, thus holding its original smart shape;

Its style, sponsored by Knox, is absolutely correct;

Its Knox label marks you as a man of discriminating good taste;

It will be renovated by Knox, when soiled, at a nominal cost, and returned "like new";

The Knox "Fifth Avenue" is sharing honors right now with 39 other brilliant Knox styles in men's hats for Spring;

It costs $8.50.

KNOX HATS ARE SMART BECAUSE MEN LOOK SMART IN THEM

The "Fifth Avenue" hat is now ready at every Knox store throughout America at $8.50 and $10.

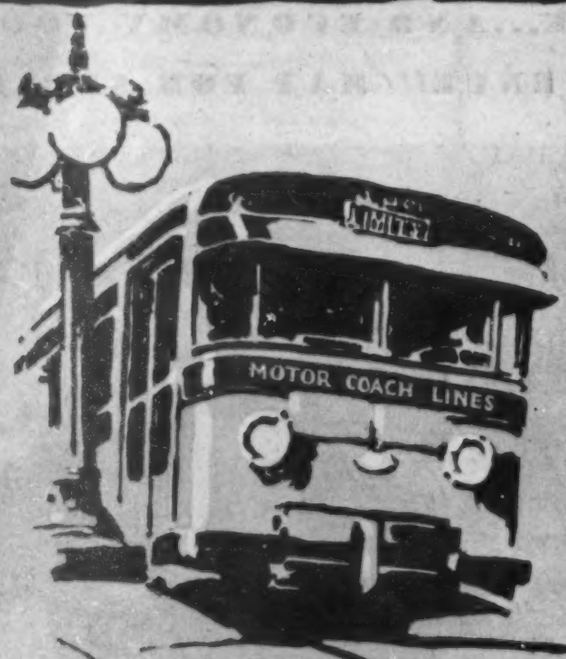
Other Knox hats cost from $8.50 to $40.

711 Fifth Avenue, New York; 920 Palmer House, Chicago; 51 Grant Avenue, San Francisco.

KNOX

THE HATTER

HERCULES



ENGINES

USED AS STANDARD POWER BY LEADING MANUFACTURERS OF BUSES, TRUCKS, SHOVELS, CRANES, MIXERS, PAVERS, PUMPS, DRILLING RIGS, COMBINED HARVESTERS, TRACTORS—AND NEARLY EVERY OTHER TYPE OF HEAVY-DUTY POWER MACHINERY. HERCULES ENGINES ARE SIMPLE IN DESIGN, ADVANCED IN ENGINEERING, ALWAYS MODERN. AND RESPONSIBILITY TO OUR CUSTOMERS IS AN ESTABLISHED HERCULES POLICY.

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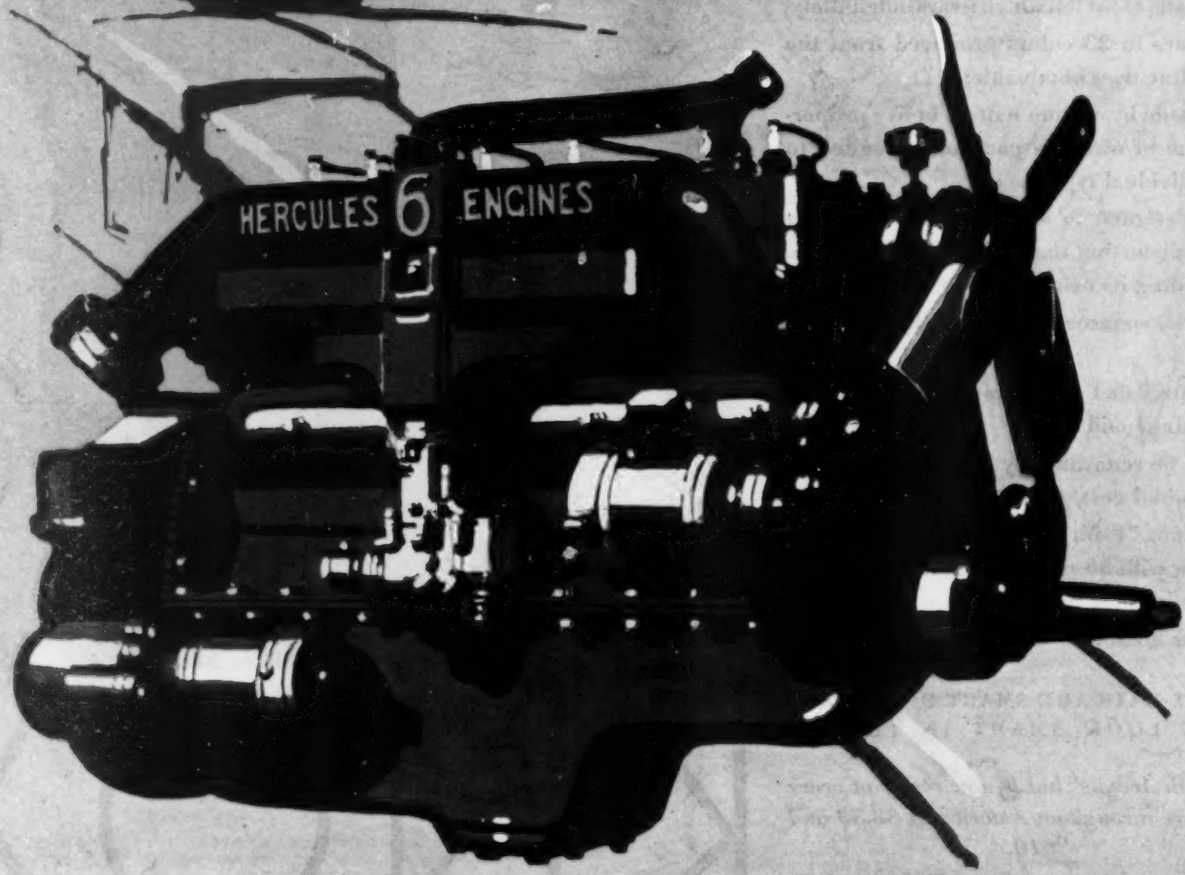

POPULATIONS

(Continued from Page 48)

supernumerary posts in offices and banks for a restricted period in order to acquire some knowledge of the English language and British business methods. This arrangement, however, is only effective for nationals in whose countries the British receive a reciprocal courtesy. The British look upon aliens who have served an office apprenticeship in the United Kingdom as an agency for the furtherance of their export trade. Particular care is taken to see that these facilities are not abused by an employer merely desirous of obtaining cheap clerical labor.

In consequence of these regulations Britain is more British than at any time during the past seventy-five years. Before the war more than 90,000 Germans lived or worked in the United Kingdom. Now there are less than 12,000.

The Continental worker remains on the Continent or goes to the United States if he can get a quota visa. Another effect is that, as a British business man expressed it to me, "It is almost impossible to get an English letter written in the Baltic area."

Though the British subject has the right of way over all other nationals in entrance to the dominions, he is, nevertheless, open to exclusion if his presence tends to crowd industry. The great need of all members of the Commonwealth of Nations is for white land labor, and this type is welcome.

All the dominions are in accord about Orientals. Gold discovery in Australia back in the 50's started an invasion of Chinese labor. Later on, the Japanese flocked in. Formation of the Commonwealth of Australia was largely inspired by the need of concerted action against Asiatics. Race unity is the big idea, with A White Australia as the slogan.

Australia's Exclusion Clause

Hence the Australian Immigration Act of 1901–1925, which has one of the trickiest little exclusion clauses yet devised. It is called the dictation test and is found in Section 3 of the act. Under the head of prohibited immigrants comes the following:

> Any person who fails to pass the dictation test—that is to say, who, when an officer, or person duly authorized in writing by an officer, dictates to him not less than fifty words in any prescribed language, fails to write them out in that language in the presence of the officer or authorized person.

Since any language may be construed as the "prescribed language," there is no limit on the latitude allowed. The immigration official can easily be coached to dictate fifty words in Greek, Sanskrit or Arabic, and the unhappy candidate for admission goes by the board. Well may the Commonwealth set up the injunction: "Only scholars need apply."

Australia, by the way, is getting many Lithuanians, Italians, Greeks and other European immigrants. Most of them, however, are agricultural workers.

The Canadian immigration situation is of peculiar interest to us for several reasons. In the first place, there is a constant movement of American and Canadian settlers back and forth. Secondly, the Canadian migration to the United States has reached the point where it may be definitely regulated by a quota, as is also likely to be the case with the influx of Mexicans from the south.

Canada's great problem is people. Here you have a country as large as the United States with a population of less than 10,000,000. Population increase there is the exact reverse of most other countries. In 1867, Canada had 3,500,000 inhabitants, whereas the last estimate puts the present number at 9,645,000.

Canada, however, has been far more discriminating than we were. She has no desire to be a melting pot, although the Bible is printed in forty languages in the prairie provinces.

Canada's principal grievances are an insufficient British population—only a bare 50 per cent are English or Scotch by birth or inheritance—and the continued exodus to the United States. Between 1918 and 1927, 907,788 Canadians moved south of the border, while 378,270 returned home. From 1921 to 1928, the dominion lost a number equal to all the immigrants who came to Canada, in addition to 24,000 native-born citizens. It is estimated that 2,600,000 Canadians now reside in the United States. On the other hand, 800,000 Americans have taken up their abode in Canada and many have become Canadian subjects.

The New Colonization

Like Australia, Canada now draws a rigid color line. She has suffered from both Japanese and Chinese penetration, especially in British Columbia, where the population is more than 7 per cent Nipponese. Here, as in the United States, the objection is based more on economic than on racial grounds. The Japanese outwork and undersell their white competitors. A gentlemen's agreement similar to ours with Japan failed to stem the tide. The number of domestics and agricultural workers is now restricted. The Chinese are definitely excluded save for a few exempted classes.

Returning to the European field, you find, in the main, that the British type of restriction against the alien worker is operative in most Continental countries. One outstanding fact—and it applies to practically every nation—is that the old day of unconditional freedom to emigrate is over, save in a few overpopulated lands. Congested Italy, however, is putting some curb on the flow outward. The Duce does not want his natives to get too far from home.

The best summary of the existing European situation with reference to the restriction lands was made by Professor L. Varlez, chief of the Migration Service of the International Labor Office at Geneva, which is:

> The main object of the new laws is to convert the free and spontaneous emigration of individuals into a collective movement under the control of the state. Modern legislation tends to put a value on the emigrant in the interests of his country, to train him to accomplish his social duties, and to convert emigration into a sort of colonization movement in favor of the homeland.

The sorest immigration spot in Europe is the Polish-German frontier. The Germans still harbor resentment over the loss of Upper Silesia and restrict any influx of Poles. A state of commercial war exists between the two countries. Drastic prohibitions are imposed upon the exchange of commodities. The Poles who enter the Reich to work in the sugar-beet fields can remain for only a limited period. Any German employer who wants to import workers, whether industrial or agricultural, must get a permit from the *Landesarbeitsamt*—which means Land Work Bureau.

One curious manifestation is the new French attitude toward foreign workers. Although more undermanned than any other European country, she has begun to impose restrictions upon the coming in of foreigners who desire to become permanent residents. Her present intention is to induce them to become French citizens. A new law simplifies the naturalization process. Another comparatively recent French innovation—the same rule holds true to a much more stringent extent in Spain—makes it mandatory for foreign corporations with factories or offices in the republic to engage a definite number of French citizens for their staffs. This is no great handicap, especially when a negotiation with the government is involved.

France has no emigration problem so far as her own population is concerned. The French are probably the most provincial people in Europe and the exact reverse, therefore, of the Americans, the Germans and the British, in wanting to take a look at the world. Travel seems to them an exacting ordeal. If a Parisian makes the overnight journey to Lyons he talks about it for a month and begins to say good-by to his family and friends fully a week before he starts.

Russia definitely prohibits the emigration of her people. Until this year, when she made a drive for tourist travel, she made it extremely difficult for the alien to enter. It usually took a month or more to get a visa. Every foreigner is still more or less suspect, and a careful watch is kept on what he says and does. I know, from my own experience in 1925, that telephone calls are tapped and mail examined.

Russia still sticks to one old prohibition which in these enlightened days seems rather strange. In the czarist times no alien could bring books, magazines, newspapers or toilet articles into the country. The exclusion of periodicals is easily understood, because free speech was forbidden. Russia wanted no democratic ideas to seep in. Just why the ban was placed on an inoffensive commodity like soap, no one ever knew.

Although the citizens of Soviet Russia, with the exception of diplomats and others charged with economic or propaganda missions, are practically forbidden to leave the country, hundreds of thousands of Russian *émigrés* are foot-loose throughout the world. They are not only members of the old czarist aristocracy but also include many of the one-time middle class, who suffered persecution because they strongly disapproved of the Bolshevik rule. Any analysis of world-population movements would be incomplete without a reference to them.

People Without a Country

These *émigrés* represent one of the real postwar tragedies. I have followed their trail from Poland, by way of Manchuria and China, to Turkey. I have had my socks darned in Constantinople by former Russian countesses. I have been driven in Paris by chauffeurs who had been generals in the Russian imperial army. I have bought cigarettes in Warsaw, Rome and Berlin from clerks who once ruled palaces in Petrograd and Moscow. I cite these episodes to show what is perhaps the most remarkable social reverse of modern times. Adverse circumstance and a common exile kinship have made all these aristocrats and commoners brothers and sisters under the skin.

From 1917, which witnessed the Bolshevik counter-revolution, up to 1923, the Russian *émigrés* were literally people without a country. Genuine sympathy dictated their entrance into Germany, France and elsewhere, without benefit of passport. In 1921 more than 300,000 lived in Germany. Two-thirds were in Berlin. They were a decided burden. Something had to be done to give them a definite legal right to move about.

Largely due to the efforts of Doctor Nansen, the Scandinavian explorer, a League of Nations passport was devised for the *émigrés* and it is now accepted by all countries excepting Russia, of course. In addition, France issues a card of identity to them which is also recognized for international travel. Tens of thousands of the *émigrés* who formerly found sanctuary in Germany now reside in France. Paris alone has nearly 5000 Russian taxicab chauffeurs. Others have taken employment in automobile and other factories.

The new world-population movement that I have tried to describe is partly the result of our quota system. Since it has also undergone a change through the operation of the national-origins plan, we will now see just what has happened and the effects.

AFRAID TO WEAR A DARK SUIT?

Dandruff?

Here's a *sensible* treatment

Physicians consider cleanliness and pine tar two of Nature's most effective remedies for dandruff. The simple, common-sense treatment suggested below combines *both*. Doctors have endorsed it for over 60 years:

Wet your hair. Work the rich, tonic pine-tar lather of Packer's Tar Soap well into the scalp. Rinse. Again lather, massage and rinse thoroughly—finally in cold water to close the pores. Dry thoroughly.

In severe cases do this every other day at first. In milder cases, every 4 or 5 days. To prevent recurrence of dandruff, keep up *regular* weekly Packer shampoos (No now-and-then care will keep your scalp dandruff-free).

Sample Cake and book on hair health—10¢. **Packer's**, Dept. 32-C, 101 W. 31st St., New York

PACKER'S Tar Soap

Are your Guide Tabs broken?
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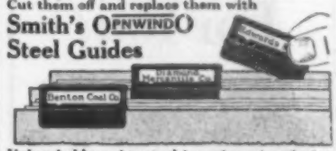

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Paul Hauck
Nebraska

What's In This Column For You?

Let's put that question another way: What would you most like to have this spring? A serge suit and topcoat? An all-electric radio? New furniture? Something for the kiddies?

Whatever your answer, you'll find the opportunity here to gratify almost any desires that extra dollars will buy.

Extra Money

For this entire column is printed here just to tell *you* how you can make some extra money—easily, quickly, perhaps without leaving your own home.

Paul Hauck of Nebraska read an offer just about like this sometime ago—but he mailed a coupon just like the one below, and made good money from the start, as much as $2.40 in a single hour.

You too can begin earning extra cash just as soon as you receive our reply to the coupon below. Fill it in, clip it and mail it today. It won't cost you a penny except for the stamp, and it may bring you the opportunity you've been looking for for years.

Scissors Here

The Curtis Publishing Company
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What's in your offer for me? I'd like all the details.

Name.....
(Please print name and address)

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State..... *Age*.....

There is no need of dilating on the provocation for the quota law, because the facts are familiar to everybody. Between 1890 and 1922, when the first limitations were imposed, 35,000,000 immigrants entered the United States. In view of the criticism, both at home and abroad, of our prohibitions, it may be well to emphasize several facts. One is that the United States Government has consistently adhered to the theory that immigration is purely a domestic matter and therefore our own affair. The other was stated by Secretary of Labor Davis in this wise:

> The quota system is the most effective and at the same time the most humane method yet found, so far as actually limiting immigration into the United States is concerned. It is effective because it fixes a definite limit to the number who may come from any particular country in any particular year. It is humane because it aims to reunite families through a preference in the issuance of visas to applicants whose near relatives are in this country, and also because it affords immigrants practical assurance that they will be admitted on arrival at a United States port.

To quote Secretary Davis again: "The restrictive laws have barred Asiatics entirely and have largely closed the door against Europeans, but the side doors are left wide open."

No one can object to the influx of Canadians, because they are mainly of our own stock and become constructively assimilated into our social and productive scheme. They represent a desirable addition to the national personnel. The growing invasion of Mexicans is an entirely different matter. Not only are they arriving in increasing numbers, but during the past few years they have begun to influence the industrial situation.

The Nonquota Countries

Prior to the World War there was practically no connection between Mexican and European immigration. The Mexicans went mainly to the border states, while a few found their way into agriculture or industry in the Mountain States and the Middle West. The moment European immigration slowed down, there was not only a large increase in the volume of incoming Mexicans but many settled in industrial centers east of the Mississippi and got employment in mines and factories of Pennsylvania and New York. If this state of affairs continues, the whole purpose of the quota system, devised to prevent overcrowding of our labor market, will be defeated.

Mexican labor, like Chinese and Japanese immigration, makes for a low wage and increased unemployment. You need no diagram to show that it tends to impoverish those who compete with it. Thus, for social and economic reasons, the surplus Mexican may be dispensed with.

Hence there is a strong sentiment in favor of legislation to check this evil. At the last session of Congress the Senate Committee on Immigration made a favorable report on a bill introduced by Senator Harris, of Georgia, which extends the quota to Mexico. Bills with proposals to include Canada and other nonquota countries of the New World in a similar category have not been seriously considered.

There are some who think it would be unwise to apply a restrictive plan to Mexico and leave the other nonquota countries under the present status. It is altogether possible that, in the end, some plan will be worked out for applying the quota system in modified form to all countries now free from the quota.

This leads naturally to the relation between population and employment. At the root of the problem of the idle in practically every foreign country, notably Britain and Germany, lies one word—overpopulation. All economists agree that unemployment is the most characteristic of all the postwar evils. Despite our continued prosperity, we are not altogether strangers to the phenomenon.

Because of the widespread dole, pension and unemployment-insurance systems it is easier to get at the statistics in Europe than in the United States, where no similar compulsory enactments are enforced. Unemployment insurance obtains in nineteen foreign countries, affecting 43,000,000 wage earners.

At the time I write, the European army of unemployed is estimated to be 3,500,000, of which fully one-third are in Great Britain, where one out of nine able-bodied men is on the dole. For reasons that I have already given, the average Britisher refuses to emigrate. The most deplorable condition exists in coal mining. Prior to the last great coal strike, 1,128,000 persons were employed in this industry. Now about 900,000 are engaged. The tragedy is that many of the excess workers have risen from pit boy to miner. Mining is the only calling they know. They have become a permanent drug upon society, paralyzing whole communities.

In both Britain and Germany—especially the former—overpopulation is one of the chief contributory causes of unemployment. France, on the other hand, is an example of how normal population and employment coincide. She presents the miracle of a country fully employed. The unemployment high since the war was 17,178 registered in 1922. On July fifteenth last exactly 400 were receiving unemployment benefit. One explanation is that France has highly efficient departmental and municipal employment bureaus which are constantly on the job. In addition, the Frenchman, and to a large extent the German, regards the dole as a reproach. Idleness has no place in his scheme of life.

Will the Earth be Overcrowded?

Finally, there is the answer to the long-range question already propounded: Will the earth become overpopulated?

Though experts may quibble about the accuracy of the theory that population has a tendency to increase faster than food, "Nature her custom holds." Peoples are becoming more numerous all the time. Decline in the European birth rate is more than offset by increased Oriental propagation. English-speaking whites have increased eightfold since 1800. Our population expands at the rate of 1,400,000 a year, or one person every twenty-three seconds. In 1876, the world population was 1,424,000,000, while the last estimate puts the present total at, roughly, 1,900,000,000.

The ability of the human race to expand and survive is limited by the output of 13,000,000,000 tillable acres, of which two-fifths are now under cultivation. Ordinarily it takes two and a half acres to support one person. Save for a revolution in food production or some means of synthetic sustenance, the globe is capable of sustaining only 5,000,000,000 people. This number will be reached in less than 200 years. What is the remedy?

Professor Ross makes this suggestion:

> Nature offers her solution—simple, ruthless, effective. When food can no longer keep up with population, privation and toil will raise the death rate as they have raised it a thousand times in the past, until Life and Death are once more in the balance. . . . If posterity recoils from this gloomy prospect, then the voluntary restriction of increase must become general.

This, however, is that well-known far cry. The job just now for the United States is to see that congestion does not arrive ahead of schedule within her confines. Drastic immigration restriction is the only safeguard.

Getting On in the World

Modern Beach-Combing

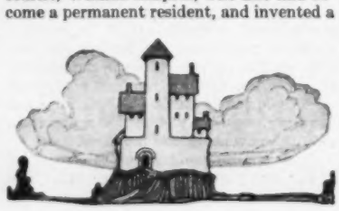
STEALING a page from a racket that hitherto had been the sole privilege of certain colorful ne'er-do-wells of the South Sea islands, two resourceful residents of Southern California, by applying scientific principles, have elevated the lowly occupation of beach-combing to the lofty realms of big business.

In the old days beach combers were real racketeers in the sense that the word is commonly used today, and it is small wonder that the makers of dictionaries defined the term as "one who hangs about the shore on the lookout for wreckage and plunder." But the Southern Californians are beach combers de luxe. To them the occupation is an honorable and lucrative means of getting on in the world.

Anyone who visits Long Beach, Redondo, Hermosa Beach, Manhattan Beach, Santa Monica, Venice, and the long stretch along the Roosevelt Highway from Santa Monica to the Rancho Malibu, and watches the hundreds of thousands of men, women and children playing and lolling in the loose sands cannot help but wonder how much loose change drops out of men's pockets and how many pieces of jewelry are lost daily. Coins, rings, and so on, dropped on the beach disappear as if in quicksand. Unless one sees the article fall and knows where to dig, a loss might as well be checked up.

John Metzler, a sixty-five-year-old tourist, like most visitors from the hinterland, was lured to the sandy beaches by the siren call of the seas on his first trip to California several years ago. While lounging on the beach, several dollars in nickels, dimes and quarters rolled out of his pockets and disappeared in the sands. The mishap gave birth to a great idea and made of a tourist a permanent resident.

Metzler took into partnership another tourist, William Halprin, who also had become a permanent resident, and invented a

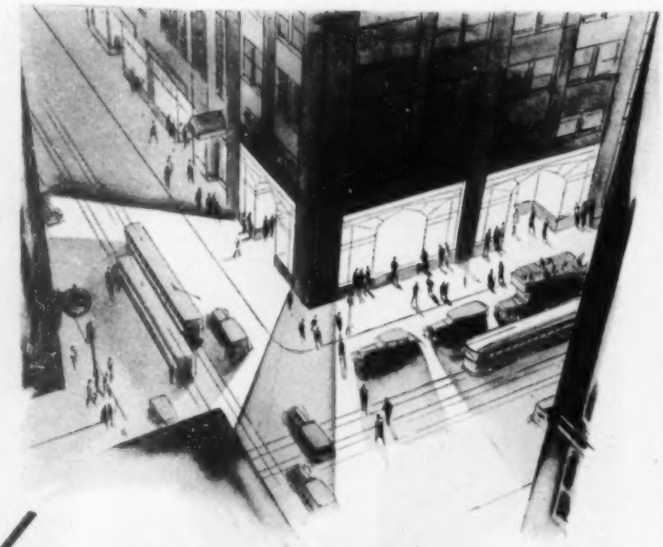


beach-combing machine. He had watched fishermen operate a contrivance for catching sand crabs used as bait—a scooplike contraption with a coarse-steel-wire bottom, the meshes being large enough to permit a free flow of the wet sand, but small enough to retain the crabs. Metzler incorporated this idea into his beach-combing device, but on a large scale.

Early morning visitors to any one of the beaches may see Metzler and Halprin operating their queerly constructed machine in the sands, back and forth over long stretches of beach. The meshes in the device are just small enough to catch the smallest coin—a dime or a Los Angeles street-car token, which is about the same size, but worth a trifle less. Halprin pushes the device along with plowlike handles, the nose of the scoop digging down to a depth of about three inches where the sand is damp and caked, and thus sifting all the loose surface sand. Metzler walks alongside the machine, picking up the articles of value as they appear on the screen and helping along the sifting process whenever too much wet sand is picked up or when kelp or other foreign substances clog the meshes.

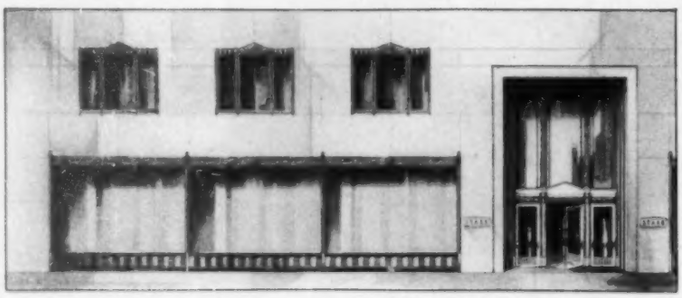
(Continued on Page 178)

LIFE INSURAN
COMPANY
"I am very sorry, but your husband
permitted this policy to lapse
two years ago"
THE PRUDENTIAL
HAS THE
STRENGTH OF
GIBRALTAR
THE PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE COMPANY of AMERICA
EDWARD D. DUFFIELD, President
HOME OFFICE, Newark, N.J.



KAWNEER invites you in

Bright spots on busy streets, expressing in plate glass and bronze the invitation that has swayed millions of sales. As smart as Fifth Avenue—as practical as Main Street—Kawneer Store Fronts invite you to shop where satisfaction is assured . . . There is no better criterion by which to judge a store than its appearance from the street. A distinctive front is a promise of attractive merchandise and attentive service on the other side of the door . . . Store fronts by Kawneer have enabled thousands of merchants, large and small, to gain the confidence of the communities they serve . . . On request, valuable information gained through twenty-five years of store front experience, will be placed at the disposal of any merchant. . . . . .



Kawneer BRONZE STORE FRONTS

Merchants may now have CUSTOM-BUILT KAWNEER STORE FRONTS to order.

Manufacturers of BRONZE STORE FRONTS, WINDOWS, DOORS
A Subsidiary Berkeley, Calif.

THE KAWNEER COMPANY, 2490 Front Street, NILES, MICHIGAN
Send FREE copy of book, "Modern Store Fronts for Better Display."
Name
Address
City State
Kind of Business

CONSULT AN ARCHITECT · THE SERVICE IS VALUABLE

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Science chooses

the City of NIAGARA FALLS *for its Workshop*

NIAGARA FALLS is the world's greatest electro-chemical and electro-metallurgical workshop. No industries in America have a brighter future than these. It is also an ideal location for the production of manufactured abrasives, aluminum, paper and paper products, storage batteries and manufactured graphite... as witnessed by the location here of many of the giants of these industries.

All these industries have been drawn to Niagara Falls through a common need for cheap power . . . electricity costs one-half as much in Niagara Falls as the nation's average . . . a central location, skilled labor and fast transportation to the four corners of the North American continent.

Situated beside one of the scenic wonders of the world, Niagara Falls is a city which everyone has visited, or would like to visit. Every year over three million visitors enjoy this city's hospitality. It is a great convention city.

Typical of the forward-looking attitude of the citizens of Niagara Falls is the part played by these three outstanding Niagara Falls banks in helping to form the Marine Midland Group. By this progressive step the facilities of these banks have been vastly increased, to the interest of all who do business in Niagara Falls and with Niagara Falls.

The same local officers still direct these three banks. All their experience and knowledge of local conditions are available to their customers. And by their association with the Marine Midland Group, they provide the added advantage of the resources and experience of one of the largest banking organizations in America.

NIAGARA FALLS TRUST COMPANY
POWER CITY BANK BANK OF LaSALLE

MEMBERS OF THE MARINE MIDLAND GROUP • • • COMBINED RESOURCES OVER $500,000,000

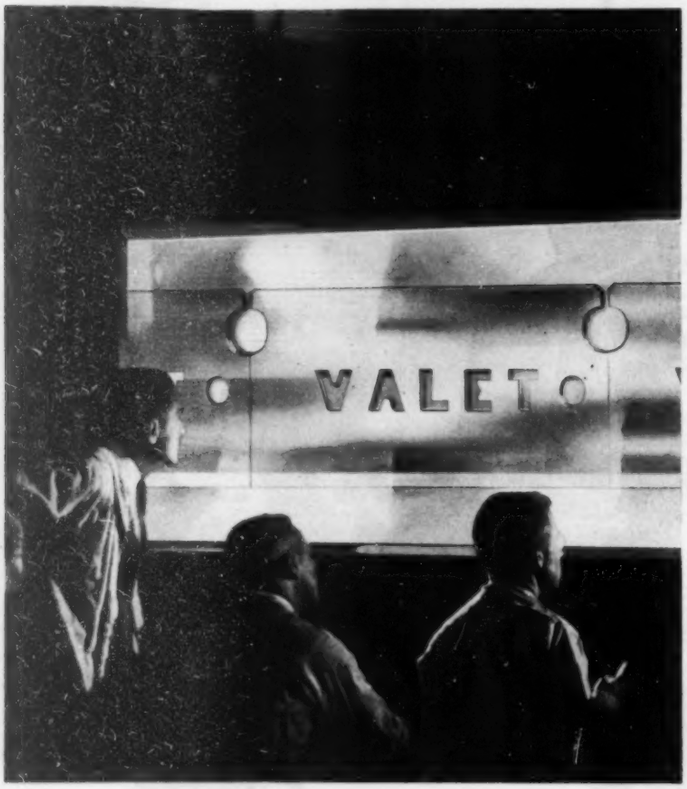
WHAT THE MARINE MIDLAND GROUP IS

The Marine Midland comprises a group of 17 banks which have joined together for greater strength and for greater service to their 350,000 customers. The ownership of each of these 17 banks is controlled by Marine Midland Corporation, which is a holding company, *not* an investment trust. This enables us to draw upon the experience and resources of one of the strongest financial groups in America. Yet each offers every *local* advantage that *local* officers and *local* directors can give.

THESE NEW YORK STATE BANKS NOW OFFER ADVANTAGES OF MARINE MIDLAND MEMBERSHIP

Buffalo	Marine Trust Company
Rochester	Union Trust Company of Rochester
Troy	Manufacturers National Bank of Troy
Niagara Falls	Power City Bank
Niagara Falls	Niagara Falls Trust Company
Niagara Falls	Bank of La Salle
Binghamton	Peoples Trust Company
Lockport	Niagara County National Bank & Trust Co.
Tonawanda	First Trust Company
North Tonawanda	State Trust Company
Lackawanna	Lackawanna National Bank
Johnson City	Workers Trust Company
Jamestown	Union Trust Company
East Aurora	Bank of East Aurora
Cortland	Cortland Trust Company
Albion	Orleans County Trust Company
Snyder	Bank of Snyder

MEN WHO KNOW STEEL PREFER THE VALET—MEN WHO KNOW FACES PRESCRIBE IT



The PARADE of PERFECTION

ONE after another Valet blades pass in review before a powerful magnifying mirror and the alert eyes of trained inspectors. No flaw can escape detection. The slightest imperfection is magnified a thousand times. High spots look like mountains—tiny nicks seem deep as chasms. Valet blades that pass this rigid, uncompromising inspection are flawless—a parade of perfection as they move in a continuous procession to the wrapping machines.

Men who know steel prefer the new Valet—made with meticulous care by precision methods. Skin specialists prescribe it for all troubles caused by inferior razors or improper shaving.

Automatic machine grinding, honing and stropping to a micro-perfect edge assures a degree of uniformity impossible to attain by the most skillful hand methods.

Every new Valet blade is ready to give the smoothest shave you can imagine. Made exclusively for the AutoStrop Razor—scientifically adjusted to a friendly angle—it glides through your beard and across your face lightly, smoothly, without effort. In split-second time the blade is cleaned and stropped, ready for another perfect shave. Prove to yourself what the microscope reveals to experts—that the new Valet is the keenest single-edge safety razor blade ever produced.

All dealers now have the new Valet blade in stock

AUTOSTROP SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY, INC., 656 First Avenue, New York
Also Toronto, London, Paris, Milan, Rio de Janeiro

The NEW VALET Auto-Strop BLADE

(Continued from Page 174)

The two beach combers de luxe cover their territory daily with a system that leaves not a square yard uncombed. They begin work at about two A.M., when the last of the beach visitors have gone home, and call it a day at about nine A.M., when the first of the new "seeders," as they call them, arrives. The warmer the day the bigger the crowd, and, of course, a large crowd plants a better crop than a small one. There being no closed season on the Southern California beaches, Metzler and Halprin have a year-round business, but the take is smaller in the winter than in the summer.

By operating seven days a week and twelve months a year, the salvage firm's daily take runs from four dollars to thirty-two dollars in cash alone. The beach combers, who are desirous of keeping their business under cover for fear of competition, refuse to estimate the value of jewelry and other odds and ends retrieved from the sands, but the Lost and Found columns of the Los Angeles daily newspapers show that a vast amount of valuables is lost on the beaches daily.

Metzler and Halprin watch the advertisements carefully. Jewelry and other articles that can be identified by their owners are returned. Usually there is a cash reward. A $2000 diamond ring added $300 to their profits.

In two years the beach combers have retrieved enough fountain pens and mechanical pencils to stock a stationery store. Of course, they are salable and help to put the partnership into the income-tax-paying class.

Metzler admits that the firm has collected many curios which are not readily marketed—the collection ranging from a couple of glass eyes and a fine set of porcelain teeth to the love letters of a well-known film actress—but declares his business enterprise is a success beyond all expectations. He has applied for a patent on his beach-combing device and is making arrangements with the municipalities which control the beaches for an exclusive concession.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)

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A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy. Persons canceling their subscriptions will receive a proportionate refund.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Publishers also of the *Ladies' Home Journal* (monthly), in U. S. or Canada 10c the copy, $1.00 the year, 2 years for $1.50, 3 years for $2.00; and of *The Country Gentleman* (monthly), in U. S. or Canada 5c the copy, 3 years for $1.00. Foreign prices on editorial or title page, or quoted on request.

Before their *"lay me down to sleep"*

NO intelligent mother can question the value of the Listerine gargle for youngsters before they are tucked in for the night.

Recall that the mouth is the breeding place of disease germs. Many illnesses start there. Also recall that Listerine, used full strength, is fatal to germs. Therefore its use in the mouth is an aid to nature in forestalling diseases—particularly colds and sore throat.

Because of Listerine's pleasant taste, its extreme safety, and its healing action on tissue, some are likely to overlook this amazing power against germs.

Gargle full strength Listerine every day. It inhibits development of sore throat, and checks it should it develop.

Repeated tests in laboratories of international repute show that, used full strength, Listerine kills the Staphylococcus Aureus (pus) and Bacillus Typhosus (typhoid) germs, in counts ranging to 200,000,000 in 15 seconds. We could not make this statement unless prepared to prove it to the satisfaction of the medical profession and the U. S. Government.

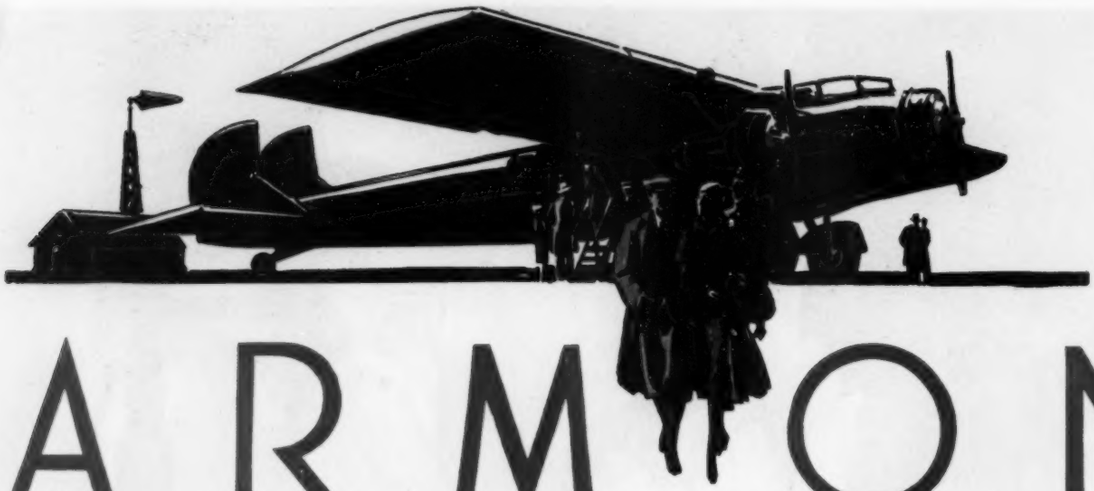
See that all the members of your family make a habit of using full strength Listerine as a gargle and mouth wash, night and morning. It helps to ward off colds and sore throat.

Should these ailments get the upper hand, increase the frequency of the gargle. You will be delighted to find how often Listerine overcomes them. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri, U. S. A.

THE SAFE ANTISEPTIC

Listerine, enemy of Sore Throat

kills 200,000,000 *germs in* 15 *seconds*



MARMON

Always one of the great creators of motor car fashions and engineering advances, Marmon for 1930 cites these great factors as its most important contributions: All Marmons are Straight-Eights, each with an even greater abundance of power + + + All Marmons are extra spacious and luxurious inside + + + All Marmons reflect fully the Marmon tradition of smartness and good taste + + + This time-honored motor car is now available to practically all families + + + Four great Straight-Eights in four great price fields: The Big Eight; the "Eight-79"; the "Eight-69"; and the Marmon-Roosevelt. (illustrated—the Marmon Big Eight.)

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MONARCH

THE high wheel bicycle is gone. Modern invention has left antiquated means in the past. Today, "The MONARCH Way" of food display shows the housewife—in an unlabeled glass jar—what every can of MONARCH Food contains.

The MONARCH Way of Food Display is Your Assurance of Quality

MORE THAN 250 ITEMS

SOLD ONLY THROUGH INDEPENDENT MERCHANTS

Reid, Murdoch & Co. (established 1853) Chicago, New York, Boston, Pittsburgh, Wilkes-Barre, Jacksonville, Tampa, St. Louis, Phoenix, Los Angeles, San Francisco

Victor-Radio
has set a new standard of radio enjoyment

Victor Radio-Electrola RE-75. *Employs special oriental walnut, also finest American walnut matched veneers; door-panels in bas-relief. Luxurious, leather-backed, richly colored record albums. Bengaline damask speaker covering, harmonized with cabinet in color and design. List price $330. Less Radiotrons.*

Victor-Radio de luxe R-52. *Wall cabinet of classical design in finest walnut veneers. Radio equipment identical with that of R-32. Inlaid door medallions of matched butt walnut. Blended finish. A luxurious cabinet housing a marvelous radio set. List price $215. Less Radiotrons.*

Victor Radio-Electrola RE-45. *The modern complete musical instrument. Same radio equipment as R-32. All-electric radio and Victor Record reproduction. Automatic record brake. Marvelous power and quality. List price $275. Less Radiotrons.*

New mechanical perfection and startling purity of TONE *... a new conception of radio* VALUE.

Many thousands are installing Victor-Radio who never considered this form of entertainment before. Other thousands, radio "fans" for years, are replacing their sets with "the radio that is a musical instrument." Victor-Radio has given to all a new appreciation of broadcast entertainment.

For Victor-Radio, powerful, amazingly selective, wonderfully sensitive, so simple a child can operate it, brings to the home a new, thrilling perfection of TONE. And purity of tone is the measure of radio enjoyment!

Indeed, Victor-Radio far surpasses all previous Victor achievements, and Victor has led in the science of musical reproduction for more than thirty years. Whether you have a radio or not, hear it. And compare!

You can have Victor-Radio separately or with the amazing new Electrola that reproduces Victor Records *electrically*...and *the music you want when you want it!* Don't be content with less!

There is an exquisite Victor model that will harmonize with your home ... Victor craftsmanship has brought true luxury to radio cabinet making. You will be as proud of your new Victor-Radio as every home was of its Victrola 20 years ago! Victor Talking Machine Division, RCA-Victor Company, Inc., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.

Victor Super-automatic Station Selector. *Just slide the knob to right or left ... you have the station you want.*

Victor-Radio
with Electrola

Tune In—The RCA-Victor Hour, every Thursday night over a coast-to-coast network of the N. B. C.

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